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A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION,

CORRECTED AND COLLATED WITH THE OLD COPIES.

WITH

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY ISAAC REED, OF STAPLE INN, F.A.S.

VOLUME II.

LONDON,
PRINTED BY J. NICHOLS;
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MDCCLXXX.

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

CONTAINING

GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE.
ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE, BY JOHN LYLY.
TANCRED AND GISMUNDA, BY ROBERT WILMOT.
CORNELIA, BY THOMAS KYD.
EDWARD THE SECOND, BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

G.R.
III.

Gammer GURTON's Needle.

THIS Dramatic Piece is the first performance which appeared in England under the name of a Comedy. As a former Editor of it (Mr. Hawkins) observes, "There is a "vein of familiar humour in this play, and a kind of groteſque "imagery not unlike ſome parts of Ariſtophanes, but with-"out thoſe graces of language and metre for which the Greek "Comedian was eminently diſtinguiſhed." The Author of it is wholly unknown. In the Title-page he is only ſtiled Mr. S——, Maſter of Arts; and we are informed it was acted at Chriſt's College, Cambridge.

The former edition of this play, and that of Mr. Hawkins, were both printed from a re-publication in the year 1661, full of every kind of errors, and ſome of them ſo groſs as to render the ſenſe of the Author totally unintelligible. The preſent is given from a copy printed in the year 1575, which is probably the firſt edition; although Chetwood, in his Britiſh Theatre, hath ſet down the dates of 1551 and 1559: but theſe, like ſome of the editions of Shakſpeare's Plays, enumerated in that work, are ſuppoſed never to have exiſted but in the Compiler's own imagination.

The Names of the Speakers of this COMEDIE.

DICCON[1], the Bedlem [2].
Hodge, Gammer *Gurton*'s ſervante.
Tyb, Gammer *Gurton*'s Mayde.
Gammer *Gurton*.
Cock, Gammer *Gurton*'s Boye.
Dame *Chatte*.
Doctor *Rat*, the Curate.
Mayſter *Bailye*.
Doll, Dame *Chat*'s Mayde.
Scapethryft, Mayſter *Bailye*'s ſervante.

MUTES.

[1] *Diccon, the Bedlam.*] Diccon is the ancient abbreviation of Richard. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Richard* III. A. 5. S. 3.

[2] *the Bedlam.*] After the diſſolution of the religious houſes where the poor of every denomination were provided for, there was for many years no ſettled or fixed proviſion made to ſupply the want of that care which thoſe bodies appear always to have taken of their diſtreſſed brethren. In conſequence of this neglect, the idle and diſſolute were ſuffered to wander about the country, aſſuming ſuch characters as they imagined were moſt likely to inſure ſucceſs to their frauds, and ſecurity from detection. Among other diſguiſes many affected madneſs, and were diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Bedlam Beggars*. Theſe are mentioned by Edgar, in *King Lear*:

"The country gives me proof and precedent,
"Of *Bedlam* beggars who, with roaring voices,
"Stick in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
"Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary,
"And with this horrible object from low farms,
"Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cotes, and mills,
"Sometime with lunatic bans, ſometime with prayer,
"Inforce their charity."

In Dekker's *Bellman of London*, 1616, all the different ſpecies of beggars are enumerated. Amongſt the reſt are mentioned *Tom of Bedlam's* band of mad caps, otherwiſe called Poor Tom's flock of wild geeſe (whom here thou ſeeſt by his black and blue naked arms to be a man beaten to the world), and thoſe wild geeſe, or hair brains, are called Abraham men. An Abraham man is afterwards deſcribed in this manner: "Of all the "mad raſcals (that are of this wing) the *Abraham-man* is the moſt fan-"taſtick. The fellow (quoth this old Lady of the Lake unto me) that

"ſate

" ſate half-naked (at table to-day) from the girdle upward, is the beſt " *Abraham-man* that ever came to my houſe, and the notableſt villain: he " ſwears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talk frantickly of purpoſe: " you ſee pins ſtuck in ſundry places of his naked fleſh, eſpecially in his " arms, which pain he gladly puts himſelf to (being indeed no torment " at all, his ſkin is either ſo dead with ſome foul diſeaſe, or ſo hardened " with weather, only to make you believe he is out of his wits): he calls " himſelf by the name of *Poor Tom*, and coming near any body cries out, " Poor Tom is a cold. Of theſe *Abraham-men*, ſome be exceeding merry, " and do nothing but ſing ſongs, faſhioned out of their own brains, ſome " will dance; others will do nothing but either laugh or weep; others " are dogged, and are ſullen both in look and ſpeech, that, ſpying but a " ſmall company in a houſe, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling " the ſervants through fear to give them what they demand, which is " commonly *Bacon*, or ſomething that will yield ready money."

Of this reſpectable fraternity Diccon ſeems to have been a member.

Maſſinger mentions them in *A new way to pay old Debts*, A. 2. S. 1. " — Are they padders, or *Abram-men*, that are your conſorts?"

THE PROLOGUE.

AS Gammer Gurton, with manye a wyde ſtyche,
Sat peſynge and patching of Hodg her man's briche
By chance or miſfortune, as ſhee her geare toſt,
In Hodge lether bryches her needle ſhee loſt.
When Diccon the bedlam had hard by report,
That good Gammer Gurton was robde in thys ſorte,
He quyetly perſwaded with her in that ſtound,
Dame Chat her deare goſſyp this needle had found.
Yet knew ſhee no more of this matter (alas)
Then knoeth Tom our clarke what the prieſt ſaith at maſſe
Hereof there enſued ſo fearfull a fraye,
Mas Doctor was ſent for, theſe goſſyps to ſtaye;
Becauſe he was curate, and eſtemed full wyſe,
Who found that he ſought not, by Diccon's device.
When all thinges were tombled and cleane out of faſſion,
Whether it were by fortune, or ſome other conſtellacion,
Sodenlye the neele Hodge found by the prickynge,
And drew out of his bottocke, whcre he found it ſtickynge.
Theyr hartes then at reſt with perfect ſecurytie,
With a pot of good nale they ſtroake up theyr plauditie.

Gammer

Gammer GURTON's Needle.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE FYRST SCEANE.

Diccon.

MANY a myle have I walked, divers and ſundry waies,
And many a good man's houſe have I bin at in my dais.
Many a goſſip's cup in my tyme have I taſted,
And many a broche and ſpyt have I both turned and baſted.
Many a peece of bacon have I had out of thir balkes [3],
In ronnyng over the countrey, with long and were walkes.
Yet came my foote never within thoſe doore cheekes,
To ſeek fleſh or fyſh, garlyke, onyons or leekes,
That ever I ſaw a ſorte in ſuch a plyght [4],
As here within this houſe appereth to my ſyght,
There is howlynge and ſcowlyng, all caſt in a dumpe,
With whewling and pewling, as though they had loſt a trump.
Syghing and ſobbing, they weepe and they wayle.
I marvel in my mynd, what the devil they ayle.

3 — *out of thir balkes,*] The ſummer beam or dorman. Poles laid over a ſtable, or other building. Ray's *Collection of Engliſh Words*, p. 167.

4 *That ever I ſaw a ſorte in ſuch a plyght,*] *A ſort* is a company. So, in Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 2. S. 3. "I ſpeek it not "glorioufly, nor out of affectation, but there's he and the count Frugale, "ſignior Illuſtre, ſignior Luculento, and *a ſort* of them, &c."

Alſo, in Pierce *Pennileſſe's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, p. 6. "I "know a great *ſort* of good fellows that would venture, &c."

Again, in the *Vocacyon of Johan Bale*, 1533: "— in parell of pyrates, "robbers, and murthirors, and a great *ſort* more."

And, in Skelton's Works, edit. 1736, p. 136.

"Another *ſorte* of ſluttes
"Some brought walnutes."

See alſo Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens's Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. III. p. 69.

The olde trot ſyts groning, with alas, and alas [5],
And Tib wringes her hands, and takes on in worſe caſe.
With poore Cocke theyr boye, they be dryven in ſuch fyts,
I feare mee the folkes be not well in theyr wyts.
Aſke them what they ayle, or who brought them in this ſtaye?
They aunſwer not at all, but alacke and welaway.
When I ſaw it booted not, out at doores I hyed mee,
And caught a ſlyp of bacon, when I ſaw that none ſpyed mee,
Which I intend not far hence, unles my purpoſe fayle,
Shall ſerve for a ſhoing horne to draw on two pots of ale [6].

[5] *The olde* trot *ſyts groning, with alas, and alas,*] An old *trot*, or *trat*, Dr. Gray ſays ſignifies a decrepid old woman, or an old drab. In which ſenſe it is uſed in Gawin Douglas Virgil's Ænead, B. 4. p. 96, 97.

Out on the *old trat* agit wyffe or dame.

And p. 122. 39.

Thus ſaid *Dido*, and the tother with that,
Hyit or furth with flow paſe like *ane trot*.

And Shakſpeare: "Why give hir gold enough, and marry him to "a puppet, an aglet baby, or an *old trot* with ne'er a tooth in her head." *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 1. S. 5. Critical Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. I. p. 118.

It is alſo uſed by Churchyard:

Away young Frie that gives leawd counſell nowe,
Awaie *old trotts*, that ſets young fleſh to ſale, &c.

Challenge, 1593, p. 250.

And by Gaſcoigne:

Go! that gunpowder conſume \the old *trot*.

Suppoſes, A. 3. S. 5.

Again, in Naſhe's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "— a cage or pigeon houſe, "roomſome enough to comprehend her, and the toothleſs *trot* her nurſe "who was her only chat mate and chamber maid, &c."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. II. p. 93.

[6] *Shall ſerve for a ſhoing horne to draw on two pots of ale.*] So, in Pierce *Pennileſſe's Supplication*, p. 23. "— wee have generall rules and injun- "tions as good as printed precepts, or ſtatutes ſet downe by acte of par- "liament, that goe from drunkard to drunkard as ſtill to keepe your firſt "man, not to leave anie flockes in the bottom of the cup, to knock the "glaſſe on your thumbe when you have done, to have ſome *ſhooing horne* "to pull on your wine, as a rather of the coles, or a redde herring."

THE FYRST ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

Hodge. Diccon.

Hodge.

SEE ſo cham arayed with dablynge in the durt!
She that ſet me to ditchinge, ich wold ſhe had the ſquirt.
Was never poore ſoule that ſuch a life had?
Gog's bones, thys vilthy glaye haſe dreſt mee too bad.
God's ſoule, ſee how this ſtuffe teares!
Iche were better to bee a bearward, and ſet to keepe beares.
By the maſſe, here is a gaſhe, a ſhamefull hole indeade,
And one ſtytch teare furder, a man may thruſte in his heade.

Diccon.

By my father's ſoule, Hodge, if I ſhulde now be ſworne,
I cannot chuſe but ſay thy breech is foule betorne.
But the next remedye in ſuch a caſe and hap,
Is to plaunche on a piece as brode as thy cap.

Hodge.

Gog's ſoule man, 'tis not yet two dayes fully ended,
Synce my dame Gurton (cham ſure) theſe breches amended.
But cham made ſuch [7] a drudge to trudge at every neede,
Chwold rend it, though it were ſtitched wath ſturdy packthreede.

Diccon.

Hodge [8], let thy breeches go, and ſpeake and tell mee ſoone,
What devil ayleth gammer Gurton, and Tib her mayd to frowne.

Hodge.

Tuſh, man, th'art deceyved, 'tys theyr dayly looke:
[9] They coure ſo over the coles, theyr eyes be blear'd with ſmooke.

Diccon.

7 ſucc.

8 Hoge.

9 *They coure*] This is the reading of the firſt edition, which in all the ſubſequent ones is very improperly altered to *cover*. *To coure*, is to bend, ſtoop, hang or lean over. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Manſieur Thomas*, A. 4. S. 6. and Pierce *Pennileſſe's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, p. 8. Again,

"He much rejoyſt, and *cour'd* it tenderly,
"As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded deſtiny."

Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. c. 8. S. 9. Again,

Diccon.

Nay, by the maſſe, I perfectly perceyed as I came hether,
That eyther Tib and her dame hath ben by the eares together,
Or els as great a matter, as thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee.

Hodge.

Now iche beſeeche our Lord they never better agree.

Diccon.

By Gog's ſoule, there they ſyt as ſtill as ſtones in the ſtreite,
As though they had ben taken with fairies, or els with ſome il ſpreet.

Hodge.

Gog's hart, I durſt have layd my cap to a crowne,
Ch'would learn of ſome prancome as ſoon as ich came to town.

Diccon.

Why, Hodge, art thou inſpyred? or dedſt thou thereof here?

Hodge.

Nay, but ich ſaw ſuch a wonder, as ich ſaw nat this ſeven yere.
Tome Tannkard's cow (be gog's bones) ſhe ſet me up her ſail,
And flynging about his halfe aker, fyſking with her taile,
As though there had been in her ars a ſwarme of bees;
And chad not cryed tphrowh hoore, ſhea'd lept out of his lees.

Diccon.

Why, Hodg, lies the connyng in Tom Tankard's cowe's tail?

Hodge.

Well, ich chave hard ſome ſay ſuch tokens do not fayle.
But ca'ſt thou not tell, in faith, Diccon, why ſhe frowns, or whereat?
[10] Hath no man ſtolen her ducks, or henes, or gelded Gyb her cat?

Again,

"As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
"Approaching two and two, theſe *cow'ring* low
"With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing."

Paradiſe Loſt, B. 8. l. 349.

[10] *Hath no man ſtolne her ducks, or henes, or gelded* Gyb *her cut!*] Gyb was the name by which all male or ram cats were diſtinguiſhed. See Mr. Warton's Note on the firſt part of *Henry* IV. A. 1. S. 2.

Diccon.

Diccon.

What devyll can I tell, man, I cold not have one word,
They gave no more hede to my talke then thou woldſt to a lord.

Hodge.

Iche cannot ſtyll but muſe, what mervaylous thinge it is:
Chyll in and know my ſelfe what matters are amys.

Diccon.

Then fare well, Hodge, a while, ſynce thou doeſt inward haſt,
For I will into the good wyfe Chat's, to feele how the ale doſt taſt.

THE FYRST ACTE. THE THYRD SCEANE.

Hodge. Tyb.

Hodge.

CHAM agaſt, by the maſſe, ich wot not what to do.
Chad nede bleſſe me well before ich go them to.
Perchaunce ſome fellon ſprit may haunt our houſe indeed.
And then chwere but a noddy to venter where cha no neede.

Tib.

Cham worſe then mad, by the maſſe, to be at this ſtaye.
Cham chyd, cham blamd, and beaton all th'ours on the daye.
Lamed and hunger ſtorved, prycked up all in jagges,
Havyng no patch to hyde my backe, ſave a few rotten ragges.

Hodge.

[11] I ſay, Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I trow ſure thou bee,
What devyll make-a-doe is this betweene our dame and thee?

[11] *I ſay, Tyb, if thou be Tyb, as I* trow *ſure thou bee,*] *Trow* is an old word, which ſignifies *believe*. As in A. 5. S. 2.

This proſe *I trow* may ſerve, though no word ſpoke.

Again,

A falſe knave bi Gods pitie ye were but a foole to *trow* him.

Again,

I trow he'll come no more at my houſe. *Wily beguiled*, 1606.

Again,

" And that is beſt *I trowe* in warre, to let it go, and not to ſtoppe it. Aſcham's *Toxophilus*.

Tib.

Tib.

Gog's breade, Hodge, thou had a good turn thou wart not here this while.
It had ben better for ſome of us to have ben hence a myle.
My Gammer is ſo out of courſe, and frantyke all at ones,
That Cocke, our boy, and I poore wench, have felt it on our bones.

Hodge.

What is the matter, ſay on, Tib, whereat ſhe taketh ſo on?

Tib.

She is undone, ſhe ſayth, (alas) her joye and life is gone.
If ſhee here not of ſome comfort, ſhe ſayth [12] ſhe is but dead,
Shall never come within her lyps, one inch of meate ne bread.

Hodge.

By'r ladie, cham not very glad to ſee her in this dumpe;
Cholde a noble her ſtole hath fallen, and ſhee hath broke her rumpe.

Tib.

Nay, and that were the worſt, we wold not greatly care,
For burſting of her huckle bone, or breakyng of her chaire.
But greater, greater, is her grief, as Hodge we ſhall all feele.

Hodge.

Gog's woundes, Tyb, my gammer has never loſt her neele?

Tib.

Her neele.

Hodge.

Her neele?

Tib.

Her neele; by him that made me, it is true, Hodge, I tell thee.

Hodge.

Gog's ſacrament! I would ſhe had loſt th'arte out of her bellie.
The devill, or els his dame, they ought her ſure a ſhame.
How a murryon came this chaunce, (ſay, Tib) unto our dame?

Tib.

My gammer ſat her down on her pes, and bad me reach thy breches,
And by and by a vengeance in it or ſhe had take two ſtitches,

[12] She is ſayth but dead.

To

To clout a clout upon thine ars, by chaunce aſyde ſhe lears,
And Gyb our cat, in the milke-pan, ſhe ſpied over head and eares.
Ah hore, out theſe, ſhe cryd aloud, and ſwapt the breches downe,
Up went her ſtaffe, and out leapt Gyb at doors into the towne.
And ſynce that time was never wyght cold ſet their eies upon it.
[13] Gog's maliſon, chave Cocke and I, byd twenty times light on it.

Hodge.

And is not then my breches ſewid up, to morow that I ſhuld were?

Tib.

No, in faith, Hodge, thy breches lie, for all this never the nere.

Hodge.

Now a vengeance light on al the ſort, that better ſhold have kept it;
The cat, the houſe, and Tib our maid, that better ſhold have ſwept it.
Se where ſhe cometh crawling! come on, in twenty devils way;
Ye have made a fayre daie's worke, have you not? pray you ſay.

THE FYRST ACT. THE FOURTH SCEANE.

Gammer. Hodge. Tib. Cocke.

Gammer.

ALAS, alas, I may well curſe and ban
This daie, that ever I ſaw it, with Gyb and the milke pan.
For theſe, and ill lucke togather, as knoweth Cocke my boie,
Have ſtacke [14] away my deare neele, and rob'd me of my joye.

[13] *Gog's muliſon,*] i. e. God's curſe. Gloſſary to Peter Langtoft.
[14] *Have* ſtacke, &c.] Mr. Dodſley, in the former edition, reads *tacke.*

My fayre long ſtrayght neele, that was myne onely treaſure,
The fyrſt day of my ſorow is, and laſt end of my pleaſure.

Hodge.

Might ha kept it when ye had it; but fooles will be fooles ſtyll:
Loſe that is vaſt in your handes? ye neede not, but ye will.

Gammer.

Go hie thee, Tib, and run thou hoore to th' end here of the towne.
Didſt cary out duſt in thy lap? ſeeke wher thou poreſt it downe [15];
And as thou ſaweſt me roking in the aſhes where I morned,
So ſee in all the heape of duſt thou leave no ſtraw unturned.

Tib.

[16] That chal, Gammer, ſwythe and tyte, and ſone be here agayne.

Gammer.

Tib, ſtoope and loke downe to the ground to it, and take ſome paine.

Hodge.

Here is a prety matter, to ſee this gere how it goes:
By gog's ſoul, I thenk you wold loes your arſe, and it were looſe.
Your neele loſt? it is pitie you ſhold lack care and endleſſe ſorow.
Gog's deth, how ſhall my breches be ſewid? ſhall I go thus to morow?

Gammer.

Ah, Hodge, Hodge, if that ich cold find my neele, by the reed,
Ch'ould ſow thy breches ich promiſe the, with full good double threed,

And

[15] dowde.

[16] *That chal, Gammer,* ſwythe and tyte, *and ſone be here agayne.*] *Swythe and tyte*, ſwiftly and directly.

Kyng Eſtmere threwe the harpe aſyde
And *ſwith* he drew his brand;
And Eſtmere he and Adler yonge,
Right ſtiffe in ſtour can ſtand.

Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 75.

And ſet a patch on either knee, ſhuld laſt this monethes twaine,
Now God and good ſaint Sithe, I praye to ſend it home[17] againe.

Hodge.

Wherto ſerved your hands and eies, but this your neele to kepe?
What devill had you els to do? ye keep, ich wot, no ſheepe.
Cham faine abrode to dyg and delve, in water, myre and claye,
Soſſing and poſſing in the durte ſtyll from day to daye.
A hundred thinges that be abrode, cham ſet to ſee them weele;
And foure of you ſyt idle at home, and cannot keepe a neele.

Gammer.

My neele, alas, ich loſt it, Hodge, what time ich me up haſted,
To ſave milke ſet up for the, which Gib our cat hath waſted.

Hodge.

The devill he burſt both Gib and Tib, with all the reſt;
Cham alwayes ſure of the worſt end, whoever have the beſt.
Where ha you ben fidging abrode, ſince you your neele loſt?

Gammer.

Within the houſe, and at the dore, ſitting by this ſame poſt;
Wher I was loking a long howre, before theſe folks came here;
But, welaway! all was in vayne, my neele is never the nere.

Hodge.

Set me a candle, let me ſeeke, and grope where ever it bee.
Gog's heart, ye be foliſh (ich thinke) you knowe it not when you it ſee.

Gammer.

Come hether, Cocke, what Cocke, I ſay.

Cocke.

Howe, Gammer?

Gammer.

Goe, hye thee ſoone, and grope behynd the old braſſe pan,
Whych thing when thou haſt done,
Ther ſhalt thou fynd an old ſhooe, wherein, if thou looke well,
Thou ſhalt fynd lyeng an inche of whyte tallow candell;
Lyght it, and brynge it tite awaye.

Hence *ſwythe* to Doctor Rat hye the that thou were gone. A. 3. S. 3.

Thou ſhalt fynd lying an inche of whyte tallow candell
Lyght it, and brynge it *tite* away. A. 1. S. 4.

[17] *home*] Mr. Dodſley reads, back again.

Cocke.

Cocke.

That ſhal be done anone.

Gammer.

Nay, tary, Hodge, till thou haſt light, and then weele ſeke ech one.

Hodge.

Cum away, ye horſon boy, are ye aſlepe? ye muſt have a crier.

Cocke.

Ich cannot get the candel light, here is almoſt no fier,

Hodge.

Chil hold the a peny, chil make thee come if that ich may catch thine eares.
Art deffe, thou horſon boy? Cocke, I ſay, why canſt not hear's?

Gammer.

Beate hym not, Hodge, but helpe the boy, and come you two together.

THE FIRST ACTE. THE FIFTH SCEANE.

Gammer. Tyb. Cocke. Hodge.

Gammer.

HOW now, Tyb! quicke, lets here what newes thou haſt brought hether?

Tib.

Chave toſt and tumbled yender heap over and over againe,
And winowed it through my fingers, as men wold winow grain;
Not ſo much as a hen's turd, but in pieces I tare it,
Or what ſo ever clod or clay I found, I did not ſpare it.
Lokyng within and eke without, to find your neele (alas)
But all in vaine, and without help, your neele is where it was.

Gammer.

[18] Alas, my neele we ſhall never meete! adue, adue for aye.

Tib.

[18] *Alas, my neele we ſhall never meete! adue, adue* for aye.] Adieu, adieu *for ever:* As in the following inſtances:

For aye to be in ſhady cloiſter mew'd.

Midſummer Night's Dream, A. 1.

And

Tib.

Not ſo, Gammer, we myght it fynde, if we knew where it laye.

Cocke.

Gog's croſſe, Gammer, if ye will laugh, looke in but at the doore,
And ſee how Hodge lieth tomblynge and toſſing amids the floure,
Rakyng there, ſome fyre to find amonge the aſhes dead,
Where there is not one ſparke ſo byg as a pyn's head:
At laſt in a darke corner two ſparkes he thought he ſees,
Which where indede nought els, but Gyb our cat's two eyes.
Puffe, quod Hodge, thinking thereby to have fyre without doubt;
With that Gyb ſhut her two eyes, and ſo the fyre was out;
And by and by them opened, even as they were before,
With that the ſparkes appered even as they had done of yore;
And even as Hodge blew the fire as he did thincke,
Gyb, as ſhe felt the blaſt, ſtrayght way began to wyncke;
Till Hodge fell of ſwering, as came beſt to his turne,
The fier was ſure bewicht, and therfore wold not burne:
At laſt Gyb up the ſtayers, among the old poſtes and pinnes,
And Hodge he hied him after, til broke were both his ſhinnes:
Curſynge and ſweering oths, were never of his makyng,
That Gyb wold fyre the houſe, if that ſhee were not taken.

Gammer.

See here is all the thought that the foolyſh urchyn taketh!
And Tyb methinke at his elbowe, almoſt as mery maketh.
This is all the wyt ye have when others make their mone.
Come downe Hodge, where art thou? and let the cat alone.

Hodge.

Gogs harte, help and come up, Gyb in her tayle hath fyre,
And is like to burne all if ſhe get a lytle hier:

And ſit *for aye* enthronized in heaven. Marlow's *Edward* II.
Whereas the other makes us live *for aye*. *Tragedy of Cræſus*, 1604.
— Let this pernicious hour,
Stand *aye* accurſed in the Calendar.
See Mr. Steevens's Shakſpeare, vol. III. p. 7. vol. IV. p. 565.

[19] Cum downe (quoth you?) nay, then you might count me a patch,
The houſe cometh down on your heads if it take ons the thatch.

Gammer.

It is the cat's eyes, foole, that ſhineth in the darke.

Hodge.

Hath the cat, do you thinke, in every eye a ſparke?

Gammer.

No, but they ſhyne as lyke fyre as ever man ſee.

Hodge.

By the maſſe, and ſhe burne all, youſh beare the blame for mee.

Gammer.

Cum downe and help to ſeeke here our neele that it were found;
Downe, Tyb on *thy* knees, I ſay, downe Cocke to the ground,
[20] To God I make a vowe, and ſo to good ſaint Anne,
A candell ſhall they have a peece, get it where I can,

If

[19] *Cum downe (quoth you?) nay, then you might count me* a patch,] "This "term, ſays Mr. Malone, came into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. "This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word making, "called of the Grecians Onomatopiea, is when we make words of our own "mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things."—As to call one *patche*, "or cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in "their time were notable fools.

"Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *patch* wore was in alluſion to "his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage-fool has ever ſince "been exhibited in a motley coat. In Rowley's *When you ſee me, you know "me*; or, *Hiſt. of King Henry* VIII. 1632, Cardinal Wolſey's Fool *Patch* "is introduced. Perhaps he was the original *patch* of whom Wilſon "ſpeaks." Note on *Merchant of Venice*, A. 2. S. 5.

In Chaloner's Tranſlation of the *Praiſe of Folly*, by Eraſmus, 1549, is the following paſſage: "And by the fayeth ye owe to the immortal godds, "may any thing to an indifferent conſiderer be deemed more happie and "bliſful than is this kinde of men whome commonly ye call fooles, poltes, "ideotes, and *paches?*"

Again, "I have ſubtraied theſe my ſelie *paches*, who not onelye them-"ſelves are ever mery, playing, ſinging, and laughyng, but alſo whatever "they doo, are provokers of others lykewyſe to pleaſure, ſporte, and laughter, "as who ſayeth ordeyned herefore by the Godds of theyr benevolence to "recreate the ſadneſſe of mens lyves."

[20] *To God I make a vowe, and ſo to good ſaint Anne,*
A candell ſhall they have a peece, get it where I can,] In all caſes of diſtreſs, and whenever the aſſiſtance of a ſuperior power was neceſſary, it

was

If I may my neele finde in one place or in other.

Hodge.

Now a vengeaunce on Gib lyght, on Gyb and Gyb's mother,
And all the generacion of cats both far and nere.
Looke on the ground, horſon, thinks thou the neele is here?

Cocke.

By my trouth, Gammar, me thought your neele here I ſaw,
But when my fyngers toucht it, I felt it was a ſtraw.

Tib.

See, Hodge, what's tys; may it not be within it?

Hodge.

Breake it, foole, with thy hand, and ſee and thou canſt fynde it.

Tib.

Nay, breake it you, Hodge, accordyng to your word.

Hodge.

Gog's ſydes, fie! it ſtyncks: it is a cat's tourd:
It were well done to make thee eate it, by the maſſe.

Gammer.

This matter amendeth not, my neele is ſtill where it waſſe.
Our candle is at an ende, let us all in quight,
And come another tyme, when we have more lyght.

THE SECOND ACTE.

Firſte a SONGE.

Back and ſyde go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hande go colde:
But belley, God ſende thee good ale ynoughe,
whether it be newe or olde.

I Can not eate, but lytle meat,
my ſtomacke is not good;
But ſure I thinke, that I can drynk
With him that weares a hood [21].

was uſual with the Roman Catholicks to promiſe their tutelary ſaints to light up candles at their altars, to induce them to be propitious to ſuch applications as were made to them. The reader will ſee a very ridiculous ſtory of this kind in the firſt volume of Lord Oxford's Collection of Voyages, p. 771. quoted in Dr. Gray's Notes on Shakeſpeare, vol. I. p. 7. Eraſmus has a ſtory to the ſame purpoſe in his *Naufragium*.

[21] Alluding to the drunkenneſs of the Fryars.

Thoughe I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothinge a colde;
I ſtuffe my ſkyn ſo full within,
of joly good ale and olde.
Back and ſyde, go bare, go bare,
booth foote and hand go colde:
But belly, God ſend the good ale inoughe,
whether it be new or olde.

[22] I love no roſt, but a nut-brown toſte,
and a crab layde in the fyre,
A lytle bread ſhall do me ſtead,
much breade I not deſyre.

No froſte nor ſnow, no winde, I trow,
can hurte mee if I wolde,
I am ſo wrapt, and throwly lapt
of joly good ale and olde.
Back and ſide go bare, &c.

And Tyb my wyfe, that as her lyfe
loveth well good ale to ſeeke,
Full ofte drinkes ſhee, tyll ye may ſee
the teares run down her cheekes;

22 *I love no roſt, but a nut-brown toſte,*
and a crab *layde in the fyre,*] So, in the 3d Act. 4th Scene:
"A cup of ale had in his hand, and *a crab* lay in the fyer."
Again:
"Now *a crab* in the fire were woorth a good grote,
"That I might quaffe wih captain Tom toſpot."
Like will to like, c. 21.
Again:
"And ſometime lurk I in a goſſip's bowl,
"In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab*."
Midſummer's Night's Dream, A. 2. S. 1.

Upon this laſt paſſage, Mr. Steevens has given the following examples of the uſe of this word:
"Yet we will have in ſtore *a crab* in the fire,
"With nut brown ale." *Henry* V. Anon.
"And ſit down in my chaire by my faire Aliſon,
"And turn a *crabbe* in the fire as merry as Pope Joan.
Damon and Pithias, vol. I.
"——ſitting in a corner turning *crabs*,
"Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale."
Deſcription of Chriſtmas in Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament, by Nath, 1600.

Then

23 Then dooth ſhe trowle to mee the bowle,
even as a mault worme ſhuld;
And ſayth, ſweet hart, I tooke my part
of this joly good ale and olde.
Back and ſide go bare, &c.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
even as good felowes ſhoulde doe,
They ſhall not myſſe to have the bliſſe
good ale doth bringe men to:
And all poor ſoules that have ſcowred boules,
or have them luſtely trolde,
God ſave the lyves of them and their wyves,
whether they be yonge or olde.
Back and ſide go bare, &c.

23 *Then dooth ſhe trowle to mee the bowle,*] "*Trowle*, or *trole the bowl*, "was a common phraſe in drinking for paſſing the veſſel about, as appears "by the following beginning of an old Catch:

"*Trole, trole* the bowl to me,
"And I will *trole* the ſame again to thee."

"And in this other, in Hilton's Collection:

"Tom Bouls, Tom Bouls,
"Seeſt thou not how merrily this good ale *trowles?*"

Sir John Hawkins's *Hiſtory of Muſick*, vol. III. 22.

Again:

Sirra Shakebagge, canſt thou remember
Since we *trould the boule* at Sittingburn.

Arden of Feverſham, 1592.

Giv't us weele pledge, nor ſhall a man that lives
In charity refuſe it, I will not be ſo old
As not be grac't to honour Cupid, giv't us full,
When we were young, we could ha *trold* it off.
Drunke down a Dutchman.

Marſton's *Paraſitaſter or Fawne*, A. 5.

Now the cups *trole* about to wet the goſſips whiſtles,
It pours down I faith they never think of payment.

A Chaſt Mayd in Cheap-ſide, p. 34.

THE FYRST SCEANE.

Diccon. Hodge.

Diccon.

WELL done, by Gog's malt, well ſonge and well ſayde:
Come on, mother Chat, as thou art [24] *a* true mayde.
One freſh pot of ale let's ſee, to make an ende
Agaynſt this colde wether, my naked armes [25] to defende:
This gere it warms the ſoule, now wind blow on thy worſt,
And let us drink and ſwill till that our bellies burſte,
Now were he a wyſe man, by cunnynge colde defyne
Which way my journey lyeth, or where Diccon will dyne:
But one good turne I have, be it by nyght or daye,
South, eaſt, north or weſt, I am never out of my waye.

Hodge.

Chym goodly rewarded, cham I not, do you thyncke?
[26] Chad a goodly dynner for all my ſweate and ſwyncke;
Neyther butter, cheeſe, mylk, onyons, fleſhe nor fyſhe,
Save thys pece of barly bread, tis a pleaſant coſtly diſhe.

Diccon.

Haile, fellow Hodge, and [27] *well* to fare with thy meat, if you have any:
But by thy words, as I them ſmelled, thy daintrels be not manie.

24 Add.

25 — *naked armes*] See Dekker's Deſcription of an Abraham-man, p. 4.

26 — *ſweate and ſwyncke*;] *To ſwynke* is to work, or labour,; as in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. 2. Cant. 7. St. 8:

"For which men *ſwink* and ſweat inceſſantly."

Again, in *Comus*, by Milton, l. 293:

"And the *ſwinkt* hedger at his ſupper ſat;"

Alſo, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Prol. l. 184:

"What ſhulde he ſtudie, make himſelven wood,
"Upon a book in cloiſtre alway to pore,
"Or *ſwinken* with his hondes, and laboure,
"As Auſtin bit? how ſhal the world be ſerved?
"Let Auſtin have his *ſwink* to him reſerved."

And, in *Pierce Plowman's Viſion*:

"Hermets an heape with hoked ſtaves,
"Wenten to Walſingham, and her wenches after
"Great loubees and long, that loth were to *ſwinke*,
"Clothed hem in copes, to be knowen from other."

27 will.

Hodge.

Hodge.

Daintrels, Diccon! Gogs ſoule man, ſave this pece of dry horſbred,
Chat byt no byt this lyve-longe daie, no crome come in my hed:
My gutts they yawle, crawle, and all my belly rumbleth,
The puddyinges cannot lye ſtill, ech one over other tumbleth.
By gog's harte cham ſo vexte, and in my belly pende,
Chould one peece were at the ſpittlehouſe, another at the caſtel's ende.

Diccon.

Why Hodge, was there none at home thy dinner for to ſet?

Hodge.

Gogs[28] bread, Diccon, ich came to late, was nothing ther to get:
Gib (a fowle feind might on her light) lickt the milke pan ſo clene;
See Diccon, 'twas not ſo well waſht this ſeven yere, as ich wene.
A peſtilence lyght on all ill lucke, chad thought yet for all this
Of a morſell of bacon behynde the dore, at worſt ſhuld not miſſe:
But when ich ſought a ſlyp to cut, as ich was wont to do,
Gogs ſouls, Diccon, Gyb our cat had eate the bacon to!

[*Which bacon Diccon ſtole, as is declared before.*

Diccon.

Ill luck, quod he? mary ſwere it, Hodg, this day the trueth tel,
Thou roſe not on thy right ſyde, or els bleſt thee not wel.
Thy mylk ſlopt up! thy bacon filtched! that was to bad luck, Hodg.

Hodge.

Nay, nay, ther was a fowler fault, my Gammer ga me the dodge:
Seeſt not how cham rent and torn, my heels, my knees, and my breech?
Chad thought as ich ſat by the fire, help here and there a ſtitch;
But there ich was powpte indeed.

Diccon.

Why, Hodge?

[28] Godgs.

Hodge.

Bootes not, man, to tell,
Cham ſo dreſt amonſt a ſorte of fooles, chad better be in hell,
My Gammar (cham aſhamed to ſay) by God, ſerved me not weele.

Diccon.

How ſo, Hodge?

Hodge.

Haſe ſhe not gone, troweſt now thou, and loſt her neele?

Diccon.

Her eele, Hodge! who fyſht of late? that was a dainty dyſh.

Hodge.

Tuſh, tuſh, her neele, her neele, her neele, man, tys neither fleſh nor fyſh,
A lytle thing with an hole in the end, as bright as any ſyller,
Small, longe, ſharpe at the poynt, and ſtraight as any pyller.

Diccon.

I know not what a devil thou meneſt, thou bringſt me more in doubt.

Hodge.

Knoweſt not with what Tom tailer's man fits broching throughe a clout?
A neele, a neele, a neele, my Gammer's neele is gone.

Diccon.

Her neele! Hodge, now I ſmel thee, that was a chaunce alone:
By the maſſe thou hadſt a ſhameful loſſe, and it were but for thy breches.

Hodge.

Gog's ſoule, man, chould give a crown, chad it but three ſtitches.

Diccon.

How ſayeſt thou, Hodg? what ſhuld he have again thy nedle got?

Hodge.

Be'm vather's ſoul, and chad it, chould give him a new grot.

Diccon.

Canſt thou keepe counſaile in this caſe?

Hodge.

Els chwold my tonge were out.

Diccon.

Diccon.

Do thou [29] but then by my adviſe, and I wil fetch it without doubt.

Hodge.

Chyll runne, chyll ryde, chyll dygge, chyll delve,
chyll toyle, chyll trudge, ſhalt ſee;
Chyll hold, chyll drawe, chyll pull, chyl pynche,
chyll kneele on my bare knee;
Chyll ſcrape, chyll ſcratche, chyll ſyfte, chyll ſeeke,
chyll bowe, chyll bende, chyll ſweate,
Chyll ſtoop, chyll ſtur, chyll cap, chyl knele,
chyll crepe on hands and feete;
Chyll be thy bondman, Diccon, ich ſweare by ſunne and moone,
And channot ſumwhat to ſtop this gap, cham utterly undone.
[*Pointing behind to his torne breeches.*

Diccon.

Why, is ther any ſpecial cauſe thou takeſt hereat ſuch ſorow?

Hodge.

Kirſtian Clack, Tom Simſon's maid, by the maſſe coms hether to morrow;
Cham not able to ſay, betweene us what may hap,
She ſmyled on me the laſt Sonday when ich put of my cap.

Diccon.

Well, Hodge, this is a matter of weight, and muſt be kept cloſe,
[30] It might els turne to both our coſtes, as the world now goſe.
Shalt ſware to be no blab, Hodge.

29 Than.

30 *It might els turne to both our coſtes, as the world* now goſe.] In the 14th of Queen Elizabeth, 1572, an act of Parliament paſſed, by which very heavy penalties were inflicted on all rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars. Among others, who are therein deſcribed and directed to be deemed ſuch, are idle perſons going about feigning themſelves to have knowledge in phiſnomie, palmeſtrie, or other abuſed ſciences, whereby they bear the people in hand that they can tell their deſtinies, deaths, and fortunes, *and ſuch other like fantaſtical imaginations.* This ſtatute ſeems to be alluded to here by Diccon, and will ſerve to confirm the later date of the Play; and at the ſame time prove the forgery of that aſſigned to it by Chetwood.

Hodge.

Hodge.

Chyll, Diccon.

Diccon.

Then go to,
Lay thine hand here, ſay after me, as thou ſhalt here me do.
Haſte no booke?

Hodge.

Cha no booke, I.

Diccon.

Then needes muſt force us both,
Upon my breech to lay thine hand, and there to take thine oth.

Hodge.

I Hodge breecheleſſe,
Sweare to Diccon recheleſſe
By the croſſe that I ſhall kyſſe,
To kepe his counſaile cloſe,
And alwayes me to diſpoſe
To worke that his pleaſure is.

[*Here he kyſſeth Diccon's breech.*

Diccon.

Now, Hodge, ſee thou take heede,
And doe as I thee byd;
For ſo I judge it meete,
This nedle againe to win,
There is no ſhift therein,
But conjure up a ſpreete.

Hodge.

What the great devill, Diccon, I ſaye?

Diccon.

Yea, in good faith, that is the waye,
[31] Fet with ſome prety charme.

Hodge.

Softe, Diccon, be not to haſty yet,
By the maſſe, for ich begyn to ſweat,
Cham afrayde of ſome [32] harme.

Diccon.

Come hether then, and ſturre the nat
One inche out of this cyrcle plat,
But ſtande as I thee teache.

[31] Fet] i. e. fetched. [32] ſyme.

Hodge.

Hodge.

And ſhall ich be here ſafe from theyr clawes

Diccon.

The mayſter devill with his longe pawes
Here to thee cannot reache.
Now will I ſettle me to this geare.

Hodge.

I ſay Diccon, heare me, heare:
Go ſoftely to thys matter.

Diccon.

What devyll, man, art afraide of nought?

Hodge.

Canſt not tarrye a lytle thought
Tyll ich make a curteſie of water?

Diccon.

Stand ſtill to it, why ſhuldeſt thou feare hym?

Hodge.

Gog's ſydes, Diccon, me thinke ich heare him,
And tarrye chal mare all.

Diccon.

The matter is no worſe then I tolde it.

Hodge.

By the maſſe, cham able no longer to holde it:
[33] So bad, iche muſt beraye the hall.

Diccon.

Stand to it, Hodge, ſture not, you horſon.
What devyll, be thine ars ſtringes bruſten?
Thy ſelfe a while but ſtaye,
The devill I ſmell hym, wyll be here anone.

Hodge.

Hold him faſt, Diccon, cham gone, cham gone,
Chyll not be at that fraye.

[33] To.

THE SECOND ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

Diccon. Chat.

Diccon.

FY, ſhytten knave, and out upon thee!
Above all other loutes, fye on thee!
Is not here a clenly prancke?
But thy matter was no better,
Nor thy preſence here no ſweter,
[34] To flye I con [35] thee thanke.
[36] Here is a matter worthy gloſynge
Of Gammer Gurton's needle loſynge,
And a foule peece of warke:
A man, I thyncke, myght make a playe
And nede no worde to this they ſaye,
Being but halfe a clarke.

34 *To flye* I con *thee thanke.*] I con him no thanks for it, occurs in Shakeſpeare's *All's well that ends well*; and Mr. Steevens ſays it means, "I ſhall not thank him in ſtudied language." I meet with the ſame expreſſion in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication*, &c.

"I believe he *will con thee little thanks for it.*"

Again, in *Wily beguiled*, 1613:

"I *con* maſter Churms *thanks* for this."

Again, in *Any thing for a quiet life:* "He would not truſt you with it, *I* "*con* him thanks for it." To *con thanks* may indeed exactly anſwer the French *ſcavoir gré. To con* is to know.

Cun or con thanks, ſays the Gloſſary to the Lancaſhire Dialect, is to *give thanks*; and in that ſenſe only the words appear to be uſed to this day in the North of England. In Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folly*, by Chaloner, 1569, Sig. E 2: "But in the meane whyle ye ought *to conne me thanke*, &c." And Sig. I 4: "—who natheleſs *conned him a greate thanke*, &c." Again, in *Pierce Pennileſſe Supplication*, p. 28: "It is well doone to "practiſe thy wit, but (I believe) our Lord will *cun thee little* thanke "for it."

35 Can.

36 *Here is a matter worthy* gloſynge] i. e. gloſſing or commenting upon. So, in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions:*

Gloſed the Goſpel as hem good liked,
For covetous of copes conſtrue it as thei wold.

Softe,

Softe, let me alone, I will take the charge,
This matter further to enlarge
Within a tyme ſhorte;
If ye will marke my toyes, and note,
I will geve ye leave to cut my throte
If I make not good ſporte.
Dame, Chat, I ſay, where be ye, within?

Chat.

Who have we there maketh ſuch a din?

Diccon.

Here is a good fellow, maketh no great daunger.

Chat.

What, Diccon? come nere, ye be no ſtraunger:
[37] We be faſt ſet at trump, man, hard by the fyre;
Thou ſhalt ſet on the king, if thou come a little nyer.

Diccon.

Nay, nay, there is no tarying: I muſt be gone againe;
But firſt for you in councel I have a word or twaine.

Chat.

Come hether Dol; Dol, ſit downe and play this game,
And as thou ſaweſt me do, ſee thou do even the ſame:
There is five trumps beſides the queene, the hindmoſt thou ſhalt finde her,
Take hede of Sim Glover's wife, ſhe hath an eie behind her.
Now, Diccon, ſay your will.

[37] *We be faſt ſet at* trump, *man, hard by the fyre*;] The common etymology of the word *trump*, as made uſe of in games at cards, derives it from a corruption of *triumph*; but Ben Jonſon ſpells the word *tromp*, from which Mr. Whalley conjectures that his Author thought it was derived from the French *tromper*, to deceive. And indeed it will eaſily bear this acceptation. A perſon playing at the game thinks he ſhall win the trick, till his adverſary takes it from him by a *tromp*; he is *tromp't*, or deceived. Whalley Note on *The New Inn*, A. 1. S. 3.

Trump was a game played with cards, as will appear by the following paſſage of Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sig. F 2: "To ſpeake of all "the ſleights uſed by *card-players* in all ſorts of games would but weary "you that are to read, and bee but a thankleſſe and unpleaſing labour for "me to ſet them downe. Omitting therefore the deceipts practiſed (even "in the fayreſt and moſt civill companies) at Primero, Saint Maw, "*Trump*, and ſuch like games, I will, &c."

Diccon.

Diccon.

Nay, ſofte a litle yet,
I wold not tell my ſiſter, the matter is ſo great,
[38] There I wil have you ſweare by our dere lady of Bullaine,
[39] Saint Dunſtone and ſaint Donnyke, with the three kinges of Kullaine,
That ye ſhal keepe it ſecret.

Chat.

Gog's bread, that will I doo,
As ſecret as mine owne thought, by God and the devil too. [40]

[38] *There I wil have you ſweare by our dere lady of Bullaine,*] Mr. Hawkins ſays probably *Lady Ann Bullen,* than which there could hardly have been a conjecture more wide from the meaning of the ſpeaker. Our dere Lady of Bullaine is no other than the image of the Virgin Mary at Boulogne, which was formerly held in ſo much reverence, that it was one of thoſe to which Pilgrimages uſed to be made. In Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales,* Prol. l. 465, deſcribing the *Wife of Bath,* he ſays:

"And thries hadde ſhe ben at Jeruſaleme.
"She hadde paſſed many a ſtrange ſtreme.
"At Rome ſhe hadde ben, and at *Boloine,*
"In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine.

The Virgin Mary was the patroneſs of the town of Boulogne in a very ſingular manner, it being holden immediately of her: "For when King "Lewis II. after the deceaſe of Charles of Burgundy, had taken in "Boulogne, anno 1477, as new Lord of the town (thus John de Serres "relateth it), he did homage without ſword or ſpurs bareheaded, and on "his knee, before the Virgin Mary, offering unto her image an heart of "maſſie gold, weighing 2000 crowns. He added alſo this, that he and "his ſucceſſors kings after him ſhould hold the county of Boulogne of "the ſaid Virgin, and do homage unto her image in the great church of "the higher town dedicated to her name, paying at every change of a "vaſſal an heart of pure gold of the ſame weight."

Heylin's *Survey of France,* 1656, p. 193.

[39] —*with the three kinges of Kullaine,*] The three kings of Coloyn are ſuppoſed to have been the wiſe men who travelled unto our Saviour by the direction of the ſtar. To theſe kings, ſeveral writers have given the names of Gaſpar, Melchior, and Balthazar; but Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors,* has a whole chapter concerning them, in which he doubts all the principal facts in the account of them. See B. 7. C. 8. The celebrated Thomas Coryat, when at Coloyn, took ſome pains to collect many circumſtances relative to theſe kings, with which he hath filled ſeveral pages of his Book; and to which thoſe who are deſirous of further information on the ſubject muſt be referred.

[40] Two.

Diccon.

Diccon.

Here is Gammer Gurton, your neighbour, a ſad and hevy wight,
Her goodly faire red cock at home, was ſtole this laſt night.

Chat.

Gog's ſoul! her cock with the yelow legs, that nightly crowded ſo juſt?

Diccon.

That cocke is ſtollen.

Chat.

What, was he fet out of the hen's ruſte?

Diccon.

I can not tel where the devil he was kept, under key or locke,
But Tib hath tykled in Gammer's eare, that you ſhoulde ſteale the cocke.

Chat.

[41] Have I? ſtrong hoore, by bread and ſalte——

Diccon.

What ſofte, I ſay be ſtyl.
Say not one word for all this geare.

Chat.

By the maſſe, that I wyl,
I wil have the yong hore by the head, and the old trot by the throte.

Diccon.

Not one word, dame Chat, I ſay, not one word for my cote.

Chat.

Shall ſuch a begar's brawle as that, thinkeſt thou, make me a theeſe?
The pocks light on her hores ſydes, a peſtilence and miſcheeſe.

[41] *Have I? ſtrong hoore* by bread and ſalte—] This oath occurs again, A. 5. S. 2:

"Yet ſhal ye find no other wight ſave ſhe *by bred and ſalt.*"

From the following paſſage, in Nath's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599, it may be inferred that it was once cuſtomary to eat *bread and ſalt* previous to the taking an oath: "Venus, for Hero was her Prieſt, and Juno Lucina the "Midwife's Goddeſs, for ſhe was now quickned, and caſt away by the "cruelty of Æolus, took *bread and ſalt*, and eat it, that they would be "ſmartly revenged on that truculent, windy jailor; &c."

Come out, thou hungry nedy bytche; O that my nails be ſhort!

Diccon.

Gog's bred, woman, hold your peace, this gere wil els paſſe ſport;
I wold not for an hundred pound, this matter ſhuld be knowen
That I am auctour of this tale, or have abrode it blowen.
Did ye not ſweare ye wold be ruled, before the tale I tolde?
I ſaid ye muſt all ſecret keepe and ye ſaid ſure ye wolde.

Chat.

Wolde you ſuffer your ſelfe Diccon, ſuch a ſort torevile you
With ſlaunderous words to blot your name, and ſo to defile you?

Diccon.

No, good wife Chat, I wold be loth ſuch drabs ſhulde blot my name;
But yet ye muſt ſo order all, that Diccon beare no blame.

Chat.

[42] Go to then, what is your rede, ſay on your minde, ye ſhall mee rule herein.

Diccon.

Godamercye dame Chat, in faith thou muſt the gere begin:
It is twenty pound to a gooſe turd my gammer will not tary.
But hether ward ſhe comes as faſt as her legs can her cary,
To brawle with you about her cocke, for well I hard Tib ſay,
The cocke was roſted in your houſe, to breakfaſt yeſterday:

[42] *Go to then, what is your* rede, *ſay on your minde, ye ſhall mee rule herein.*] *Rede*, i. e. counſel or advice. So, in A. 4. S. 2:

Therefore I *rede* you three, go hence and within keepe cloſe.

Again,

Well, if ye will be ordred and do by my *reade*.

Again, A. 5. S. 2:

And where ye ſat he ſaid ful certain, if I wold folow his *read*.

Again, in Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie*, by Chaloner, Sig. D 4: "Unles, "perchaunce ſome would choſe ſuche a ſouldier as Demoſthenes, who "folowyng Archilocus, the poetes *rede* ſcarce lookynge his enemies in the "face, threw downe his ſheelde and ranne awaie as cowardly a warriour "as he was a wyſe oratour."

The old Verſion of the ſinging Pſalms alſo begins in this manner:

The man is bleſt that hath not bent
To wicked *rede* his ear.

And when ye had the carcas eaten, the fethers ye out flunge,
And Doll, your maid, the legs ſhe hid a foote depe in the dunge.

Chat.

O gracyous God, my heart it burſtes!

Diccon.

Well, rule your ſelf a ſpace,
And gammer Gurton when ſhe commeth anon into thys place,
Then to the queane let's ſee ye[43] tell her your mynd, and ſpare not,
So ſhall Diccon blameleſſe bee; and then go to, I care not.

Chat.

Then hoore, beware her throte, I can abide no longer:
In faith, old witch, it ſhal be ſeene which of us two be ſtronger;
And Diccon, but at your requeſt, I wold not ſtay one howre.

Diccon.

Well, keepe it in till ſhe be here, and then out let it powre.
In the meane while get you in, and make no wordes of this;
More of this matter within this howre to here you ſhall not miſs.
Becauſe I know you are my friend, hide it I cold not doubtles:
Ye know your harm, ſee ye be wiſe about your owne buſines.
So fare ye well.

Chat.

Nay, ſoft Diccon, and dryuke: what, Doll, I ſay,
Bringe here a cup of the beſt ale, let's ſee, come quicly awaye.

THE SECOND ACTE. THE THIRD SCEANE.

Hodge. Diccon.

Diccon.

YE ſee, maſters, that one end tapt of this my ſhort deviſe,
Now muſt we broche t'other to, before the ſmoke ariſe,
And by the time they have a while run,
I truſt ye need not crave it;
But loke what lieth in both their harts, ye ar like ſure to have it.

[43] Addition.

Hodge.

Yea, Gog's ſoul, art alive yet? what Diccon, dare ich come?

Diccon.

A man is wel hied to truſt to thee, I wil ſay nothing but mum.
But and ye come any nearer, I pray you ſee all be ſweete.

Hodge.

[44] Tuſh man, is gammer's neele found? that chould gladly weete.

Diccon.

She may thanke thee it is not found, for if you had kept thy ſtanding,
The devil he wold have fet it out, ev'n Hodg, at thy commanding.

Hodge.

Gog's hart! and cold he tel nothing wher the neele might be found?

Diccon.

Ye foolyſh dolt, ye were to ſeek, ear we had got our ground;
Therfore his tale ſo doubtfull was, that I cold not perceive it.

Hodge.

Then ich ſe wel ſomthing was ſaid, chope one day yet to have it.
[45] But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devill cry, ho, ho, ho?

44 *Tuſh man, is gammer's neele found? that chould gladly* weete.] i. e. gladly know. So, in Shakſpeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, A. 1. S. 1:

"— in which, I bind
"On pain of puniſhment, the world *to weete*,
"We ſtand up peerleſs."

The word *weet* is alſo uſed by Spenſer and Fairfax.

45 *But Diccon, Diccon, did not the devill cry, ho, ho, ho?*] In the ancient moralities, and in many of the earlieſt entertainments of the ſtage, the devil is introduced as a character, and it appears to have been cuſtomary to bring him before the audience with this cry of *ho, ho, ho*. See particularly the *Devil is an Aſs*, by Ben Jonſon, A. 1. S. 1. From the following paſſages, in *Wily beguiled*, 1606, we learn the manner in which the character uſed to be dreſſed: "Tuſh! fear not the dodge: I'll rather put "on my flaſhing red noſe and my flaming face, and come wrap'd in a "calf's ſkin, and cry, *ho, ho*, &c." Again, "I'll put me on my great "carnation noſe, and wrap me in a rowſing calf's ſkin ſuit, and come like "ſome hobgoblin, or ſome devil aſcended from the griſly pit of hell; and "like a ſcarbabe make him take his legs: I'll play the devil I warrant "ye."

Diccon.

Diccon.

If thou hadſt taryed where thou ſtood'ſt, thou wouldeſt have ſaid ſo.

Hodge.

Durſt ſwere of a boke, chard him rore, ſtreight after ich was gone;
But tel me Diccon, what ſaid the knave, let me here it anon.

Diccon.

The horſon talked to mee, I know not well of what:
[46] One whyle his tonge it ran, and paltered of a cat,
Another whyle he ſtammered ſtyll upon a rat;
Laſt of all there was nothing but every word chat, chat;
But this I well perceyved before I wold him rid,
Betweene chat and the rat, and the cat the nedle is hyd:
Now wether Gib our cat have eate it in her mawe,
Or doctor Rat our curat have found it in the ſtraw,
Or this dame Chat your neighbour have ſtollen it God hee knoweth,
But by the morrow at this time, we ſhal learn how the matter goeth.

Hodge.

Canſt not learn to night man, ſeeſt not what is here?

[*Pointyng behind to his torne breeches.*

Diccon.

Tys not poſſyble to make it ſooner appere.

Hodge.

Alas Diccon, then chave no ſhyft; but leaſt ich tary to longe,
Hye me to Sym Glover's ſhop, theare to ſeeke for a thonge,
Therwith this breech to tatche and tye as ich may.

[46] *One whyle his tonge it ran, and* paltered *of a cat,*] To *palter* is, as Dr. Johnſon explains it, *to ſhuffle*, with ambiguous expreſſions. Thus,

" And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
" That *palter* with us in a double ſenſe." *Macbeth*, A. 5. S. 7.

In confirmation of Dr. Johnſon's explanation, Mr. Steevens produces the following inſtances:

" Now fortune frown, and *palter* if thou pleaſe."
Marius and Sylla, 1594.

" — Romans that have ſpoke the word,
" And will not *palter*."

Diccon.

To morow, Hodg, if we chaunce to meete, ſhall ſee what I will ſay.

THE SECOND ACTE. THE FOURTH SCEANE.

Diccon. Gammer.

Diccon.

NOW this gere muſt forward goe, for here my Gammer commeth:
Be ſtill a while and ſay nothing, make here a little romth.

Gammer.

Good lord! ſhall never be my lucke my neele agayne to ſpye?
Alas the whyle, tys paſt my helpe; where 'tis, ſtill it muſt lye.

Diccon.

Now, Jeſus, gammer Gurton, what driveth you to this ſadnes?
I feare me, by my conſcience, you will ſure fall to madnes.

Gammer.

Who is that? what Diccon? cham loſt, man: fye, fye.

Diccon.

Mary, fye on them that be worthy; but what ſhuld be your troble?

Gammer.

Alas, the more ich thinke on it, my ſorow it waxeth double.
My goodly toſſing Sporyar's neele, chave loſt ich wot not where.

Diccon.

Your neele! whan?

Gammer.

My neele (alas!) ich myght full ill it ſpare,
As God himſelfe he knoweth nere one beſyde chave.

Diccon.

If this be all, good gammer, I warrant you all is ſave.

Gammer.

Why, know you any tydings which way my neele is gone?

Diccon.

Yea, that I do, doubtleſſe, as ye ſhall here anone,
A ſee a thing this matter toucheth, within theſe twenty howres,
Even at this gate, before my face, by a neyghbour of yours;
She ſtooped me downe, and up ſhe toke up a needle or a pyn,
I durſt be ſworne it was even yours, by all my mother's kyn.

Gammer.

It was my neele, Diccon, ich wot; for here even by this poſte
Ich ſat, what time as ich up ſtarte, and ſo my neele it loſte:
47 Who was it, leive ſon? ſpeke ich pray the, and quickly tell me that.

Diccon.

A ſuttle queane as any in this towne,
your neyghboure here, dame Chat.

Gammer.

Dame Chat! Diccon, let me be gone, chil thyther in poſt haſte.

Diccon.

48 Take my councell yet, or ye go, for feare ye walke in waſt.
It is a murrion crafty drab, and froward to be pleaſed,
And

47 *Who was it, leive ſon?*] Who was it dear ſon? So, in the *Ballad of Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeſly*:

Ye myght have aſked towres and townes,
Parkes and foreſtes plente,
But none ſoe pleaſant to my pay, ſhee ſayd;
Nor none ſo *leſe* to me. Percy's *Reliques*, vol. I. 167.

48 *Take my councell*, or *ye go*,] i. e. ere ye go. As in the following inſtances:

A. 3. S. 2:
"Ich know who found it, and tooke it up ſhalt ſee *or* it be longe."
A. 4. S. 2:
"That *or* ye cold go twyce to church, I warrant you here news."
Ibid.
"But *or* all came to an ende, I ſet her in a dumpe."
Hall's *Chronicle*, *Henry* IV. 1550, p. 8;
"But *or* this depoſition was executed in time he came to Weſt-
"minſter, &c."
Ibid. p. 28:
"Wherof the kyng beyng advertyſed, cauſed a great army to be aſ-
"ſembled and marched toward his enemies, but *or* the kyng came to
"Notyngham, &c."

And ye take not the better way, your [49] nedle yet ye loſe it:
For when ſhe tooke it up, even here before your doores,
What ſoft, dame Chat (quoth I) that ſame is none of yours.
Avaunt (quoth ſhe) ſyr knave, what prateſt thou of that I fynd?
I wold thou hadſt kiſt me I wot whear: (ſhe ment I know behind)
[50] And home ſhe went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,
And I after her, as bold as it had ben the goodman of the houſe:
But there and ye had hard her, how ſhe began to ſcolde,
The tonge it went on patins, by hym that Judas ſolde;
Ech other worde I was a knave, and you a hore of hores,
Becauſe I ſpake in your behalfe, and ſayde the neele was yours.

Gammer.

[51] Gogs bread! and thinks the callet thus to kepe my neele me fro?

Diccon.

Let her alone, and ſhe minds non other, but even to dreſſe you ſo.

Gammer.

By the maſſe, chil rather ſpend the cote that is on my backe,
Thinks the falſe quean by ſuch a ſlight [52] that chill my neele lacke?

Aſcham's *Toxophilus*:

"For firſt, as it is manye a yeare *or* they begin to be great ſhooters, &c."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Shakſpeare, vol. V. p. 101.

49 *your*] our, firſt edition.

50 *And home ſhe went as brag as it had ben a bodelouce,*] "As briſk as a body-louſe was formerly proverbial."

See Ray's *Proverbs*, 1742, p. 219.

51 *Gogs bread! and thinks the* callet *thus to kepe my neele me fro?*] "Callet a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls."

See Gloſſary to *Urry's Chaucer*.

So, in the *Suppoſes*, by Geo. Gaſcoigne, A. 5. S. 6: "Come hither you old *callat*, you tattling huſwife: that the devil cut out your tongue." See other inſtances in Dr. Grey's Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. II. p. 41.

Again, Ben Jonſon's *Fox*, A. 4. S. 3:

"Why, the *callet*
"You told me of, here I have ta'en diſguis'd."

52 ſlygh. Firſt Edition.

Diccon.

Slip not your [53] gere, I counſell you, but of this take good hede,
Let not be knowen I told you of it, how well ſoever ye ſpede.

Gammer.

Chil in, Diccon, a cleene aperne to take, and ſet before me;
And ich may my neele once ſee, chil ſure remember the.

THE SECOND ACTE. THE FIFTH SCEANE.

Diccon.

HERE will the ſporte begin, if theſe two once may meete,
Their chere, durſt lay money, will prove ſcarſly ſweete.
My gammer ſure entends to be uppon her bones,
With ſtaves, or with clubs, or els with coble ſtones.
Dame Chat on the other ſyde, if ſhe be far behynde,
I am right far deceived, ſhe is geven to it of kynde.
He that may tarry by it a whyle, and that but ſhorte,
I warrant hym truſt to it, he ſhall ſee all the ſporte.
Into the towne will I, my frendes to vyſit there,
And hether ſtraight againe to ſee th'end of this gere.
[54] In the meane time, felowes, pype upp your fiddles, I ſaie take them,
And let your freyndes here ſuch mirth as ye can make them.

THE THIRD ACTE. THE FIRST SCEANE.

Hodge.

SYM Glover yet gramercy! cham meetlye well ſped now,
Th'art even as good a felow as ever kyſte a cowe.

53 Slepe not you gere. Firſt Edition.

54 *In the meane time, felowes, pype upp,* &c.] This paſſage evidently ſhews, that muſic playing between the acts was introduced in the earlieſt of our dramatic entertainments.

Here is a thynge [55] in dede, by the maſſe though ich ſpeake it,
[56] Tom Tankard's great bald curtal, I thinke could not breake it.
And when he ſpyed my neede, to be ſo ſtraight and hard,
Hays lent me here his naull, to ſet the gyb forward.
As for my gammer's neele, the flyenge feynd go weete,
Chill not now go to the doore again with it to meete.
Chould make ſhyfte good enough, and chad a candels ende
The cheeſe hole in my breeche, with theſe two chill amende.

THE THIRD ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

Gammer. Hodge.

Gammer.

HOW, Hodge! mayſt nowe be glad, cha newes to tell thee,
Ich knowe who hais my neele, ich truſt ſoone ſhalt it ſee.

Hodge.

The devyll thou does: haſt hard gammer in deede, or doeſt but jeſt?

Gammer.

Tys as true as ſteele, Hodge.

Hodge.

Why, knoweſt well where dydſt leeſe it?

Gammer.

Ich know who found it, and tooke it up, ſhalt ſee or it be longe.

Hodge.

God's mother dere, if that be true, farwel both naule and thong.
But who hais it, gammer, ſay? one chould faine here it diſcloſed.

55 Mr. Dodſley altered this word to *thong*.

56 *Tom Tankard's great bald* curtal,] *Curtal* is a *ſmall horſe*; properly one who hath his tail *docked or curtailed*. So, in Dekker's *Villanies diſcovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 1620, Sig. H: "He could "ſhewe more crafty foxes in this wild gooſe chaſe, then there are white "foxes in Ruſſia; and more ſtrange horſe-trickes plaide by ſuch riders, "then *Bankes his curtal* did ever practiſe (whoſe gambals of the two "were the honeſter)."

Gammer.

Gammer.

That falſe fixen, that ſame dame Chat, that counts her ſelfe ſo honeſt.

Hodge.

Who tolde you ſo?

Gammer.

That ſame did Diccon the bedlam, which ſaw it done.

Hodge.

Diccon! it is a vengeable knave, gammer, 'tis a bonable horſon,
Can do mo things than that, els cham deceyved evil:
By the maſſe ich ſaw him of late cal up a great blacke devill.
O, the knave cryed ho, ho, he roared and he thundred,
And ye'ad bene here, cham ſure you'ld murrenly ha wondred.

Gammer.

Was not thou afraide, Hodge, to ſee him in this place?

Hodge.

No, and chad come to me, chould have laid him on the face,
Chould have promiſed him.

Gammer.

But Hodge, had he no horns to puſhe?

Hodge.

As long as your two armes. Saw ye never fryer Ruſhe
Painted on a cloth, with a ſide long cowe's tayle,
And crooked cloven feet, and many a hoked nayle?
For al the world (if I ſhuld judg) chould recken him his brother:
[57] Loke even what face frier Ruſh had, the devil had ſuch another.

Gammer.

Now Jeſus mercy, Hodge, did Diccon in him bring?

Hodge.

Nay, gammer (heare me ſpeke) chil tel you a greater thing.

[57] *Loke even what face frier Ruſh had,*] *Fryar Ruſh* is mentioned in *Reginald Scot's Diſcoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, p. 522: "*Frier Ruſh* was "for all the world ſuch another fellow as this *Hudgin*, and brought up "even in the ſame ſchoole; to wit, in a kitchen: inſomuch as the ſelfe-"ſame tale is written of the one as of the other, concerning the ſkullian, "which is ſaid to have beene ſlaine, &c. For the reading whereof I re-"ferre you to *Frier Ruſh* his ſtorie, or elſe to *John Wierus De præſtigiis "demonum.*"

The

The devil, when Diccon bad him (ich hard him wondrous weel)
Sayd plainly (here before us) that dame Chat had your neele.

Gammer.

Then let us go, and aſke her wherefore ſhe minds to kepe it,
Seeing we know ſo much, 'tware madneſs now to ſlepe it.

Hodge.

Go to her, gammer, ſee ye not where ſhe ſtands in her doores?
Byd her geve you the neele, 'tys none of hers but yours.

THE THIRD ACTE. THE THIRD SCEANE.

Gammer. Chat. Hodge.

Gammer.

DAME Chat, cholde praye the fair, let me have that is mine,
Chil not this twenty yeres take one fart that is thyne;
Therfore give me mine owne, and let me live beſyde the.

Chat.

Why, art thou crept from home hether to mine own doores to chide me?
Hence, doting drab, avaunt, or I ſhall ſet the further.
Intends thou and this knave, mee in my houſe to murther?

Gammer.

Tuſh! gape not ſo; [58] no woman, ſhalt not yet eate mee,
Nor all the frends thou haſt, in this ſhall not intreat mee;
Mine owne Goods I will have, and aſke the no [59] beleve:
What woman; pore folks muſt have right, though the thing you agreve.

Chat.

Give thee thy right, and hang the up, with all thy bagger's broode;
What, wilt thou make me a theefe, and ſay I ſtole thy good?

Gammer.

Chil ſay nothing (ich warrant thee) but that ich can prove it well,
Thou ſet my good even from my doore, cham able this to tell.

[58] me. [59] on.

Chat.

Chat.

Did I (olde witch) ſteal oft was thine?
how ſhould that thing be knowen?

Gammer.

Ich can not tell, but up thou tokeſt it as though it had bin thine own.

Chat.

Mary, fy on thee, thou old Gyb, with al my very hart.

Gammer.

[60] Nay, fy on thee thou rampe, thou ryg, with al that take thy part.

Chat.

A vengeaunce on thoſe lips that laieth ſuch things to my charge.

Gammer.

A vengeaunce on thoſe callats hips, whoſe conſcience is ſo large.

Chat.

Come out, hogge.

Gammer.

Come out, hogge, and let have me right.

Chat.

Thou arrant witche.

Gammer.

Thou bawdie bitche chil make thee curſe this night.

Chat.

A bag and a wallet.

Gammer.

A carte for a callet.

Chat.

Why [61] weneſt thou thus to prevaile?

I hold

[60] *Nay, fy on thee* thou rampe, &c.] Dr. Gabriel Harvey, in his *Pierce's Supererogation*, 4to. 1593, ſpeaking of Long Meg of Weſtminſter, ſays: "Although ſhe were a luſty, bouncing *rampe*, ſomewhat like "Gallimetta, or maid Marian, yet was ſhe not ſuch a roiniſh rannel, "ſuch a diſſolute flirt gillian, &c."

[61] — *weneſt*] Thinkeſt or imagineſt. Obſolete. It occurs again, A. 5. S. 2:

"*I weene*, the ende will prove this brawle did firſt ariſe
"Upon no other ground, but only Diccon's lyes."

Again,

I hold thee a grote,
I ſhall patche thy coate.

Gammer.

Thou warte as good kyſſe my tayle;
[62]Thou flut, thou kut, thou rakes, thou jakes, will not ſhame make the hide the[63]?

Chat.

Thou ſkald, thou bald, thou roten, thou glotton, I will no longer chyd thee;
But I will teache the to kepe home.

Gammer.

Wylt thou, drunken beaſte?

Hodge.

Sticke to her, gammer, take her by the head, chil warrant you this feaſt.
Smyte, I ſaye, gammer,
Bite, I ſay, gammer
I trow ye wyll be keene;
Where be your nayls? claw her by the jawes, pull me out both her eyen.
Gog's bones, gammer, holde up your head.

Chat.

I trow, drab, I ſhall dreſſe thee.
Tary, thou knave, I hold the a grote, I ſhall make theſe hands bleſſe thee.
Take thou this, old hore, for amends, and learn thy tonge well to tame,
And ſay thou met at this bickering, not[64] thy fellow but thy dame.

Again, in *Euphues*, 1581, p. 14: "*Weeneſt* thou that he wil have no "miſtruſt of thy faithfulneſſe, when he hath had tryall of thy fickle-"neſſe?"

62 *Thou ſlut, thou* kut,] *Cut* appears to have been an opprobrious term uſed by the vulgar when they ſcolded or abuſed each other. It occurs again, A. 5. S. 2: "That lying *cut* is loſt, that ſhe is not ſwinged and "beaten."

A horſe is ſometimes called *Cut* in our ancient writers, as in the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 1, and Falſtaffe ſays: "— if I tell thee a "lye ſpit in my face, and call me *horſe*." *Cut* is therefore probably uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *horſe*, to which it ſeems to have been ſynonymous. Several inſtances of the uſe of this term are collected by Mr. Steevens, in his edition of Shakſpeare; ſee vol. IV. p. 202.

63 The addition.

64 — *not thy fellow but thy dame.*] Not thy equal, but thy miſtreſs.

Hodge.

Hodge.

Where is the ſtrong ſtued hore? chil ge'r a hore's marke.
Stand out one's way, that ich kyll none in the darke.
Up, gammer, and ye be alyve, chil feyght [65] now for us bothe;
Come no nere me, thou ſcalde callet, to kyll the ich wer loth.

Chat.

Art here agayne, thou hoddypeke? what Doll, bryng me out my ſpitte.

Hodge.

Chill broche thee wyth this, by'm father's ſoul, chyll conjure that foule ſprete.
Let dore ſtand, Cock, why coms indeed? keep dore, thou horſon, boy.

Chat.

Stand to it, thou daſtard, for thine eares, iſe teche the ſluttiſh toye.

Hodge.

Gog's woundes, hore, chile make the avaunte,
Take heed, Cocke, pull in the latche.

Chat.

I faith, ſir looſe breche, had ye taried ye ſhold have found your match.

Gammer.

[66] Now ware thy throte, loſel, thouſe pay for al.

Hodge.

Well ſaid, gammer, by my ſoule.
Hoyſe her, ſouſe her, bounce her, trounce her, pull her throte houle.

[65] *feyght*] feygh, firſt edition.

[66] *Now ware thy throte, loſel, thouſe pay for al.*] A *loſel* is a worthleſs fellow. It is a term of contempt frequently uſed by Spenſer. It is likewiſe to be met with in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"To have the lozels company."

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Peace prating lozel, &c."

See Mr. Steevens's Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. IV. p. 337.

Again, in Hall's Satires, 1753, p. 78:

"How his enraged ghoſt would ſtamp and ſtare,
"That Cæſar's throne is turn'd to Peter chayre
"To ſee an old ſhorne *lozell* perched high,
"Croſſing beneath a golden canopy."

Chat.

Chat.

Comſt behynd me, thou withered witch? and I get once on foote,
Thouſe pay for all, thou old turlether, ile teach the what longs to it.
Take the this to make up thy mouth, til time thou come by more.

Hodge.

Up, gammer, ſtand on your feete, where is the olde hore?
Faith, woulde chad her by the face,
chould cracke her callet crowne.

Gammer.

Ah Hodg, Hodg, where was thy help, when fixen had me downe!

Hodge.

By the maſſe, Gammer, but for my ſtaffe,
Chat had gone nye to ſpyl you.
Ich think the harlot had not cared, and chad not com, to kill you.
But ſhall we looſe our neele thus?

Gammer.

No, Hodge, chwarde lothe doo ſoo.
Thinkeſt thou chill take that at her hand? no Hodg, ich tell the no.

Hodge.

Chold yet this fray wer wel take up, and our own neele at home,
'Twill be my chaunce els ſome to kil, where ever it be or whom.

Gammer.

We have a parſon, (Hodge thou knowes) a man eſtemed wiſe,
Maſt doctor Rat, chil for hym ſend, and let me here his adviſe.
[67] He will her ſhrive for all this gere, and geve her penaunce ſtrait,
Weſe have our neele, els dame Chat comes nere within heaven gate.

Hodge.

67 *He will* ſhrive *her for all this gere, and geve her penaunce ſtrait,*] To ſhrive is to confeſs.

" But afterwards ſhe gan him ſoft to *ſhrieve*,
" And wooe with faire intreatie to diſcloſe,
" Which of the Nymphes his heart ſo ſore did mieve."

Fairy Queen, B. 4. c. 12. § 26.

" The

Hodge.

Ye mary, gammer, that ich think beſt: wyll you now for him ſende?
The ſooner Doctor Rat be here, the ſooner weſe ha an ende.
And here gammer, Dyccon's devill (as iche remember well)
Of Cat and Chat, and doctor Rat, a felloneus tale dyd tell,
Chold you forty pound, that is the way your neele to get againe.

Gammer.

Chil ha him ſtrait; call out the boy, weſe make him take the payne.

Hodge.

What Coke, I ſaye, come out; what devill can'ſt not here?

[68] *Cocke.*

How now, Hodg, dow does, gammer? is yet the wether cleare?
What wold chave me to doo?

Gammer.

Come hether, Cocke, anon.
Hence ſwythe to doctor Rat, hye the that thou were gone,
And pray hym come ſpeke with me, cham not well at eaſe,
Shalt have him at his chamber, or els at mother Bee's,
Els ſeeke him at Hobſylcher's ſhop; for, as charde it reported,
There is the beſt ale in al the towne, and now is moſt reſorted.

Cocke.

And ſhall ich brynge him with me, Gammer?

Gammer.

Yea, by and by, good Cocke.

[69] *Cocke.*

Shalt ſee that ſhall be here anone, els let me have one the dock.

" The King call'd downe his nobles all,
" By one, by two, by three,
" Earl Marſhall I'le goe *ſhrive* the queen,
" And thou ſhalt wend with mee."

Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. II. p. 156.

" Oh fearful! if thou wilt not, give me leave
" To *ſhrive* her; leſt ſhe ſhould die unabſolv'd."

'Tis pity ſhe's a Whore, vol. VII. A. 2.

" And truelye Philautus thou ſhalt not *ſhrive* mee like a Ghoaſtlye
" Father, for to thee I will confeſſe in two thinges my extreame folly."

Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 49.

[68] *Cocke.*] Gammer, in the firſt edition.
[69] *Cocke.*] Hodge, in the firſt edition.

Hodge.

Hodge.

Now, gammer, ſhal we two go in, and tary for hys commynge?
What devill, woman, plucke up your hart, and leve of al this gloming.
Though ſhe were ſtronger at the firſt, as ich thinke ye did find her.
[70] Yet there ye dreſt the dronken ſow, what time ye cam behind her.

Gammer.

Nay, nay, cham ſure ſhe loſt not all, for ſet them to the beginning,
And ich doubt not, but he will make ſmall boſt of her winning.

THE THIRD ACTE. THE FOURTH SCEANE.

Tyb. Hodge. Gammer. Cocke.

Tyb.

SE gammer, gammer, Gib our cat, cham afraid what ſhe ayleth,
She ſtandes me gaſping behind the doore, as though her winde her faileth.
Now let ich doubt what Gib ſhuld mean, that now ſhe [71] doth ſo dote.

Hodge.

Hold hether, ich ould twenty pound, your neele is in her throte.
Grope her, ich ſay, me thinkes ich feele it; does not pricke your hand?

Gammer.

Ich can feele nothing.

[70] This line given to Gammer Gurton in the firſt edition.

[71] — *doth ſo* dote.] That is, appear ſo mad. *To dote* and *to be mad* were uſed as ſynonymous terms. See Barret's *Alvearie*, *voce* dote.

Hodge.

Hodge.

No! ich know that's not within this land
A muryner cat then Gyb is, betwixt the Tems and Tyne,
Shaſe as much wyt in her head almoſt as chave in mine.

Tib.

Faith, ſhaſe eaten ſome thing, that wil not eaſely downe,
Whether ſhe gat it at home, or abrode in the towne,
Iche cannot tell.

Gammer.

Alas! ich feare it be ſome croked pyn,
And then farewell Gyb, ſhe is undone, and loſt al ſave the ſkyn.

Hodge.

'Tys[72] your neele, woman, I ſay: Gog's ſoule, geve me a knyfe,
And chil have it out of her mawe, or elſe chal loſe my lyfe.

Gammer.

What! nay, Hodg, fy, kil not our cat, 'tis al the cats we ha now.

Hodge.

By the maſſe, dame Chat, hays me ſo moved, iche care not what I kyll, ma God a vowe.
Go to then, Tyb, to this geare, holde up her tayle and takeher,
Chil ſee what devil is in her guts, chil take the paines to rake her.

Gammer.

Rake a Cat, Hodg! what wouldſt thou do?

Hodge.

What thinck'ſt that cham not able?
Did not Tom Tankard rake his curtal toore day ſtanding in the ſtable?

Gammer.

Soft, be content, let's here what newes
Cocke bringeth from maiſter Rat.

Cock.

Gammer, chave ben ther as you bad, you wot wel about what.
'Twil not be long before he come, ich durſt ſweare of a booke,
He byds you ſee ye be at home, and there for him to looke.

[72] Tyb.

Gammer.

Where didſt thou finde him, boy? was he not wher I told thee?

Cock.

Yes, yes, even at Hobſilcher's houſe, by him that bought and ſolde me:
A cup of ale had in his hand, and a crab lay in the fyer.
Chad much a do to go and come, al was ſo ful of myer:
And, gammer, one thing I can tel, Hobſilcher's naule was loſte,
And doctor Rat found it againe, hard beſide the doore poſte.
Ichould a penny can ſay ſomething, your neele again to [73] fet.

Gammer.

Cham glad to heare ſo much, Cocke, then truſt he will not let
To help us herein beſt he can; therefore till time he come,
Let us goe in, if there be ought to get thou ſhall have ſome.

THE FOURTH ACTE. THE FIRST SCEANE.

Doctor Rat. Gammer Gurton.

Doctor Rat.

A MAN were better twenty times be a bandog and barke,
Then here among ſueh a ſort, be pariſh prieſt or clarke.
Where he ſhal never be at reſt, one piſſing while [74] a day,
But he muſt trudge about the towne, this way, and that way.

[73] *fet.*] fetched. So, in Cynthia's *Revels*, A. 1. S. 2: "Nay, the "other is better, exceeds it much: the invention is farther *fet* too."

Again, in Aſcham's *Toxophile*, p. 15: "And therefore agaynſt a "deſperate evill began to ſeeke for a deſperate remedie, which was *fet* "from Rome, a ſhop alwayes open to any miſchief, as you ſhall perceive "in theſe few leaves, if you marke them well."

Again, in Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 33: "—that far *fet* and deere bought, "is good for ladies."

[74] —*piſſing while*] A proverbial expreſſion uſed by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetic Lady*; and Shakſpeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. See Mr. Steevens's Note on the latter; and Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*. It is alſo to be found in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599.

Here

Here to a drab, there to a theefe, his ſhoes to teare and rent,
And that which is worſt of all, at every knave's commandment.
I had not fit the ſpace to drinke two pots of ale,
But gammer Gurton's ſory boy was ſtraite way at my taile;
And ſhe was ſicke, and I muſt come, to do I wot not what:
If once her fingers end but ake, trudge, call for doctor Rat.
And when I come not at their call, I only therby looſe,
For I am ſure to lacke therfore a tythe pyg or a gooſe.
I warrant you when truth is knowen, and told they have their tale,
The matter where about I come, is not worth a half peny worth of ale:
Yet muſt I talke ſo ſage and ſmothe, as though I were a gloſier,
Els or the yere come at an end, I ſhal be ſure the loſer.
What worke ye, gammer Gurton? hoow here is your friend doctor Rat.

Gammer.

A good Mr. doctor, cha troubled, cha troubled you, chwot wel that.

Doctor Rat.

How do ye, woman? be ye luſtie, or be ye not wel at eaſe?

Gammer.

[75] By gys maſter cham not ſick, but yet chave a diſeaſe.
Chad a foule turne now of late, chill tell it you by gigs.

Doctor

[75] *By gys*] In Shakſpeare's *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſings a ſong, in which this adjuration is uſed:

"*By gys*, and by Saint Charity."

And it is alſo to be found in Gaſcoigne's Poems, in Cambyſes, by Preſton; and in the comedy of *See me and ſee me not*, 1618:

By giſſe I ſwear, were I ſo fairly wed, &c.

See Mr. Steevens's Note on Hamlet.

Dr. Ridley obſerves, there is not the leaſt mention of any Saint whoſe name correſponds with this either in the Roman Calendar, the ſervice in *Uſum Sarum*, or in the benedictionary of Biſhop Athelwold; and ſuppoſes the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of Jeſus, the letters I H S being anciently all that was ſet down to denote that ſacred name on altars, the covers of books, &c.

It occurs alſo in the following paſſage of Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie*, by Chaloner, 1549: "Lyke as many great lordes there be who ſet ſo mache "by them, as ſcant they can eate their meate, or byde a minute without

Doctor Rat.

Hath your browne cow caſt hir calfe, or your ſandy ſowe her pigs?

Gammer.

No, but chad ben as good as they had, as this, ich wot weel.

Doctor Rat.

What is the matter?

Gammer.

Alas, alas, cha loſt my good neele.
My neele, I ſay, and wot ye what? a drab came by and ſpied it,
And when I aſked hir for the ſame, the filth flatly denied it.

Doctor Rat.

What was ſhe that——

Gammer.

A dame, ich warrant you: ſhe began to ſcold and brawle;
Alas, alas, come hether, Hodge; this wretche can tell you all.

THE FOURTH ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

Hodge. Doctor Rat. Gammer. Diccon. Chat.

Hodge.

GOD morow, gaffer Vicar.

Doctor Rat.

Come on fellow, let us heare.
Thy dame hath ſayd to me, thou knoweſto. his geare,
Let's ſee what thou canſt ſaie?

Hodge.

By'm fay, ſir, that ye ſhall,
What matter ſoever here was done, ich can tell your maſhip:

"them, *by jyſſe* a little better than they are wont to doo, theſe frouning "philoſophers, &c." Sig. G 2.

Again, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 5: "—unto whome hee "replyed, lhoaring up his eyes *by Jis* ſonne I accompt the cheere good "which maintaineth health, and the ſervauntes honeſt whome I finde "faythfull."

My

My gammer Gurton heare, ſee now,
ſat her downe at this doore, ſee now,
And as ſhe began to ſtirre her, ſee now,
her neele fell in the floore, ſee now,
And while her ſtaffe ſhe tooke, ſee now,
at Gyb her cat to flynge, ſee now,
Her neele was loſt in the floore, ſee now;
is not this a wondrous thing, ſee now?
Then came the queane dame Chat, ſee now,
to aſke for hir blacke cup, ſee now:
And even here at this gate, ſee now,
ſhe tooke that neele up, ſee now.
My gammer then ſhe yeede [76], ſee now,
hir neele again to bring, ſee now,
And was caught by the head, ſee now;
is not this a wondrous thing, ſee now?
She tare my gammer's cote, ſee now,
and ſcratched hir by the face, ſee now,
Chad thought ſh'ad ſtopt hir throte, ſee now;
is not this a wondrous caſe, ſee now?
When ich ſaw this, ich was wrothe, ſee now,
and ſtart betwene them twaine, ſee now,
Els ich durſt take a booke othe, ſee now,
my gammer had bene ſtaine, ſee now.

Gammer.

This is even the whole matter, as Hodge has plainly tolde.
And chould fain be quiet for my part, that chould.
But helpe us good maſter, beſeech ye that ye doo,
Els ſhall we both be beaten, and loſe our neele too.

Doctor Rat.

What wold ye have me to doo? tell me, that I were gone,
I do the beſt that I can, to ſet you both at one.
But be ye ſure dame Chat hath this your neele found?

[76] *My gammer then* ſhe yeede, *ſee now,*] *She yeede*, i. e. *ſhe went*. So Chaucer:

"For alli *yede* out at one ere,
"That in that other ſhe did lere."

Romaunt of the Roſe.

The word is alſo uſed by Spenſer and Fairfax.

Gammer.

Here comes the man, that ſee her take it up of the ground,
Aſke him your ſelfe, maſter Rat, if ye beleve not me,
[77] And helpe me to my neele, for God's ſake, and ſaint Charitie.

Doctor Rat.

Come nere, Diccon, and let us heare what thou can expreſſe,
Wilt thou be ſworne, ſeeſt dame Chat this woman's neele have?

Diccon.

Nay, by S. Benit wil I not, then might ye thinke [78] me rave.

Gammer.

Why did'ſt not thou tel me ſo even here? canſt thou for ſhame deny it?

Diccon.

I mary, gammer: but I ſaid I wold not abide by it.

Doctor Rat.

Will you ſay a thing, and not ſticke to it to trie it?

Diccon.

Stick to it, quoth you, maſter Rat? mary, ſir, I defy it.
Nay, there is many an honeſt man, when he ſuche blaſtes hath blowne
In his friende's ears, he woulde be loth the ſame by him were knowne:
If ſuch a toy be uſed oft among the honeſtie,
It may beſeme a ſimple man, of your and my degree.

Doctor Rat.

Then we be never the nearer, for all that you can tell.

Diccon.

Yes, mary ſir, if ye will do by mine adviſe and counſaile.
If mother Chat ſe at us here, ſhe knowe how the matter goes,
Therfore I red you three go hence, and within keepe cloſe;

[77] *And helpe me to my neele, for God's ſake, and* ſaint Charitie.] Ophelia ſings:

By Gis and by *St. Charity*, &c.

On which Mr. Steevens obſerves, that *St. Charity* is a known ſaint among the Roman Catholicks. Spenſer mentions her, Eclog. 5. 255:

"Ah dear Lord and ſweet *Saint Charity!*"

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore ſweet Maſter for *Saint Charity.*"

Note on *Hamlet*, A. 4. S. 5.

[78] *rave.*] Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains *rave*, "to talke like a "madde bodie."

And

And I will into dame Chat's houſe, and ſo the matter uſe,
That or ye cold go twiſe to church, I warant you here news.
She ſhall looke wel about hir, but I durſt lay a pledge,
Ye ſhal of gammer's neele have ſhortly better knowledge.

Gammer.

Now, gentle Diccon, do ſo; and, good ſir, let us trudge.

Doctor Rat.

By the maſſe, I may not tary ſo long to be your judge.

Diccon.

Tys but a little while man, what take ſo much paine;
If I here no newes of it, I will come ſooner againe.

Hodge.

Tary ſo much, good maſter Doctor, of your gentlenes.

Doctor Rat.

Then let us hie inward, and Diccon ſpeede thy buſines.

Diccon.

Now, ſirs, do you no more, but kepe my counſaile juſte,
And doctor Rat ſhall thus catch ſome good, I truſt;
But mother Chat, my goſſop, talke firſt with all I muſt,
For ſhe muſt be chiefe captaine to lay the Rat in the duſt.
God deven, dame Chat, in faith, and well met in this place.

Chat.

God deven, my friend Diccon, whether walke ye this pace?

Diccon.

By my truth even to you, to learne how the world goeth.
Hard ye no more of the other matter, ſay me now by your troth?

Chat.

O yes, Diccon: here the old hoore, and Hodge that great knave.
But in faith, I would thou hadſt ſene, O Lord! I dreſt them brave.
She bare me two or three ſouſes behind, in the nape of the necke,
Till I made hir olde weſen to anſwere again, kecke.
And Hodge, that dirty daſtard, that at hir elbow ſtandes,
If one paire of legs had not bene worth two paire of hands,
He had had his bearde ſhaven, if my nayles wold have ſerved,
And not without a cauſe, for the knave it well deſerved.

Diccon.

By the maſſe, I con[79] the thank, wench, thou didſt ſo wel acquite the.

Chat.

And th'adſt ſeene him, Diccon, it wold have made the beſhite the
For laughter: the horſen dolt at laſt caught up a club,
As though he would have ſlaine the maſter devill, Belſabub;
But I ſet him ſoone inwarde.

Diccon.

O Lord! there is the thing,
That Hodge is ſo offended, that makes him ſtarte and flyng.

Chat.

Why, makes the knave any moyling, as ye have ſeene or hard?

Diccon.

Even now I ſawe him laſt, like a mad man he farde,
And ſware by heaven and hell, he would a wreake his ſorrowe,
Ad leve you never a hen alive by eight of the clocke to morow:
Therfore marke what I ſay, and my wordes ſee that ye truſt,
Your hens be as good as dead, if ye leave them on the ruſte.

Chat.

The knave dare as wel go hang himſelf, as go upon my ground.

Diccon.

Wel, yet take hede, I ſay, I muſt tel you my tale round:
Have you not about your houſe, behind your furnace or leade,
A hole where a crafty knave may crepe in for neade?

Chat.

Yes, by the maſſe, a hole broke down even within theſe two dayes.

Diccon.

Hodge, he intends this ſame night to ſlip in there awayes.

Chat.

O Chriſt, that I were ſure of it! in faith he ſhuld have his[80] mede.

[79] *can*] So the edition of 1575. See Note, p. 28.

[80] *mede.*] Reward. Obſolete. It is a word uſed by Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and the chief of our ancient writers.

Diccon.

Diccon.

Watch wel, for the knave will be there as ſure as is your crede;
I wold ſpend my ſelfe a ſhilling to have him ſwinged well.

Chat.

I am as glad as a woman can be of this thing to here tell;
By gog's bones, when he cometh, now that I know the matter,
He ſhal ſure at the firſt ſkip, to leape in ſcalding water:
With a worſe turne beſides, when he will, let him come.

Diccon.

I tell you as my ſiſter, you know what meaneth mum.
Now lacke I but my Doctor, to play his part againe.
And lo, where he cometh towards, peradventure to his paine.

Doctor Rat.

What good newes, Diccon? fellow, is mother Chat at home?

Diccon.

She is ſyr, and ſhe is not; but it pleaſe her to whome:
Yet dyd I take her tardy, as ſuble as ſhe was.

Doctor Rat.

The thing that thou went'ſt for, haſt thou brought it to paſſe?

Diccon.

I have done that I have done, be it worſe, be it better.
And dame Chat at her wyt's ende, I have almoſt ſet her.

Doctor Rat.

Why, haſt thou ſpied the neele? quickly I pray thee tell.

Diccon.

I have ſpyed it in faith, ſir, I handled my ſelfe ſo well;
And yet the crafty queane had almoſt take my trumpe;
But or all came to an ende, I ſet her in a dumpe.

Doctor Rat.

How ſo, I pray thee, Diccon?

Diccon.

Mary, ſyr, will ye heare?
She was clapt downe on the backſide, by Cock's mother dere,
And there ſhe ſat ſewing a halter, or a bande,
With no other thing, but gammer's nedle in her hande:
As ſoone as any knocke, if the filth be in doubte,
She needes but once puffe, and her candle is out:
Now I, ſir, knowing of every doore the pin,
Came nycely, and ſaid no worde, till time I was within,

And

And there I ſawe the neele, even with theſe two eyes.
Who ever ſay the contrary, I will ſweare he lyes.

Doctor Rat.

O Diccon, that I was not there then in thy ſteade!

Diccon.

Well, if ye will be ordred, and do by my reade,
I will bring you to a place, as the houſe ſtandes,
Where ye ſhall take the drab with the neele in her handes.

Doctor Rat.

For God's ſake, do ſo, Diccon, and I will gage my gowne,
To geve thee a full pot of the beſt ale in the towne.

Diccon.

Follow me but a litle, and marke what I ſay,
Lay downe your gown beſide you, go to, come on your way:
Se ye not what is here? a hole wherin ye may creepe
Into the houſe, and ſodenly unwares among them leape;
There ſhal ye finde the bich-fox, and the neele together.
Do as I bid you, man, come on your wayes hether.

Doctor Rat.

Art thou ſure, Diccon, the ſwil-tub ſtandes not here aboute?

Diccon.

I was within my ſelfe, man, even now, there is no doubt.
Go ſoftly, make no noyſe, give me your foote, ſir John,
Here will I waite upon you, tyl you come out anone,

Doctor Rat.

Helpe, Diccon, out alas, I ſhal be ſlain among them.

Diccon.

If they give you not the nedle, tel them that ye will hang them.
Ware that, hoow my wenches, have ye caught the foxe,
That uſed to make revel among your hennes and Cocks?
Save his life yet for his order, though he ſuſteine ſome paine.
Gog's bread, I am afraide they will beat out his braine.

Doctor Rat.

Wo worth the houre that I came heare;
And wo worth him that wrought this geare,
A ſort of drabs and queans have me bleſt,
Was ever creature halfe ſo evill dreſt?
Who ever it wrought, and firſt did invent it,
He ſhall, I warrant him, ere long repent it.

I will

I will ſpend all I have without my ſkinne,
But he ſhall be brought to the plight I am in;
Maſter Bayly I trow, and he be worth his eares,
Will ſnaffle theſe murderers, and all that them beares:
I will ſurely neither byte nor ſuppe,
Till I fetch him hether, this matter to take up.

THE FIFTH ACTE. THE FIRST SCEANE.

Maſter Bayly. Doctor Rat.

Bayly.

I CAN perceive none other, I ſpeke it from my hart,
But either ye ar all in the fault, or els in the greateſt part.

Doctor Rat.

If it be counted his fault, beſides all his greeves,
When a poore man is ſpoyled, and beaten among theeves,
Then I confeſſe my fault herein, at this ſeaſon;
But I hope you wil not judge ſo much againſt reaſon.

Bayly.

And me thinkes by your owne tale, of all that ye name,
If any plaid the theefe, you were the very ſame:
The women they did nothing, as your words made probation,
But ſtoutly withſtood your forciable invaſion.
If that a theefe at your window to enter ſhould begin,
Wold you hold forth your hand, and helpe to pull him in?
Or wold [81] you kepe him out? I pray you anſwere me.

Doctor Rat.

Mary kepe him out: and a good cauſe why.
But I am no theefe, ſir, but an honeſt learned clarke.

Bayly.

Yea, but who knoweth that, when he meets you in the darke?
I am ſure your learning ſhines not out at your noſe.
Was it any marvaile, though the poore woman aroſe,
And ſtart up, being afraide of that was in hir purſe?
Me thinke you may be glad that [82] your lucke was no worſe.

[81] you wold. [82] you.

Doctor

Doctor Rat.

Is not this evil ynough, I pray you as you thinke?
[*Showing his broken head.*

Bayly.

Yea, but a man in the darke, if chaunces do wincke,
As ſoone he ſmites his father as any other man,
Becauſe, for lacke of light, deſcerne him he ne can.
Might it not have ben your lucke with a ſpit to have ben ſlaine?

Doctor Rat.

I thinke I am litle better, my ſcalpe is cloven to the braine:
If there be all the remedy, I know who beares the knockes [83].

Bayly.

By my troth, and well worthy beſides to kiſſe the ſtockes.
To come in on the backe ſide, when ye might go about,
I know non ſuch, unles they long to have their braines knockt out.

Doctor Rat.

Well, wil you be ſo good, ſir, as talke with dame Chat,
And know what ſhe intended, I aſke no more but that.

Bayly.

Let her be called, fellow, becauſe of maſter doctor,
I warrant in this caſe, ſhe wil be hir owne proctor;
She will tel hir owne tale in metter or in proſe,
And byd you ſeeke your remedy, and ſo go wype your noſe.

THE FIFTH ACTE. THE SECOND SCEANE.

M. Baily. Chat. D. Rat. Gammer. Hodge. Diccon.

Baily.

DAME Chat, maſter doctor upon you here complaineth,
That you and your maides ſhuld him much miſorder,
And taketh many an oth, that no word he fained,
Laying to your charge, how you thought him to murder:
And on his part againe, that ſame man ſaith furder,

[83] kockes.

He

He never offended you in word nor intent;
To heare you anſwer hereto, we have now for you ſent.

Chat.

That I wold have murdered him! fye on him wretch,
And evil mought he thee for it, our Lord I beſeech.
I wil ſwere on al the bookes that opens and ſhuttes
He faineth this tale out of his owne gutes.
For this ſeven weekes with me, I am ſure, he ſat not downe;
Nay ye have other minions in the other end of the towne,
Where ye were liker to catch ſuch a blow
Then any where els, as farre as I know.

Baily.

Be like then, maſter doctor, your [84] ſtripe there ye got not.

Doctor Rat.

[85] Thinke you I am ſo mad, that where I was bet I wot not?
Will ye beleve this queane, before ſhe hath try'd it?
It is not the firſt dede ſhe hath done, and afterward denide it.

Chat.

What man, will you ſay I broke your head?

Doctor Rat.

How canſt thou prove the contrary?

Chat.

Nay, how proveſt thou that I did the deade?

Doctor Rat.

To plainly, by St. Mary.
This profe, I trow, may ſerve, though I no word ſpoke.
[*Showing his broken head.*

[84] you.

[85] *Thinke you I am ſo mad, that where I was bet* I wot *not.*] i. e. I know not. So A. 2. S. 4:

"My toſſing ſporyar's neele, chave loſt it *wot* not where."

A. 3. S. 3:

"Gammer, chave ben there as you bad, you *wot* wel about what."

Maſſinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 5. S. 2:

"— this will keep me ſafe yet
"From being pull'd by the ſleeve, and bid remember
"The thing *I wot* of."

Wily beguiled:

"I was once in good comfort to have coſen'd a wench: and *wot'ſt* thou "what I told her?"

Chat.

Chat.

Bicauſe thy head is broken, was it I that it broke?
I ſaw thee, Rat, I tel thee, not once within this fortnight.

Doctor Rat.

No, mary, thou ſaweſt me not; for why? thou hadſt no light;
But I felt thee for al the darke, beſhrew thy ſmothe cheekes!
And thou groped me, this wil declare any day this ſix weekes.
[*Showing his heade.*

Bayly.

Anſwere me to this, M. Rat, when caught you this harme of yours?

Doctor Rat.

A while a go, ſir, God he knoweth; within les then theſe two houres.

Bayly.

Dame Chat, was there none with you (confeſſe I faith) about that ſeaſon?
What woman, let it be what it wil, 'tis neither felony nor treaſon.

Chat.

Yes, by my faith, maſter Bayly, there was a knave not farre,
Who caught one good philup on the brow with a dorebarre.
And well was he worthy, as it ſemed to mee:
But what is that to this man, ſince this was not hee?

Bayly.

Who was it then? let's here.

Doctor Rat.

Alas, ſir, aſke you that?
Is it not made plain inough by the owne mouth of dame Chat?
The time agreeth, my head is broken, her tong cannot lyc;
Onely upon a bare nay, ſhe ſaith it was not I.

Chat.

No mary was it not indeede, ye ſhal here by, this one thing.
This afternoone a friend of mine, for good-wil gave me warning,
And bad me wel loke to my ruſte, and al my capons pennes;
For if I toke not better heede, a knave wold have my hennes.
Then I, to ſave my goods, toke ſo much pains as him to watch;
And as good fortune ſerved me, it was my chance him for to catch.

What

What ſtrokes he bare away, or other what was his gaines,
I wot not, but ſure I am he had ſomething for his paines.

Bayly.

Yet telles thou not who it was.

Chat.

Who it was? A falſe theefe,
That came like a falſe foxe, my pullain [86] to kil and miſcheefe.

Bayly.

But knoweſt thou not his name?

Chat.

I know it, but what than?
It was that crafty [87] cullyon Hodge, my gammer Gurton's man.

Bayly.

Cal me the knave hether, he ſhall ſure kyſſe the ſtockes.
I ſhall teach him a leſſon for filching hens or cocks.

Doctor Rat.

I marvaile, maſter Bayly, ſo bleared be your eyes!
An egge is not ſo ful of meate, as ſhe is ful of lyes:
When ſhe hath plaid this pranke, to excuſe al this geare,
She layeth the fault on ſuch a one, as I know was not there.

[86] —*pullain*] Poultry. So, in Fitzherbert's *Boke of Huſbandry*: "— gyve thy *poleyn*—meate in the morning, &c." Again, in *Your five "Gallants*, by Middleton: "— and to ſee how pittifully the *pullen* will "looke, it makes me after relent, and turne my anger into a quick fire to "roaſt them."

[87] —*cullyon*] A baſe contemptible fellow. So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661, p. 19:

"It is an old ſaying, praiſe at the parting.
"I think I have made *the cullion* to wring.
"I was not beaten ſo black and blew,
"But I am ſure he has as many new."

Wily beguiled:

"— but to ſay the truth, ſhe had little reaſon to take a *cullion* lug loaf, "milkſop ſlave, when ſhe may have a lawyer, a gentleman that ſtands "upon his reputation in the country;"

Maſſinger's *Guardian*, A. 2. S. 4:

"Love live Severino,
"And periſh all ſuch *cullions* as repine
"At his new monarchy."

And Bobadil, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 5. when beating, Cob exclaims:

"You baſe *cullion* you."

Chat.

Chat.

Was he not theare? loke on his pate; that ſhalbe his witnes.

Dictor Rat.

I wold my head were half ſo hole, I wold ſeeke no redreſſe.

Bayly.

God bleſſe you, gammer Gurton.

Gammer.

God dylde you, maſter mine.

Bayly.

Thou haſt a knave within thy houſe, Hodge, a ſervant of thine.
They tel me that buſie knave is ſuch a filching one,
That hen, pig, gooſe, or capon, thy neighbour can have none.

Gammer.

By god cham much ameved, to heare any ſuch reporte:
Hodge was not wont, ich trow, to have him in that ſort.

Chat.

A theeviſher knave is not on live, more filching, nor more falſe;
[88] Many a truer man than he haſe hanged up by the halſe.
And thou his dame, of al his theft thou art the ſole receaver;
For Hodge to catch, and thou to kepe, I never knew none better.

Gammer.

Sir, reverence of your maſterdome, and you were out a doore,
Chold be ſo bolde, for all hir brags, to cal hir arrant whoore.
And ich knew Hodge ſo bad as tow, ich wiſh me endleſſe ſorow,
And chould not take the pains to hang him up before to morrow.

Chat.

What have I ſtolen from the or thine, thou ilfavor'd olde trot?

[88] *Many a* truer *man than he haſe hanged up by the* halſe.] That is, many an honeſter man than he has been hanged up by the neck. *True*, in the language of the times, ſignified *honeſt*; and a true man was generally ſo called in oppoſition to a thief. See the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. Again, Hodge ſays, "Ich defy them al that dare it ſay; cham as *true* as "the beſt." *Hals*, in the Gloſſary to Douglas, is thus explained, "the "hawſe, the throat, or neck, al AS and Itl. *Hals* collum, Inde to *hals* or "*hawſe* to embrace, *collo dare brachia circum.*"

Gammer.

A great deale more (by Gods bleſt) then chever by the got,
That thou knoweſt wel, I neade not ſay it.

Bayly.

Sroppe there I ſay,
And tel me here, I pray you, this matter by the way:
How chaunce Hodge is not here? him wold I faine have had.

Gammer.

Alas, ſir, heel be here anon; ha be handled to bad.

Chat.

Maſter Bayly, ſir, ye be not ſuch a foole, wel I know,
But ye perceive by this lingring there is a pad in the ſtraw.

[*Thinking that Hodg his head was broke, and that Gammer wold not let him come before them.*

Gammer.

Chil ſhew you his face, ich warrant the,——lo now where he is!

Bayly.

[89] Come on, fellow; it is tolde me thou art a ſhrew I wyſſe;
Thy neighbour's hens thou takeſt, and playes the two legged foxe;
Their chikens, and their capons to, and now and then their cocks.

Hodge.

Ich defy them al that dare it ſay; cham as true as the beſt.

Bayly.

Wart not thou take within this houre in dame Chat's hens neſt?

Hodge.

Take there! no maſter, chould not do't for a houſe ful of gold.

Chat.

Thou or the devil in thy cote; ſweare this I dare be bold.

Doctor Rat.

Sweare me no ſweating, quean, the devill he geve the ſorrow;
Al is not worth a gnat, thou canſt ſweare till to morow.

[89] *Come on, fellow; it is tolde me thou art a* ſhrew *I wyſſe;*] The word *ſhrew* at preſent is wholly confined to the female ſex. It here appears to have been equally applied to the male, and ſignifies *naught* or *wicked*. See Barret's *Alvearie*, voce *Shrewd*.

Where is the harme he hath? ſhew it; by God's bread,
Ye beat him with a witnes, but the ſtripes light on my head.

Hodge.

Bet me! Gog's bleſſed body, chold firſt ich trow have burſt the;
Ich thinke, and chad my hands, looſe callet, chould have cruſt the.

Chat.

Thou ſhitten knave, I trow, thou knoweſt the ful weight of my fiſt.
I am fowly deceived, onles thy head and my doore-bar kyſte.

Hodge.

Hold thy chat, whore; thou crieſt ſo loude, can no man els be hard?

Chat.

Well, knave, and I had the alone, I wold ſurely rap thy [90] coſtard.

Bayly.

Sir, anſwer me to this, Is thy head whole or broken?

Chat.

Yea, maſter Baily, bleſt be every good token.

Hodge.

Is my head whole? ich warrant you, 'tis neither ſcurvy nor ſcald:
What, you foule beaſt, does think 'tis either pild or bald?
Nay, ich thanke God, chil not for al that thou maiſt ſpend,
That chad one ſcab on my narſe as brode as thy finger's end.

Bayly.

Come nearer heare.

Hodge.

Yes, that iche dare.

Bayly.

By our lady, here is no harme:
Hodge's head is hole ynough, for al dame Chat's charme.

[90] — *coſtard.*] i. e. the head. So, in *Hicke Scorner*:

"I wyll rappe you on the *coſtard* with my horne."

Mr. Steevens's Note on *Love Labour Loſt*, A. 3. S. 1.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, A. 2. S. 2:

"Do you mutter! ſir, ſnorle this way,
"That I may hear and anſwer what you ſay,
"With my ſchool dagger 'bout your *coſtard*, ſir."

Chat.

Chat.

By Gog's bleſt, however the thing he clockes or ſmolders,
I know the blowes he bare awaie, either with head or ſhoulders.
Cameſt thou not, knave, within this houre, creping into my pens,
And there was caught within my hous, groping among my hens?

Hodge.

A plage both on thy hens and thee? à carte, whore, a carte.
Chould I were hanged as hie as a tree, and ehware as falſe as thou art.
Geve my gammer again her waſhical thou ſtole away in thy lap.

Gammer.

Yea, maſter Baily, there is a thing you know not on mayhap:
This drab ſhe kepes away my good, (the devil he might her ſnare)
Ich pray you, that ich might have a right action on her.

Chat.

Have I thy good, old filth, or any ſuch old ſowe's?
I am as true, I wold thou knew, as ſkin betwene thy browes.

Gammer.

Many a truer hath been hanged, though you eſcape the daunger.

Chat.

Thou ſhalt anſwer (by God's pity) for this thy foule ſlaunder.

Bayly.

Why, what can ye charge hir withal? to ſay ſo ye do not well.

Gammer.

Mary, a vengeance to hir hart, the whore haſe ſtoln my neele.

Chat.

Thy nedle, old witch! how ſo? it were almes thy ſoul to knock;
So didſt thou ſay, the other day, that I had ſtolne thy cock.
And roſted him to my breakfaſt, which ſhal not be forgotten:
The devil put out thy lying tong, and teeth that be ſo rotten.

Gammer.

Geve me my neele; as for my cocke, chould be very loth,
That chuld here tel he ſhuld hang on thy falſe faith and troth.

Bayly.

Your talke is ſuch, I can ſcarſe learne who ſhuld be moſt in fault.

Gammer.

Yet ſhal ye find no other wight, ſave ſhe, by bred and ſalt.

Bayly.

Kepe ye content a while, ſe that your tonges ye holde;
Methinkes you ſhuld remembre, this is no place to ſcolde.
How knoweſt thou, gammer Gurton, dame Chat thy nedle had?

Gammer.

To name you, ſir, the party, chould not be very glad.

Bayly.

Yea, but we muſte nedes heare it, and therfore ſay it boldly.

Gammer.

Such one as told the tale, full ſoberly and coldly,
Even he that loked on, wil ſweare on a booke,
What time this drunken goſſip my faire long neele up tooke:
Diccon (maſter) the bedlam, cham very ſure ye know him.

Bayly.

A falſe knave, by God's pitie! ye were but a foole to trow him.
I durſt aventure wel the price of my beſt cap,
[91] That when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a jape.
Tolde he not you that beſides, ſhe ſtole your cocke that tyde?

[91] *That when the end is knowen, all wil turne to a* jape.] *Jape* is generally uſed in an obſcene ſenſe, as in the Prologue to Grim the Collier of Croydon, vol. XI. and Skelton's Song in Sir John Hawkins's *Hiſtory of Muſick*, vol. III. p. 6. It here ſignifies *a jeſt* or *joke*. So, in the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, l. 705:

"Upon a day he gat him more moneie
"Than that the perſone gat in monethes twelf.
"And thus with fained flattering and *japes*,
"He made the perſone, and the peple, his apes."

And, in *Batman upon Bartholeme*, 1535, as quoted by Sir John Hawkins, in his *Hiſtory of Muſick*, vol. II. p. 125: "They kepe no counſeyll, but "they telle all that they here: ſodeinly they laugh, and ſodenly they "wepe: alwaye they crye, jangle, and *jape*, uneth they ben ſtylle whyle "they ſlepe."

Skelton's Works, 1736, p. 236:

"Nay *jape* not hym, he is no ſmal fole.
"It is a ſolempne ſyre and ſolayne."

Gammar.

Gammer.

No maſter, no indeede, for then he ſhuld have lyed;
My cocke is, I thanke Chriſt, ſafe and wel a fine.

Chat.

Yea, but that ragged colt, that whore, that Tyb of thine,
Said plainly thy cock was ſtolne, and in my houſe was eaten;
That lying cut is loſt, that ſhe is not ſwinged and beaten.
And yet for al my good name, it were a ſmall amendes;
I picke not this geare (hear'ſt thou) out of my fingers endes.
But he that hard it told me, who thou of late didſt name,
Diccon, whom al men knowes, it was the very ſame.

Bayly.

This is the caſe; you loſt your nedle about the dores;
And ſhe anſweres againe, ſhe haſe no cocke of yours;
Thus in your talke and action, from that you do intend,
She is whole five mile wide from that ſhe doth defend.
Will you ſaie ſhe hath your cocke?

Gammer.

No, mary ſir, that chil not.

Bayly.

Will you confeſſe hir neele?

Chat.

Will I? no, ſir, will I not.

Bayly.

Then there lieth all the matter.

Gammer.

Soft maſter, by the way,
Ye know ſhe could do litle, and ſhe cold not ſay nay.

Bayly.

Yea, but he that made one lie about your cocke ſtealing,
Wil not ſticke to make another, what time lies be in dealing.
I weene, the ende wil prove this brawle did firſt ariſe
Upon no other ground, but only Diccon's lyes.

Chat.

Though ſome be lyes, as you belike have eſpyed them;
Yet other ſome be true, by proofe I have wel tryed them.

Bayly.

What other thing beſide this, dame Chat?

Chat.

Mary ſyr, even this,
The tale I told before, the ſelfe ſame tale it was his;

He gave me, like a frende, warning againſt my loſſe,
Els had my hens be ſtolne eche one, by God's croſſe.
He tolde me Hodge wold come, and in he came indeede;
But as the matter chaunſed, with greater haſt then ſpeede,
This truth was ſaid, and true was found, as truly I report.

Bayly.

If doctor Rat be not deceived, it was o' another ſort.

Doctor Rat.

By God's mother, thou and he be a cople of ſuttle foxes;
Betweene you and Hodge, I beare awaie the boxes.
Did not Diccon appoynt the place, wher thou ſhuld'ſt ſtand to mete him?

Chat.

Yes, by the maſſe; and if he came, bad me not ſticke to ſpeet hym.

Doctor Rat.

God's ſacrament! the villain knave hath dreſt us round about;
He is the cauſe of all this brawle, that dyrty ſhitten loute,
When gammer Gurton here complained, and made a ruful mone,
I heard him ſweare that you had gotten hir nedle that was gone.
And this to try he furder ſaid, he was ful loth; how be it
He was content with ſmall adoe to bring me where to ſee it.
And where he ſat, he ſaid ful certain, if I wold folow his read,
Into your houſe a privy waie he wold me guide and leade,
And where ye had it in your hands, ſewing about a clowte,
And ſet me in the backe hole, thereby to finde you out:
And whiles I ſought a quietnes, creping upon my knees,
I found the weight of your door-bar, for my reward and fees.
Such is the lucke that ſome men gets, while they begin to mel,
In ſetting at one ſuch as were out, minding to make al well.

Hodge.

Was not wel bleſt, gammer, to ſcape that ſcoure? and chad ben there,
Then chad ben dreſt, belike, as ill (by the maſſe) as gaffer vicar.

Bayly.

Mary, ſir, here is a ſport alone; I loked for ſuch an end;
If Diccon had not playd the knave, this had ben ſone amend.

My

My gammer here he made a foole, and dreſt hir as ſhe was;
And goodwife Chat he ſet to ſcold[92], till both partes cried, alas!
And doctor Rat was not behind, whiles Chat his crown did pare;
I wold the knave had ben ſtarke blind, if Hodg had not his ſhare.

Hodge.

Cham meetly wel ſped alredy among's, cham dreſt like a coult;
And chad not had the better wit, chad been made a doult.

Bayly.

Sir knave, make haſt Diccon were here; fetch him where ever he be.

Chat.

Fie on the villain, fie, fie, that makes us thus agree!

Gammer.

Fie on him, knave, with al my hart, now fie, and fie againe!

Doctor Rat.

Now fie on him, may I beſt ſay, whom he hath almoſt ſlaine.

Bayly.

Lo where he commeth at hand, belike he was not fare.
Diccon, heare be two or three thy company cannot ſpare.

Diccon.

God bleſſe you, and you may be bleſt ſo manie al at once.

Chat.

Come knave, it were a good deed to geld the, by cockes bones.
Seeſt not thy handiwarke? ſir Rat, can ye forbeare him?

Diccon.

A vengeance on thoſe hands life, for my hands cam not nere hym.
The horſen prieſt hath lift the pot in ſome of theſe alewyves chayres,
That his head wold not ſerve him, belyke, to come downe the ſtayres.

Bayly.

Nay, ſoft, thou maiſt not play the knave, and have this language to;
If thou thy tong bridle a while, the better maiſt thou do.

[92] ſcole.

Confeſſe the truth as I ſhall aſke, and ceaſe a while to fable,
And for thy fault, I promiſe the, thy handling ſhal be reaſonable.
Haſt thou not made a lie or two, to ſet theſe two by the eares?

Diccon.

What if I have? five hundred ſuch have I ſeene within theſe ſeven yeares:
I am ſory for nothing elſe, but that I ſee not the ſport
Which was betwene them when they met, as they themſeves report.

Bayly.

The greateſt thing, maſter Rat, ye ſe how he is dreſt.

Diccon.

What devil nede he be groping ſo depe in goodwife Chat's hen's neſt?

Bayly.

Yea, but it was thy drift to bring him into the briars.

Diccon.

God's bread! hath not ſuch an old foole wit to ſave his eares?
He ſhoweth himſelfe herein, ye ſee, ſo very [93] a coxe,
The cat was not ſo madly alured by the foxe,
To run in the ſnares was ſet for him doubtleſſe;
For he leapt in for myce, and this ſir John for madnes.

Doctor Rat.

[94] Well, and ye ſhift no better, ye loſel, lyther, and laſye,
I will go neare for this to make ye leape at a daſye.

In

93 — *a coxe,*] Minſhieu, in his Dictionary, 1627 (as quoted by Mr. Tollet, in his Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. V. p. 433.) ſays: "Natural "ideots and fools have and ſtill do accuſtome themſelves to weare in their "cappes, cockes feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cock on "the top, &c." From this circumſtance, Diccon probably calls Dr. Rat *a coxe*; that is, *a coxcomb, an ideot.*

94 *Well, and ye ſhift no better, ye loſel, lither, and laſie,*] *Lither* is uſed ſometimes for *weak* or *limber*, at other times *lean or pale.* Several examples of the former are collected by Mr. Steevens (Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. VI. p. 263.).

Again, in *Eupheus and his England*, 1582, p. 24: "For as they that "angle for the tortoys, having once caught him, are driven into ſuch a "*lytherneſſe*, that they looſe all their ſpirites, being benummed ſo, &c." Of the latter, the following will ſerve as a proof. Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie,*

In the king's name, maſter Baily, I charge you ſet him faſt.

Diccon.

What! faſt at cardes, or faſt on ſlepe? it is the thing I did laſt.

Doctor Rat.

Nay, faſt in fetters, falſe varlet, according to thy deedes.

Bayly.

Maſter doctor, ther is no remedy, I muſt intreat you needs
Some other kinde of puniſhment.

Doctor Rat.

Nay, by all halowes,
His puniſhment, if I may judg, ſhal be naught els but the gallous.

Bayly.

That were to ſore; a ſpiritual man to be ſo extreame!

Doctor Rat.

Is he worthy any better, ſir? how do you judge and deame?

Bayly.

I graunt him worthy puniſhment, but in no wiſe ſo great.

Gammer.

It is a ſhame, ich tel you plaine, for ſuch falſe knaves intreat.
He has almoſt undone us al, that is as true as ſteele.
And yet for al this great ado, cham never the nere my neele.

Bayly.

Can'ſt thou not ſay any thing to that Diccon, with leaſt or moſt?

Diccon.

Yea, mary ſir, thus much I can ſay wel, the nedle is loſt.

Bayly.

Nay, canſt not thou tel which way that nedle may be found?

Diccon.

No, by my fay, ſir, though I might have an hundred pound.

Hodge.

Thou lier lickdiſh, didſt not ſay the neele wold be gitten?

Diccon.

No, Hodge; by the ſame token you were that time beſhitten,
For fear of hobgobling, you wot wel what I meane,
As long as it is ſence, I feare me yet ye be ſcarce cleane.

Folie, Chaloner's Tranſlation, 1549, Sig. F 2: "Or at leſt hyre ſome "younge Phaon for mede to dooe the thynge, ſtill daube theyr *lither* "cheekes with peintynge, &c."

Bayly.

Wel, maſter Rat, you muſt both learne, and teach us to forgeve,
Since Diccon hath confeſſion made, and is ſo cleane ſhreve:
If ye to me conſcent to amend this heavie chaunce,
I wil injoyne him here ſome open kind of penaunce:
Of this condition, where ye know my fee is twenty pence,
For the bloodſhed, I am agreed with you here to diſpence;
Ye ſhall go quite, ſo that ye graunt the matter now to run,
To end with mirth emong us al, even as it was begun.

Chat.

Say yea, maſter vicar, and he ſhal ſure confes to be your detter,
And al we that be heare preſent will love you much the better.

Doctor Rat.

My part is the worſt; but ſince you al hereon agree,
Go even to maſter Baily, let it be ſo for mee.

Bayly.

How ſaieſt thou, Diccon, art content this ſhal on me depend?

Diccon.

Go to, Mr. Baily, ſay on your mind, I know ye are my frend.

Bayly.

Then marke ye wel; to recompence this thy former action,
Becauſe thou haſt offended al, to make them ſatisfaction,
Before their faces here kneele downe, and as I ſhal the teach,
For thou ſhalt take an othe of Hodge's leather breache;
Firſt for maſter doctor, upon paine of his curſſe,
Where he wil pay for al, thou never draw thy purſſe:
And when ye meete at one pot, he ſhall have the firſt pull;
And thou ſhalt never offer him the cup, but it be full.
To goodwife Chat thou ſhalt be ſworne, even on the ſame wyſe,
If ſhe refuſe thy money once, never to offer it twiſe.
Thou ſhalt be bound by the ſame here, as thou doſt take it,
When thou maiſt drinke of free coſt, thou never forſake it.
For gammer Gurton's ſake againe ſworne ſhalt thou be,
To helpe hir to hir nedle againe, if it do lie in thee;
And likewiſe be bound, by the vertue of that,
To be of good abering to Gib, hir great cat.
Laſt of al for Hodge, the othe to ſcanne,
Thou ſhalt never take him for fine gentleman.

Hodge.

Hodge.

Come on, fellow Diccon, chalbe even with thee now.

Bayly.

Thou wilt not ſticke to do this, Diccon, I trow?

Diccon.

No, by my father's ſkin, my hand down I lay it;
Loke, as I have promiſed, I wil not denay it;
But, Hodge, take good heede now, thou do not beſhite me.
[*And gave him a good blow on the buttocke.*

Hodge.

Gog's hart, thou falſe villaine, doſt thou bite me?

Bayly.

What, Hodge, doth he hurt the or ever he begin?

Hodge.

He thruſt me into the buttocke with a bodkin or a pin,
I ſaie, gammer, gammer!

Gammer.

How now, Hodge, how now!

Hodge.

God's malt, gammer Gurton ——

Gammer.

Thou art mad, ich trow.

Hodge.

Will you ſee the devil, gammer?

Gammer.

The devil, ſonne! God bleſſe us.

Hodge.

Chould iche were hanged, gammer.

Gammer.

Mary, ſe ye might dreſſe us.

Hodge.

Chave it, by the maſſe, gammer.

Gammer.

What, not my neele, Hodge?

Hodge.

Your neele, gammer, your neele.

Gammer.

No, fie, doſt but dodge.

Hodge.

Cha found your neele, gammer, here in my hand be it.

Gammer.

Gammer.

[95] For al the loves on earth, Hodge, let me ſee it.

Hodge.

Soft, gammer.

Gammer.

Good Hodge.

Hodge

Soft, ich ſay, tarie a while.

Gammer.

Nay, ſweet Hodge, ſay truth, and not me begile.

Hodge.

Cham ſure on it; ich warrant you, it goes no more aſtray.

Gammer.

Hodge, when I ſpeake ſo fair, wilt ſtil ſay me nay?

Hodge.

Go neare the light, gammer, this wel in faith good lucke; Chwas almoſt undone, 'twas ſo far in my buttocke.

Gammer.

'Tis min own deare neele, Hodge, [96] ſykerly I wot.

Hodge.

Cham I not a good ſonne, gammer, cham I not?

Gammer.

Chriſts bleſſing light on thee, haſt made me for ever.

[95] *For al the loves on earth, Hodge, let me ſee it.*] For the love of God, of heaven, or any thing ſacred, are adjurations frequently uſed at this day, and appear likewiſe to have been ſo at the time this Play was written. From the indiſcriminate uſe of them, it became cuſtomary on very earneſt occaſions to requeſt *of all loves*, or *for all the loves on earth*. Of theſe modes of expreſſion, Mr. Steevens hath produced the following examples: — conjuring his wife *of all loves* to prepare cheer fitting.

Honeſt Whore, p. 1.

Deſire him *of all loves* to come over quickly.

Plautus's *Menæchmi*, 1595.

I pray thee *for all loves* be thou my mynde ſens I am thyne.

Acolaſtus, 1529.

Mrs. Arden deſired him *of all loves* to come backe againe.

Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, p. 1064. Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. I. p. 279. Again,

Speak *of all loves.* *Midſummer's Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 3.

[96] — *ſykerly*] Securely or certainly. So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſida*, l. 3. l. 833:

"The drede of leſing makith him, that he
"May in no parfite *ſikerneſſe* ybe."

Hodge.

Hodge.

Ich knew that ich muſt finde it, els chould a had it never.

Chat.

By my troth, goſſyp Gurton, I am even as glad,
As though I mine owne ſelfe as good a turne had.

Bayly.

And I by my conſcience, to ſee it ſo come forth,
Rejoyce ſo much at it, as three nedles be worth.

Doctor Rat.

I am no whit ſorry to ſee you ſo rejoyce.

Diccon.

Nor I much the glader for all this noyce.
Yet ſay gramercy, Diccon, for ſpringing of the game.

Gammer.

Gramercy, Diccon, twenty times; o how glad cham!
If that chould do ſo much, your maſterdome to come hether,
Maſter Rat, goodwife Chat, and Diccon together;
Cha but one halfpeny, as far as iche know it,
And chil not reſt this night, till ich beſtow it.
If ever ye love me, let us go in and drinke.

Bayly.

I am content, if the reſt thinke as I thinke.
Maſter Rat, it ſhal be beſt for you if we ſo doo,
Then ſhall you warme you and dreſe your ſelf too.

Diccon.

Soft, ſyrs, take us with you, the company ſhal be the more;
As proude coms behinde, they ſay, as anie goes before.
But now, my good maſters, ſince we muſt be gone,
And leave you hehinde us here all alone:
Since at our laſt ending, thus mery we bee,
For gammer Gurton's nedle ſake, let us have a plaudytie.

FINIS.

EDITIONS.

" A Ryght Pithy, Pleaſaunt and Merie Comedie: Intytuled " *Gammer Gurton's Nedle:* Played on Stage, not longe ago " in Chriſtes *Colledge in Cambridge. Made by Mr. S. Maſter* " *of Art.* Imprented at London in Fleeteſtreat, beneth the " Conduit, at the ſigne of S. John Evangeliſt, by *Thomas* " *Colwell.*" Printers Colophon: " Imprinted at London in " Fleeteſtreate, beneath the Conduite, at the ſigne of S. John " Evangeliſt, by Thomas Colwell. 1575."

" A Right Pithy, Pleaſant and Merry Comedy, entituled " *Gammer Gurtons Needle*; Played on the Stage near a hundred " years ago, in *Chriſte-College* in Cambridge. Made by Mr. " S. Maſter of Art. London. Printed by Tho. Johnſon, " and are to be ſold by Nath. Brook, at the Angel in Cornhil, " Francis Kirkman, at the John Fletchers Head, on the back " ſide of St. Clements, Tho. Johnſon, at the Golden Key in " Pauls-Church-yard, and Henry Marſh, at the Princes Arms " in Chancery lane, near Fleet-ſtreet. 1661."

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE.

JOHN LYLY was born in the [1] Wilds of Kent about the year 1553, according to the computation of Wood [2], who ſays, "he became a ſtudent in Magdalen-College in the beginning of 1569, aged ſixteen, or thereabouts, and was afterwards one of the demies or clerks of that houſe." He took the degree of B. A. April 27, 1573 [3], and of M. A. in the year 1575 [4]; and afterwards on ſome diſguſt removed to Cambridge, from whence he went to court, where he was taken notice of by Queen Elizabeth, and had expectations of being preferred to the poſt of Maſter of the Revels; which, after many years attendance, he was diſappointed of. In what year he died is unknown, but Wood ſays he was alive in the year 1597.

He was an Author highly eſteemed by his contemporaries, by ſeveral of whom as Naſh [5], Lodge [6], Webbe [7], and others, he was much complimented. Drayton, however, ſeems to have given his true character, when he ſays:

"The noble Sidney with this laſt aroſe,
"That heroe for numbers, and for proſe;
"That thoroughly pac'd our language as to ſhow,
"The plenteous Engliſh hand in hand might go
"With Greek and Latin, and did firſt reduce
"Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in uſe;
"Talking of ſtones, ſtars, plants, of fiſhes, flies,
"Playing with words, and idle ſimilies,
"As th' Engliſh apes, and very zanies be
"Of every thing that they do hear and ſee,
"To imitating this ridiculous tricks,
"They ſpeak and write all like meer lunaticks."

[1] Gildon.
[2] Athen. Oxon. 295.
[3] Faſti, 108.
[4] Ibid. 111.
[5] Apology of Pierce Pennileſs, 4to. 1593.
Have with you to Saffron Walden, 4to. 1596.
[6] Wits Miſery and Words Madneſs, 4to. 1596, p. 57.
[7] Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie, 4to. 1586.

Blount, who republiſhed ſix of his Plays, ſpeaks of him in a different manner, he ſays, "Our nation are in his debt for "a new Engliſh which hee taught them. *Eupheus and his* "*England* began firſt that language. All our ladies were then "his ſcollers: and that beautie in court who could not parley "Euphueſme, was as little regarded as ſhee which now there "ſpeakes not French."

The principal work for which he was diſtinguiſhed is, entitled "Euphues. The Anatomy of Wit, verie pleaſant for "all Gentlemen to read, and moſt neceſſary to remember; "wherein are contained the delyghts that Wit followeth in "his youth by the pleaſantneſſe of Love, and the happineſſe "hee reapeth in age by the perfectneſſe of Wiſedome. 4to. "1580." And this was followed by "Euphues and his Eng-"land, containing his voyage and adventures mixed with "ſundrie pretie diſcourſes of honeſt Love, the deſcription of "the Countrie, the Court, and the manners of that Iſle. "Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtfull to be regarded; "wherein there is ſmall offence by lightneſſe given to the "wiſe, and leſſe occaſion of looſeneſſe proffered to the wan-"ton. 4to. 1582."

He was alſo the Author of the following Plays:

1. Alexander and Campaſpe, 1584, 4to. 1591, 4to.
2. Endimion, 4to. 1591.
3. Sappho and Phaon, 4to. 1591.
4. Galatea, 4to. 1592.
5. Mydas, 4to. 1592,
6. Mother Bombie, 4to. 1594, 4to. 1597.
7. The Woman in the Moon, 4to. 1597.
8. The Maid her Metamorphoſis, 4to. 1600.
9. Love his Metamorphoſis, 4to. 1601.

The firſt ſix of theſe Plays were re-publiſhed by Edward Blount, in 12mo. 1632, under the title of "Sixe Court Co-"medies."

Beſides theſe, he was the Author of a piece, publiſhed in 1593, called "Pap with a Hatchet, alias, a fig for my Godſon, "or crack me this nut, or a Country Cuff, that is, a ſound box "on the ear for the Ideot, Martin to hold his peace. Written "by one that dares call a Dog a Dog." Imprinted for John Oke.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE at the *Black Friers.*

THEY that fear the ſtinging of waſps, make fans of peacocks tails, whoſe ſpots are like eyes: And Lepidus, which could not ſleep for the chattering of birds, ſet up a beaſt, whoſe head was like a dragon: and we which ſtand in awe of report, are compelled to ſet before our owl, Pallas's ſhield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a ſign of famine to Ægypt, when Nylus flowed leſs than twelve cubits, or more than eighteen: and it may threaten deſpair unto us, if we be leſs curious than you look for, or more cumberſome. But as Theſeus being promiſed to be brought to an eagle's neſt, and travelling all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet ſaid this is a bird: ſo we hope, if the ſhower of our ſwelling mountain ſeeming to bring forth ſome elephant, perform but a mouſe, you will gently ſay, this is a beaſt. Baſil ſoftly touched, yieldeth a ſweet ſcent; but chafed in the hand, a rank ſavour. We fear even ſo that our labours ſlily glanced on, will breed ſome content; but examined to the proof, ſmall commendation. The haſte in performing ſhall be our excuſe. There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules. Feathers appear not on the phœnix under ſeven months, and the mulberry is twelve in budding: but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nouriſheth, and engendreth again; or like the brood of a Trochilus, whoſe eggs in the ſame moment that they are laid, become birds. But howſoever we finiſh our work, we crave pardon, if we offend in matter; and patience if we tranſgreſs in manners. We have mixed mirth with counſel, and diſcipline with delight; thinking it not amiſs in the ſame garden to ſow pot-herbs, that we ſet flowers. But we hope, as harts that caſt their horns, ſnakes their ſkins, eagles their bills, become more freſh for any other labour: ſo our charge

being ſhaken off, we ſhall be fit for greater matters. But leſt like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude: wiſhing, that although there be in your preciſe judgments an univerſal miſlike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courteſies a general ſilence.

THE

THE

PROLOGUE at the COURT.

WE are aſhamed that our bird, which fluttereth by twilight, ſeeming a ſwallow, ſhould be proved a bat, ſet againſt the ſun. But as Jupiter placed Silenus's aſs among the ſtars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, ſo are we enforced, upon a rough diſcourſe, to draw on a ſmooth excuſe, reſembling lapidaries, who think to hide the crack in a ſtone, by ſetting it deep in gold. The gods ſupp'd once with poor Baucis; the Perſian kings ſometimes ſhoved ſticks; our hope is, your highneſs will at this time lend an ear to an idle paſtime. [8] *Appion raiſing Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father; and we calling Alexander from his grave, ſeek only who was his love. Whatſoever we preſent, we wiſh it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa's ſhadows, who in the moment they were ſeen, were of any ſhape one would conceive; or Lynces, who having a quick ſight to diſcern, have a ſhort memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with theſe torches, which giving light to others, conſume themſelves; and we ſhowing delight to others, ſhame our ſelves.*

[8] *Appion raiſing Homer from hell, demanded only who was his father;*] "Quærat aliquis, quæ ſint mentiti veteres Magi, cum adoleſcentibus "nobis viſus Apion Grammaticæ artis, prodiderit cynocephaliam hex- "bam, quæ in Ægypto vocaretur oſyrites, divinam, & contra omnia "veneficia: ſed ſi ea erueretur, ſtatim eum qui eruiſſet, mori. Seque "evocaſſe umbras ad percontandum Homerum, qua patria quibuſque "parentibus genitus eſſet, non tamen auſus profiteri, quid ſibi reſpondiſſe "diceret." C. Plin. Nat. Hiſt. l. xxx. c. 2.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALEXANDER,
HEPHESTION,
CLYTUS,
PARMENIO,
PLATO,
ARISTOTLE,
DIOGENES,
MELIPPUS,
CRISIPPUS,
CRATES,
CLEANTHES,
ANAXARCHUS,
APELLES,
GRANICHUS, } Servants to { PLATO,
MANES, } Servants to { DIOGENES,
PSYLLUS, } Servants to { APELLES.

CAMPASPE,
TIMOCLEA,
LAIS.

SCENE, *ATHENS.*

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE[9].

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Clytus, Parmenio, Timoclea, Campaſpe, Alexander, Hephestion.

Clytus.

PARMENIO, I cannot tell whether I ſhould more commend in Alexander's victories, courage, or courteſy; in the one being a reſolution without fear, in the other a liberality above cuſtom. Thebes is raſed, the people not racked, towers thrown down, bodies not thruſt aſide; a conqueſt without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Parmenio.

Clytus, it becometh the ſon of Philip to be none other than Alexander is; therefore ſeeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the ſon an excellency? For as the moon can borrow nothing elſe of the ſun but light; ſo of a fire, in whom nothing but virtue was, what could the child receive but ſingular? it is for [10] turquois to ſtain each other, not for

9 The ſubject of this Play is taken from Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, lib. 35. c. 10.

" Tantum erat auctoritati juris in regem, alioquin iracundum: quan-
" quam Alexander ei honorem clariſſimo præbuit exemplo. Namque cum
" dilectam ſibi ex pallacis ſuis præcipue nomine Campaſpem nudam
" pingi ob admirationem formæ ab Apelle juſſiſſit, eumque tum pari
" captum amore ſenſiſſet, dono eam dedit. Magnus animo, major imperio
" ſui, nec minor hoc facto, quam victoria aliqua. Quippe, ſe vicit nec
" torum tantum ſuum, ſed etiam affectum donavit artifici: ne dilectæ
" quidam reſpectu motus, ut quæ modo regis fuiſſet, modo pictoris eſſet.
" Sunt qui Venerem Anadyomenen illo pictam exemplari putant."

10 *Turquois*] In the firſt edition, *Turkes*. " Turqueſis," ſays Malynes, in his *Treatiſe of the Canker of England's Common-wealth*, 12mo. 1601, " are found in Malabar, being of Turqueys color by the day time, and by " night by the light, greene; they growe upon a black ſtone, whereof re-

 " taining

for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodneſs, in the other no compariſon.

Clytus.

You miſtake me, Parmenio, if whilſt I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into queſtion; unleſs haply you conjecture (which none of judgment will conceive) that becauſe I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree; or coveting to kiſs the child, I therefore go about to poiſon the teat.

Parmenio.

Ay, but Clytus, I perceive you are born in the eaſt, and never laugh but at the ſun-riſing; which argueth tho' a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Clytus.

We will make no controverſy of that which there ought to be no queſtion; only this ſhall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the ſon of Philip but Alexander.

Parmenio.

Soft, Clytus, behold the ſpoils and priſoners! a pleaſant ſight to us, becauſe profit is join'd with honour; not much painful to them, becauſe their captivity is eaſed by mercy.

Timoclea.

Fortune, thou didſt never yet deceive virtue, becauſe virtue never yet did truſt fortune. Sword and fire will never get ſpoil, where wiſdom and fortitude bears ſway. O Thebes, thy walls were raiſed by the ſweetneſs of the harp, but raſed by the ſhrillneſs of the trumpet. Alexander had never come ſo near the walls, had Epaminondas walk'd about the walls; and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their ſtreets, if he had been to watch their towers But deſtiny is ſeldom foreſeen, never prevented. We are here now captives, whoſe necks are yoaked by force, but whoſe hearts can not yield by death. Come, Campaſpe, and the reſt, let us not be aſhamed to caſt our eyes on him, on whom we fear'd not to caſt our darts.

"taining ſome little blacke veines is the better." "It is," as Mr. Steevens obſerves, "ſaid of the Turky ſtone, that it faded or brightened in "its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs." (Note on *Merchant of Venice*, p. 188. vol. III.) See alſo Dr. Morell's Account of it, p. 417. of his Edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 8vo. 1737.

Parmenio.

Parmenio.

Madam, you need not doubt, it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

Timoclea.

Alexander hath overcome, not conquer'd.

Parmenio.

To bring all under his ſubjection, is to conquer.

Timoclea.

He cannot ſubdue that which is divine.

Parmenio.

Thebes was not.

Timoclea.

Virtue is.

Clytus.

Alexander, as he tendreth virtue, ſo he will you; he drinketh not blood, but thirſteth after honour; he is greedy of victory, but never ſatisfied with mercy. In fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conqueſt mild, as beſeemeth a king. In all things, than which nothing can be greater, he is Alexander.

Campaſpe.

Then if it be ſuch a thing to be Alexander, I hope it ſhall be no miſerable thing to be a virgin. For if he ſave our honours, it is more than to reſtore our goods. And rather do I wiſh he'd preſerve our fame than our lives, which if he do, we will confeſs there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander.

Alexander.

Clytus, are theſe priſoners? of whence theſe ſpoils?

Clytus.

Like your majeſty, they are priſoners, and of Thebes.

Alexander.

Of what calling or reputation?

Clytus.

I know not, but they ſeem to be ladies of honour.

Alexander.

I will know—Madam, of whence you are I know, but who, I cannot tell.

Timoclea.

Alexander, I am the ſiſter of Theagines, who fought a battel with thy father, before the city of Chieronte [11], where he died, I ſay which none can gainſay, valiantly.

[11] *Chieronte*] Chieronie, in the firſt and ſecond editions.

Alexander.

Alexander.

Lady, there ſeem in your words ſparks of your brother's deeds, but worſer fortune in your life than his death: but fear not, for you ſhall live without violence, enemies, or neceſſity—But what are you, far lady, another ſiſter to Theagines?

Campaſpe.

No ſiſter to Theagines, but an humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extream fortune.

Alexander.

Well, ladies, for ſo your virtues ſhew you, whatſoever your births be, you ſhall be honourably entreated. Athens ſhall be your Thebes, and you ſhall not be as abjects of war, but as ſubjects to Alexander. Parmenio, conduct theſe honourable ladies into the city, charge the ſoldiers not ſo much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be ſupply'd ſo far forth as ſhall be neceſſary for ſuch perſons, and my priſoners.

[*Exeunt* Parmenio *and captives.*

Hepheſtion, it reſteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace, as conquer in war: that whilſt arms ceaſe, arts may flouriſh, and joining letters with launces we endeavour to be as good philoſophers as ſoldiers; knowing it no leſs praiſe to be wiſe, than commendable to be valiant.

Hepheſtion.

Your majeſty therein ſheweth, that you have as great deſire to rule as to ſubdue; and needs muſt that common-wealth be fortunate, whoſe captain is a philoſopher, and whoſe philoſopher is a captain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT. I. SCEN. II,

Manes, Granichus, Pſyllus.

Manes.

I SERVE inſtead of a maſter, a mouſe, whoſe houſe is a tub, whoſe dinner is a cruſt, and [12] whoſe bed is a board.

[12] *Whoſe bed is a board.*] The firſt and ſecond editions read, *whoſe beard is a bed.*

Pſyllus.

Pſyllus.

Then art thou in a ſtate of life which philoſophers commend. A crumb for thy ſupper, a hand for thy cup, and thy cloaths for thy ſheets. For *Natura paucis contenta.*

Granichus.

Manes, it is pity ſo proper a man ſhould be caſt away upon a philoſopher; but that Diogenes, that dog, ſhould have Manes that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature, and ſpiteth art; the one having found thee ſo diſſolute, abſolute I would ſay, in body, the other ſo ſingle, ſingular in mind.

Manes.

Are you merry? it is a ſign by the trip of your tongue, and the toys of your head, that you have done that to-day, which I have not done theſe three days.

Pſyllus.

What's that?

Manes.

Dined.

Granichus.

I think Diogenes keeps but cold chear.

Manes.

I would it were ſo; but he keepeth neither hot nor cold.

Granichus.

What then, luke-warm? That made Manes run from his maſter the laſt day.

Pſyllus.

Manes had reaſon; for his name foretold as much.

Manes.

My name! how ſo, ſir boy?

Pſyllus.

You know that it is called *Mons à movendo*, becauſe it ſtands ſtill.

Manes.

Good.

Pſyllus.

And thou art named Manes, *à Manendo*, becauſe thou run'ſt away.

Manes.

Paſſing reaſons! I did not run away, but retire.

Pſyllus.

Pſyllus.

To a priſon, becauſe thou wouldſt have leiſure to contemplate.

Manes.

I will prove that my body was immortal, becauſe it was in priſon.

Granichus.

As how?

Manes.

Did your maſters never teach you that the ſoul is immortal?

Granichus.

Yes.

Manes.

And the body is the priſon of the ſoul.

Granichus.

True.

Manes.

Why then, thus to make my body immortal, I put it in priſon.

Granichus.

Oh bad!

Pſyllus.

Excellent ill!

Manes.

You may ſee how dull a faſting wit is; therefore, Pſyllus, let us go to ſupper with Granichus: Plato is the beſt fellow of all philoſophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the ſchool, and at noon in the kitchen.

Pſyllus.

And me.

Granichus.

Ah, ſirs, my maſter is a king in his parlour for the body; and a God in his ſtudy for the ſoul. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent muſician, then ſtand I by and clap another on the ſhoulder and ſay, this is a paſſing good cook.

Manes.

It is well done, Granichus; for give me pleaſure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill my guts than my brains.

Pſyllus.

Pſyllus.

I ſerve Apelles, who feedeth me, as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abſtinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting: When I would eat meat, he paints a ſpit; and when I thirſt, O, ſaith he, is not this a fair pot? and points to a table, which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many diſhes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut,

Granichus.

What doſt thou then?

Pſyllus.

This doth he then, bring in many examples that ſome have lived by ſavours, and proveth that much eaſier it is to grow fat by colours, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter; and how many have ſo fed their eyes with their miſtreſs's picture, that they never deſir'd to take food, being glutted with the delight in their favours. [13] Then doth he ſhew me counterfeits, ſuch as have ſurfeited with their filthy and

[13] *Then doth he ſhew me counterfeits,*] *Counterfeit* was a term formerly uſed for any kind of painting, but more eſpecially for a portrait. Pſyllus ſays above, "for a dinner the one preacheth abſtinence, the other commendeth *counterfeiting*."

And, in Dekker's *Strange Horſerace*, 16—. B. 2: "—and more to dignifie the conquerour, pictures, and *counterfets* of all the citties, mountaines, rivers, and battailes, from whence they came victors, were drawn in enſignes to the livelieſt portrature, all ſupported before the triumpher."

Again, *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592;

"I happen'd on painter yeſternight,
"The onely cunning man of Chriſtendoome:
"For he can temper poyſon with his oyle,
"That who ſo lookes upon the worke he drawes,
"Shall with the beames that iſſue from his ſight,
"Suck vennome to his breaſt and ſlay himſelfe,
"Sweet Ales he ſhall draw thy *counterfet*,
"That Arden may by gaizing on it periſh."

Green's *Hiſtorie of Fryer Bacon and Fryer Bungay*, 1630:

"After that Engliſh Henry by his Lords,
"Had ſent Prince Edward's lovely *counterfeit*,
"A preſent to the Caſtile Elinor,
"The comly pourtrait of ſo brave a man, &c."

Ibid. Sig. G 2:

"Seeing my Lord his lovely *counterfeit*,
"And hearing how his mind and ſhape agreed,
"I come not troopt with all this warlike train, &c."

Lyly's

and loathſome vomits, and with the riotous bacchanals of the god Bacchus, and his diſorderly crew, which are painted all to the life in his ſhop. To conclude, I fare hardly, tho' I go richly, which maketh me when I ſhould begin to ſhadow a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and ſometime to ſet to the body of a maid, a ſhoulder of mutton; for *Semper animus meus eſt in patinis.*

Manes.

Thou art a god to me; for could I ſee but a cook's-ſhop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but ſentences to fill my maw; as, *plures occidit crapula quam gladius: muſa jejunantibus amica:* repletion killeth delicately. And an old ſaw of abſtinence by Socrates: *the belly is the head's grave.* Thus with ſayings, not with meat, he maketh [14] a gallimafrey.

Granichus.

But how do'ſt thou then live?

Manes.

With fine jeſts, ſweet air, and the dogs alms.

Granichus.

Well, for this time, I will ſtaunch thy gut; and, among pots and platters, thou ſhalt ſee what it is to ſerve Plato.

Pſyllus.

For joy of Granicus, let's ſing.

Manes.

My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning.

Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1582, Dedication to the Ladies: "Therefore in my mind, you are more beholding to gentlemen that make "the colours, than to the painters that draw your *counterfaite*, &c."

Ibid. p. 67: "At laſt it came to this paſſe, that hee in painting de- "ſerved moſt praiſe that could ſet down moſt colours: wherby ther was "more contention kindled about the colour than the *counterfait*, and "greater emulation for varietie in ſhew than workemanſhip in ſubſtance."

Euphues, 1581, p. 55: "A certaine painter brought Appelles the "*counterfaite* of a face in a table, &c."

[14] *— a gallimafrey.*] i. e. a medley. So, in *Pierce Penileſſe Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 27. "— they mingled them all in one *gallimafry* "of glory,"

Prologue to *Wily beguiled*, 1606: "Why noble Cerberus, nothing but "patch pannel ſtuff, old *gallymawfrits* and cotten candle eloquence."

Granichus.

Granicbus.

Another commodity of emptineſs.

SONG[15].

Gran. O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Palermo, ſparking ſherry;
Some Nectar elſe from Juno's darry,
O theſe draughts would make us merry.

Pſil. O for a wench (I deal in faces,
And in other daintier things,)
Tickled am I with her embraces,
Fine dancing in ſuch fairy rings.

Ma. O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney,
None is happy but a glutton,
None an aſs but who wants money.

Cho. Wines (indeed) and girls are good,
But brave victuals feaſt the blood,
For wenches, wine, and luſty cheer,
Jove would leap down to ſurfeit here.

ACT. I. SCEN. III.

Melippus, Plato, Ariſtotle, Criſippus, Crates, Cleanthes, Anaxarchus, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Parmenio, Clytus, Diogenes.

Melippus.

I HAD never ſuch ado to warn ſcholars to come before a king: Firſt, I came to Criſippus, a tall lean old mad man, willing him preſently to appear before Alexander: he ſtood ſtaring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body: I urging him to give ſome anſwer, he took up a book, ſat down, and ſaid nothing. Meliſſa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes ſhe was fain to thruſt meat into his mouth; for that he would rather ſtarve than ceaſe ſtudy.

[15] This Song is reſtored from Blount's Edition of "Sixe Court Comedies," 1632. It is omitted in all the 4to Editions.

Well, thought I, ſeeing bookiſh men are ſo blockiſh, and ſo great clerks ſuch ſimple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato, and to Ariſtotle, and to divers others, none refuſing to come, ſaving an old obſcure fellow, who, ſitting in a tub turn'd towards the ſun, read Greek to a young boy; him when I will'd to appear before Alexander, he anſwer'd, If Alexander would fain ſee me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatſoever it be, let him come to me. Why, ſaid I, he is a king; he anſwer'd, Why I am a philoſopher. Why, but he is Alexander; ay, but I am Diogenes. I was half angry to ſee one ſo crooked in his ſhape, to be ſo crabbed in his ſayings. So, going my way, I ſaid, Thou ſhalt repent it, if thou comeſt not to Alexander: nay, ſmiling, anſwer'd he, Alexander may repent it, if he come not to Diogenes; virtue muſt be ſought, not offer'd: and ſo turning himſelf to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. —But I muſt be gone, the philoſophers are coming. [*Exit.*

Plato.

It is a difficult controverſy, Ariſtotle, and rather to be wonder'd at than believed, how natural cauſes ſhould work ſupernatural effects.

Ariſtotle.

I do not ſo much ſtand upon the apparition ſeen in the moon, neither the Dæmonium of Socrates, as that I cannot, by natural reaſon, give any reaſon of the ebbing and flowing of the ſea, which makes me, in the depth of my ſtudies, to cry out, *O ens entium miſerere mei!*

Plato.

Cleanthes and you attribute ſo much to nature, by ſearching for things which are not to be found, that whilſt you ſtudy a cauſe of your own, you omit the occaſion itſelf. There is no man ſo ſavage in whom reſteth not this divine particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be call'd God.

Cleanthes.

I am of this mind, that the firſt mover, which you term God, is the inſtrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is maſs, ſwimmeth on the ſea, ſeaſons divided in themſelves, fruits growing in themſelves, the ma-

eſty of the ſky, the whole firmament of the world, and whatoever elſe appeareth miraculous, what man almoſt of mean capacity but can prove it natural.

Anaxarchus.

Theſe cauſes ſhall be debated at our philoſophers feaſt, in which controverſy I will take part with Ariſtotle, that there is *natura naturans*, and yet not God.

Crates.

And I with Plato, that there is *Deus optimus maximus*, and not nature.

Ariſtotle.

Here cometh Alexander.

Alexander.

I ſee, Hepheſtion, that theſe philoſophers are here attending for us.

Hepheſtion.

They [16] were not philoſophers, if they knew not their duties.

Alexander.

But I much marvel Diogenes ſhould be ſo dogged.

Hepheſtion.

I do not think but his excuſe will be better than Melippus' meſſage.

Alexander.

I will go ſee him, Hepheſtion, becauſe I long to ſee him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come.—Ariſtotle and the reſt, ſithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conqueſt to a palace of quiet, I have reſolved with myſelf in my court to have as many philoſophers as I had in my camp ſoldiers. My court ſhall be a ſchool, wherein I will have uſed as great doctrine in peace, as I did in war diſcipline.

Ariſtotle.

We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded; for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wiſdom, as they do in dignity.

Alexander.

It is ſo, Ariſtotle; but yet there is among you, yea and of your bringing up, that ſought to deſtroy Alexander: Caliſtenes,

[16] *Theſe were not*, &c.] The third and Blount's editions read, *Theſe are not.*

Ariſtotle, whoſe treaſons againſt his prince ſhall not be borne out with the reaſons of his philoſophy.

Ariſtotle.

If ever miſchief entered into the heart of Caliſtenes, let Caliſtenes ſuffer for it; but that Ariſtotle ever imagined any ſuch thing of Caliſtenes, Ariſtotle doth deny.

Alexander.

Well, Ariſtotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me; but, in kings cauſes I will not ſtand to ſcholars arguments. This meeting ſhall be for a commandment, that you all frequent my court, inſtruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reaſons: let your lives be anſwerable to your learnings, leſt my proceedings be contrary to my promiſes.

Hepheſtion.

You ſaid you would aſk every one of them a queſtion, which yeſternight none of us could anſwer.

Alexander.

I will.—Plato, of all beaſts which is the ſubtileſt?

Plato.

That which man hitherto never knew.

Alexander.

Ariſtotle, how ſhould a man be thought a God?

Ariſtotle.

In doing a thing impoſſible for a man.

Alexander.

Criſippus, which was firſt, the day, or the night?

Criſippus.

The day, by a day.

Alexander.

Indeed, ſtrange queſtions muſt have ſtrange anſwers. Cleanthes, what ſay you, is life or death the ſtronger?

Cleanthes.

Life, that ſuffereth ſo many troubles.

Alexander.

Crates, how long ſhould a man live?

Crates.

Till he think it better to die than to live.

Alexander.

Anaxarchus, whether doth the ſea or the earth bring forth moſt creatures?

Anaxarchus.

The earth; for the ſea is but a part of the earth.

Alexander.

Hepheſtion, methinks they have anſwer'd all well; and in ſuch queſtions I mean often to try them.

Hepheſtion.

It is better to have in your court a wiſe man, than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to ſtudy wiſdom, were I Alexander.

Alexander.

So would I, were I Hepheſtion. But come, let us go and give releaſe, as I promiſed, to our Theban thralls. [*Exeunt.*

Plato.

Thou art fortunate, Ariſtotle, that Alexander is thy ſcholar.

Ariſtotle.

And all you happy, that he is your ſovereign.

Criſippus.

I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be but a man.

Ariſtotle.

He ſeeketh to draw near to the Gods in knowledge, not to be a God.

Enter Diogenes.

Plato.

Let us queſtion a little with Diogenes, why he went not with us to Alexander.—Diogenes, thou did'ſt forget thy duty, that thou went'ſt not with us to the king.

Diogenes.

And you your profeſſion, that you went to the king.

Plato.

Thou tak'ſt as great pride to be peeviſh, as others do glory to be virtuous.

Diogenes.

And thou as great honour, being a philoſopher, to be thought court-like, as others ſhame, that be courtiers, to be accounted philoſophers.

Ariſtotle.

Theſe auſtere manners ſet aſide, it is well known that thou didſt counterfeit money.

Diogenes.

And thou thy manners, in that thou didſt not counterfeit money.

Ariſtotle.

Thou haſt reaſon to contemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

Diogenes.

As good be crooked, and endeavour to make myſelf ſtraight from the court, as to be ſtraight, and learn to be crooked at the court.

Crates.

Thou think'ſt it a grace to be oppoſite againſt Alexander.

Diogenes.

[17] And thou to be jump with Alexander.

Anaxarchus.

Let us go; for in contemning him, we ſhall better pleaſe him, than in wondering at him.

Ariſtotle.

Plato, what do'ſt thou think of Diogenes?

Plato.

To be Socrates, furious. Let us go. [*Exeunt Philoſoph.*

[17] *And thou to be jump with Alexander.*] *To be jump*, is to agree. So, in *Pierce Penileſſe his Supplication to the Divell*, p. 29: "Not two of them "*jump* in one tale."

Shakſpeare's *Richard* III. A. 3. S. 1:

"No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
"Than of his outward ſhew; which, God he knows,
"Seldom, or never, *jumpeth* with the heart."

Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatory*, 1630, p. 31: "Maſſe Vickar aſſoone "as hee ſaw theſe had a reach in his head and *jumpt* with the travailer to "buie one; a price was pitcht, &c."

It is a common phraſe even at preſent to ſay, *Great wits jump*, when two perſons concur in the ſame thought without any communication with each other.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Diogenes, Pſyllus, Manes, Granichus.

Pſyllus.

BEHOLD, Manes, where thy maſter is, ſeeking either for bones for his dinner, or pins for his ſleeves. I will go ſalute him.

Manes.

Do ſo; but mum, not a word that you ſaw Manes.

Granichus.

Then ſtay thou behind, and I will go with Pſyllus.

Pſyllus.

All hail, Diogenes, to your proper perſon.

Diogenes.

All hate to thy peeviſh conditions.

Granichus.

O dog!

Pſyllus.

What do'ſt thou ſeek for here?

Diogenes.

For a man, and a beaſt.

Granichus.

That is eaſy, without thy light, to be found—
be not all theſe men?

Diogenes.

Call'd men.

Granichus.

What beaſt is it thou look'ſt for?

Diogenes.

The beaſt my man, Manes.

Pſyllus.

He is a beaſt, indeed, that will ſerve thee.

Diogenes.

So is he that begat thee.

Granichus.

What would'ſt thou do, if thou ſhould'ſt find Manes?

Diogenus.

Give him leave to do as he hath done before.

Granichus.

What's that?

Diogenes.

To run away.

Pſyllus.

Why, haſt thou no need of Manes?

Diogenes.

It were a ſhame for Diogenes to have need of Manes, and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

Granichus.

But put the caſe he were gone, would'ſt thou entertain any of us two?

Diogenes.

Upon condition.

Pſyllus.

What?

Diogenes.

That you ſhould tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

Granichus.

Why, I am a ſcholar, and well ſeen in philoſophy.

Pſyllus.

And I a 'prentice, and well ſeen in painting.

Diogenes.

Well then, Granichus, be thou a painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Pſyllus, a philoſopher, to correct thine evil manners.—But who is that, Manes?

Manes.

I care not who I were, ſo I were not Manes.

Granichus.

You are taken tardy.

Pſyllus.

Let us ſlip aſide, Granichus, to ſee the ſalutation between Manes and his maſter.

Diogenes.

Manes, thou know'ſt the laſt day I threw away my diſh, to drink in my hand, becauſe it was ſuperfluous; now I am determined to put away my man, and ſerve myſelf: *quia non egeo tui vel te.*

Manes.

Manes.

Maſter, you know a while ago I ran away; ſo do I mean to do again: *quia ſcio tibi non eſſe argentum.*

Diogenes.

I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man; for I was reſolv'd long ſince to put away both my ſlaves, money and Manes.

Manes.

So was I determin'd to ſhake off both my dogs, hunger and Diogenes.

Pſyllus.

[18] O ſweet conſent between a crowd and a Jew's harp!

Granichus.

Come, let us reconcile them.

Pſyllus.

It ſhall not need, for this is their uſe: now do they dine one upon another. [*Exit Diogenes.*

Granichus.

How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy maſter?

Manes.

No, I did but now bind myſelf to him.

Pſyllus.

Why, you were at mortal jars.

Manes.

In faith, no; we brake a bitter jeſt one upon another.

Granichus.

Why, thou art as dogged as he.

Pſyllus.

My father knew them both little whelps.

[18] *O ſweet conſent between a crowd and a Jew's harp!*] The word *crowd* is an antient word for a fiddle, and a crowder a player on that inſtrument. It appears from Junius's *Etymologicon*, in voce, and from Spelman's *Gloſſary*, v. *crotta*, that it is a term of conſiderable antiquity, but it is very doubtful whether it had originally the ſame meaning we now aſſign to it. Probably it might mean a muſical inſtrument, very different from the violin. See *Gent. Mag.* 1757, p. 561.

Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 1. S. 1: "—a lacquey that runs "on errands for him, and can whiſper a light meſſage to a looſe wench "with ſome round volubility, wait mannerly at a table with a trencher, "and warble upon *a crowd* a little, fill out Nectar when Ganymede's "away, &c."

Manes.

Well, I will hie me after my maſter.

Granichus.

Why, is it ſupper-time with Diogenes?

Manes.

Ay, with him at all times when he hath meat.

Pſyllus.

Why then, every man to his home; and let us ſteal out again anon.

Granichus.

Where ſhall we meet?

Pſyllus.

Why, at *Ala vendibili ſuſpenſa hædera non eſt opus.*

Manes.

O Pſyllus, *habeo te loco parentis*, thou bleſſeſt me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCEN. II.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles.

Alexander.

STAND aſide, ſir boy, till you be call'd.—Hepheſtion, how do you like the ſweet face of Campaſpe?

Hepheſtion.

I cannot but commend the ſtout courage of Timoclea.

Alexander.

Without doubt, Campaſpe had ſome great man to her father.

Hepheſtion.

You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

Alexander.

Timoclea ſtill in thy mouth! art thou not in love?

Hepheſtion.

Not I.

Alexander.

Alexander.

Not with Timoclea you mean; [19] wherein you reſemble the lapwing, who crieth moſt where her neſt is not. And ſo, you lead me from eſpying your love with Campaſpe, you cry Timoclea.

Hepheſtion.

Could I as well ſubdue kingdoms, as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms, as I know myſelf moderate in affection.

Alexander.

Is love a vice?

Hepheſtion.

It is no virtue.

Alexander.

Well, now ſhalt thou ſee what ſmall difference I make between Alexander and Hepheſtion. And ſince thou haſt been always partaker of my triumphs, thou ſhalt be partaker of my torments: I love, Hepheſtion, I love Campaſpe; a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why

[19] —*wherein you reſemble the lapwing, who crieth moſt where her neſt is not.*] This ſimile occurs in our ancient writers perhaps more frequently than any other which can be pointed out.

In the *Old Law*, by Maſſinger, Middleton, and Rowley, A. 4. S. 2:

" H'as the lapwing's cunning, I am afraid my lord,
" That cries moſt when ſhe's fartheſt from the neſt."

The Witch of Edmonton, 1638, by Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, A. 2. S. 2: " Like to the lapwing have you all this while deluded me? pre-" tending counterfeit ſenſes for your diſcontent, and now at laſt it is by " chance ſtole from you."

Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1609, p. 22: " — yet it may be this ſir, " dealt like a lapwing with us, and cryed furtheſt of the neſt."

The Bel-man's night walkes, by Dekker: " It hath the head of a man " (the face well bearded), the eyes of a hawke, the tongue of a lapwing " which ſaies heere it is, when the neſt is a good way off."

Lylie himſelf alſo uſes it in the *Epiſtle Dedicatorie to Euphues and his England*, 1582: " And in this I reſemble the lapwing, who fearing her " young ones to be deſtroyed by paſſengers, flieth with a falſe crie farre " from the neaſts, making thoſe that looke for them ſeeke where they are " not."

See other examples in the Notes of Mr. Steevens, Mr. Smith, and Dr. Grey, to Shakſpeare, vol. II. p. 28 and 215.

hangeſt

hangeſt thou down thy head, Hepheſtion, bluſhing to hear that which I am not aſham'd to tell?

Hepheſtion.

Might my words crave pardon, and my counſel credit, I would both diſcharge the duty of a ſubject, for ſo I am, and the office of a friend, for ſo I will.

Alexander.

Speak, Hepheſtion; for whatſoever is ſpoken, Hepheſtion ſpeaketh to Alexander.

Hepheſtion.

I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more ſhameful to be heard, or the cauſe ſorrowful to be believed? What, is the ſon of Philip, king of Macedon, become the ſubject of Campaſpe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind, whoſe greatneſs the world could not contain, drawn within the compaſs of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the ſpindle with Hercules, when you ſhould ſhake the ſpear with Achilles? [20] Is the warlike ſound of drum and trump turned to the ſoft noiſe of lyre and lute? the neighing of barbed ſteeds, whoſe loudneſs filled the air with terror, and whoſe breaths dimmed the ſun with ſmoak, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that ſoft and yielding mind ſhould not be in him, whoſe hard and unconquered heart hath made ſo many yield. But you love: ah grief! but whom? Campaſpe? ah ſhame! a maid forſooth unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodeſt? whoſe eyes are framed by art to enamour, and whoſe heart was made by nature to enchant. Ay, but ſhe is beautiful; yea, but not therefore chaſte. Ay, but ſhe is comely in all parts of the body; yea, but ſhe may be crooked in ſome part of the mind: ay, but ſhe is wiſe: yea, but ſhe is a woman. Beauty is like the blackberry, which ſeemeth red when it is not ripe, reſembling precious ſtones that are poliſhed with honey, which the ſmoother they look, the ſooner they break. It is thought wonderful among the ſeamen, that mugil, of all

[20] *Is the warlike ſound*, &c.] So, in Shakſpeare's *Richard* III. A. 1. S. 1:

"Grim viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
"And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,
"To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,—
"He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
"To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute."

fiſhes

fiſhes the ſwifteſt, is found in the belly of the Bret, of all the ſloweſt: and ſhall it not ſeem monſtrous to wiſe men, that the heart of the greateſt conqueror of the world ſhould be found in the hands of the weakeſt creature of nature? of a woman? of a captive? Ermins have fair ſkins, but foul livers; ſepulchres freſh colours but rotten bones; women fair faces, but falſe hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou haſt a camp to govern, not a chamber; fall not from the armour of Mars to the arms of Venus; from the fiery aſſaults of war, to the maidenly ſkirmiſhes of love; from diſplaying the eagle in thine enſign, to ſet down the ſparrow. I ſigh, Alexander, that where fortune could not conquer, folly ſhould overcome. But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaſpe; a hair curling by nature, not art; ſweet alluring eyes; a fair face made in deſpite of Venus, and a ſtately port in diſdain of Juno; a wit apt to conceive, and quick to anſwer; a ſkin as ſoft as ſilk, and as ſmooth as jet; a long white hand, a fine little foot; to conclude, all parts anſwerable to the beſt part: what of this? though ſhe have heavenly gifts, virtue and beauty, is ſhe not of earthly metal, fleſh and blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, ſhew yourſelf in this worſe than a man, ſo ſoon to be both overſeen and overtaken in a woman, whoſe falſe tears know their true times, whoſe ſmooth words wound deeper than ſharp ſwords. There is no ſurfeit ſo dangerous, as that of honey, nor any poiſon ſo deadly, as that of love; in the one phyſick cannot prevail, nor in the other counſel.

Alexander.

My caſe were light, Hepheſtion, and not worthy to be called love, if reaſon were a remedy, or ſentences could ſalve that ſenſe cannot conceive. Little do you know, and therefore ſlightly do you regard, the dead embers in a private perſon, or live coals in a great prince, whoſe paſſions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity, as their callings do in majeſty. An eclipſe in the ſun is more than the falling of a ſtar; none can conceive the torments of a king, unleſs he be a king, whoſe deſires are not inferiour to their dignities. And then judge, Hepheſtion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a ſubject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whoſe deep and not to be conceived ſighs cleave the heart in ſhivers; whoſe wounded thoughts can neither be expreſſed nor endured.

Ceaſe

[21] Ceaſe then, Hepheſtion, with arguments to ſeek to refell that which with their deity the gods cannot reſiſt; and let this ſuffice to anſwer thee, that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander, whoſe affections are not to be meaſured by reaſon, being immortal, nor I fear me to be born, being intolerable.

Hepheſtion.

I muſt needs yield, when neither reaſon nor counſel can be heard.

Alexander.

Yield, Hepheſtion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore muſt obtain.

Hepheſtion.

Suppoſe ſhe loves not you: affection cometh not by appointment or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

Alexander.

I am king, and will command.

Hepheſtion.

You may, to yield to luſt by force; but to conſent to love by fear, you cannot.

Alexander.

Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he liſt?

Hepheſtion.

Why, that which you ſay the gods cannot reſiſt, love.

Alexander.

I am a conqueror, ſhe a captive; I as fortunate, as ſhe fair: my greatneſs may anſwer her wants, and the gifts of my mind, the modeſty of hers: Is it not likely then that ſhe ſhould love? is it not reaſonable?

[21] *Ceaſe then, Hepheſtion, with arguments to ſeek to refell*] i. e. to refute. So, in Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie*, by Chaloner, Sig. L 1: "Yea, ſo "muche dooe rhetoriciens attribute to fooliſhenes, as oftentimes what "abjection by no arguments *mai be refelled*, the ſame yet with ſome "laughing and ſcoffynge conceits thei wolde have ſhifted of."

Euphues and his England, p. 60: "But I will not *refell* that heere, "which ſhall be confuted hereafter."

Ibid. p. 98: "—and though I doubt not but that Martius is ſuf-"ficiently armed to aunſwere you, yet would I not have thoſe reaſons *re-"felled*, which I loath to have repeated."

Hepheſtion.

Hepheſtion.

You ſay that in love there is no reaſon, and therefore there can be no likelihood.

Alexander.

No more, Hepheſtion; in this caſe I will uſe mine own counſel, and in all other thine advice: thou may'ſt be a good ſoldier, but never a good lover. Call my page. [*Enter Page.*] Sirrah, go preſently to Apelles, and will him to come to me, without either delay or excuſe.

Page.

I go.

Alexander.

In the mean ſeaſon, to recreate my ſpirits, being ſo near, we will go ſee Diogenes. And ſee where his tub is—Diogene s!

Diogenes.

Who calleth?

Alexander.

Alexander—how happen'd it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

Diogenes.

Becauſe it was as far from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub.

Alexander.

Why then, do'ſt thou owe no reverence to kings?

Diogenes.

No.

Alexander.

Why ſo?

Diogenes.

Becauſe they be no Gods.

Alexander.

They be Gods of the earth.

Diogenes.

Yea, Gods of earth.

Alexander.

Plato is not of thy mind.

Diogenes.

I am glad of it.

Alexander.

Why?

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

Becauſe I would have none of Diogenes's mind, but Diogenes.

Alexander.

If Alexander have any thing that may pleaſure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

Diogenes.

Then take not from me that you cannot give me, the light of the world.

Alexander.

What do'ſt thou want?

Diogenes.

Nothing that you have.

Alexander.

I have the world at command.

Diogenes.

And I in contempt.

Alexander.

Thou ſhalt live no longer than I will.

Diogenes.

But I ſhall die whether you will or no.

Alexander.

How ſhould one learn to be content?

Diogenes.

Unlearn to covet.

Alexander.

Hepheſtion, where I not Alexander, I would wiſh to be Diogenes.

Hepheſtion.

He is dogged, but diſcreet; I cannot tell how: ſharp with a kind of ſweetneſs, full of wit, yet too too wayward.

Alexander.

Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both ſee thee and confer with thee.

Diogenes.

Do.

Alexander.

But here cometh Apelles. [*Enter* Apelles.] How now, Apelles, is Venus's face yet finiſh'd?

Apelles.

Not yet: beauty is not ſo ſoon ſhadow'd, whoſe perfection cometh not within the compaſs either of cunning or of colour.

Alexander.

Alexander.

Well, let it reſt unperfect; and come you with me, where I will ſhew you that finiſh'd by nature, that you have been trifling about by art. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apelles.

LADY, I doubt whether there be any colour ſo freſh, that may ſhadow a countenance ſo fair.

Campaſpe.

Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to gloſe with your tongue [22]. But, as I have heard, it is the hardeſt thing in painting to ſet down a hard favour, which maketh you to deſpair of my face; and then ſhall you have as great thanks to ſpare your labour, as to diſcredit your art.

Apelles.

Miſtreſs, you neither differ from yourſelf, nor your ſex; for, knowing your own perfection, you ſeem to diſpraiſe that which men moſt commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration, where feeding themſelves, they fall into an extaſy; your modeſty being the cauſe of the one, and of the other your perfections.

Campaſpe.

I am too young to underſtand your ſpeech, tho' old enough to withſtand your device; you have been ſo long uſed to colours, you can do nothing but colour.

Apelles.

Indeed the colours I ſee, I fear, will alter the colour I have. But come, madam, will you draw near? for Alexander will

22 — *not to gloſe with your tongue.*] *To gloſe* is to flatter. So, in *Euphues and his England*, p. 75: "— but wil beleeve but what they liſt, and in "extolling their beauties, they give more credite to their owne glaſſes, "than mens *gloſes*."

be

be here anon.—Pſyllus, ſtay you here at the window: if any inquire for me, anſwer *Non lubet eſſe domi.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. II.

Pſyllus, Manes.

Pſyllus.

IT is always my maſter's faſhion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to ſtay without. But if he ſhould paint Jupiter like a bull, like a ſwan, like an eagle, then muſt Pſyllus with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone, the better he ſhadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart. And now, if any man could meet with Manes, who, I dare ſay, looks as lean as if Diogenes dropt out of his noſe—

Manes.

And here comes Manes, who hath as much meat in his maw, as thou haſt honeſty in thy head.

Pſyllus.

Then I hope thou art very hungry.

Manes.

They that know thee, know that.

Pſyllus.

But do'ſt thou not remember, that we have certain liquor to confer withal?

Manes.

Ay, but I have buſineſs; I muſt go cry a thing.

Pſyllus.

Why, what haſt thou loſt?

Manes.

That which I never had, my dinner.

Pſyllus.

Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

Manes.

I mean I muſt cry, not as one would ſay cry, but cry, that is, make a noiſe.

Pſyllus.

Why, fool, that is all one; for if thou cry, thou muſt needs make a noiſe.

Manes.

Boy, thou art deceived. Cry hath divers ſignifications, and may be alluded to many things; Knave but one, and can be apply'd but to thee.

Pſyllus.

Profound Manes!

Manes.

We Cynicks are mad fellows; did'ſt thou not find I did quip thee?

Pſyllus.

No, verily: why, what's a quip?

Manes.

We great girders call it a ſhort ſaying of a ſharp wit, with a bitter ſenſe in a ſweet word.

Pſyllus.

How canſt thou thus divine, divide, define, diſpute, and all on the ſudden?

Manes.

Wit will have his ſwing: I am bewitch'd, inſpir'd, inflam'd, infected.

Pſyllus.

Well, then will not I tempt thy gibing ſpirit.

Manes.

Do not, Pſyllus; for thy dull head will be but a grind-ſtone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with over-thwarts, *periiſti, actum eſt de te.* I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.

Pſyllus.

Let me croſs myſelf; for I die, if I croſs thee.

Manes.

Let me do my buſineſs; I myſelf am afraid, leſt my wit ſhould wax warm, and then muſt it needs conſume ſome hard head with fine and pretty jeſts. I am ſometimes in ſuch a vein, that for want of ſome dull pate to work on, I begin to gird myſelf.

Pſyllus.

The Gods ſhield me from ſuch a fine fellow, whoſe words melt wits like wax.

Manes.

Well then, let us to the matter. In faith, my maſter meaneth to-morrow to fly.

Pſyllus.

It is a jeſt.

Manes.

Is it a jeſt to fly? ſhould'ſt thou fly ſo ſoon, thou ſhould'ſt repent it in earneſt.

Pſyllus.

Well, I will be the crier.

Manes and Pſyllus (one after another).

Oyez, Oyez, Oyez, All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place, between the hours of nine and ten, ſhall ſee Diogenes, the Cynick, fly.

Pſyllus.

I do not think he will fly.

Manes.

Tuſh, ſay fly.

Pſyllus.

Fly.

Manes.

Now let us go; for I will not ſee him again till midnight. I have a back-way into his tub.

Pſyllus.

Which way call'ſt thou the back-way, when every way is open?

Manes.

I mean to come in at his back.

Pſyllus.

Well, let us go away, that we may return ſpeedily. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. III.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apelles.

I SHALL never draw your eyes well, becauſe they blind mine.

Campaſpe.

Why then paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

Apella.

Apelles.

Were you ever ſhadow'd before of any?

Campaſpe.

No: and would you could ſo now ſhadow me, that I might not be perceived of any.

Apelles.

It were pity, but that ſo abſolute a face ſhould furniſh Venus's temple amongſt theſe pictures.

Campaſpe.

What are theſe pictures?

Apelles.

This is Læda, whom Jove deceived in likeneſs of a ſwan.

Campaſpe.

A fair woman; but a foul deceit.

Apelles.

This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in ſhape of Amphitrion her huſband, and begat Hercules.

Campaſpe.

A famous ſon, but an infamous fact.

Apelles.

He might do it, becauſe he was a God.

Campaſpe.

Nay, therefore it was evil done, becauſe he was a God.

Apelles.

This is Danae, into whoſe priſon Jupiter drizled a golden ſhower, and obtained his deſire.

Campaſpe.

What! gold can make one yield to deſire.

Apelles.

This is Europa, whom Jupiter raviſh'd—This Antiopa.

Campaſpe.

Were all the Gods like this Jupiter?

Apelles.

There were many Gods, in this, like Jupiter.

Campaſpe.

I think, in thoſe days, love was well ratified among men on earth, when luſt was ſo fully authorized by the Gods in heaven.

Apelles.

Nay, you may imagine there were women paſſing amiable, when there were gods exceeding amorous.

Campaſpe.

Were women never ſo fair, men would be falſe.

Apelles.

Were women never ſo falſe, men would be fond.

Campaſpe.

What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

Apelles.

This is Venus, the goddeſs of love.

Campaſpe.

What, be there alſo loving goddeſſes?

Apelles.

This is ſhe that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

Campaſpe.

How is ſhe hired, by prayer, by ſacrifice, or bribes?

Apelles.

By prayer, ſacrifice, and bribes.

Campaſpe.

What prayer?

Apelles.

Vows irrevocable.

Campaſpe.

What ſacrifice?

Apelles.

Hearts ever ſighing, never diſſembling.

Campaſpe.

What bribes?

Apelles.

Roſes and kiſſes. But were you never in love?

Campaſpe.

No, nor love in me.

Apelles.

Then have you injured many.

Campaſpe.

How ſo?

Apelles.

Becauſe you have been loved of many.

Campaſpe.

Flattered perchance of ſome.

Apelles.

It is not poſſible that a face ſo fair, and a wit ſo ſharp, both without compariſon, ſhould not be apt to love.

Campaſpe.

If you begin to tip your tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colours, and fall to that you muſt do, not that you would do.

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

Clytus, Parmenio, Alexander, Hepheſtion, Cryſus, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Clytus.

PARMENIO, I cannot tell how it cometh to paſs, that in Alexander now a days there groweth an unpatient kind of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noon ſolemn; at all times either more ſour or ſevere than he was accuſtomed.

Parmenio.

In king's cauſes I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquiſitive: [23] they have long ears and ſtretched arms, in whoſe heads ſuſpicion is a proof, and to be accuſed is to be condemn'd.

Clytus.

Yet between us there can be no danger to find out the cauſe: for that there is no malice to withſtand it. It may be an unquenchable thirſt of conquering maketh him unquiet: it is not unlikely his long eaſe hath altered his humour: that he ſhould be in love, it is not impoſſible.

Parmenio.

In love, Clytus? no, no, it is as far from his thought, as treaſon from ours: he, whoſe ever-waking eye, whoſe never-tired heart, whoſe body patient of labour, whoſe mind un-

[23] — *they have long ears and ſtretched arms,*] So, in *Euphues*, 1581, p. 23: "Knoweſt thou not Euphues, that kings have long armes, and "rulers large reaches?"

Again, in *Damon and Pithias*, vol. I.

"What then? *An neſcis longas regibus eſſe manus?*"

ſatiable of victory hath always been noted, cannot ſo ſoon be melted into the weak conceits of love: Ariſtotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

Alexander.

Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Perſia about an ambaſſage no leſs profitable to me, than to yourſelves honourable.

Clytus.

We are ready at all commands, wiſhing nothing elſe, but continually to be commanded.

Alexander.

Well, then withdraw yourſelves, till I have farther conſidered of this matter. [*Exeunt* Clytus *and* Parmenio. Now we will ſee how Apelles goeth forward: I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning.

Hepheſtion.

You love, and therefore think any thing.

Alexander.

But not ſo far in love with Campaſpe, as with Bucephalus, if occaſion ſerve either of conflict or of conqueſt.

Hepheſtion.

Occaſion cannot want, if Will do not. Behold all Perſia ſwelling in the pride of their own power, the Scythians careleſs what courage or fortune can do: the Egyptians dreaming in the ſooth-ſayings of their augures, and gaping over the ſmoak of their beaſts intrails. All theſe, Alexander, are to be ſubdued, if that world be not ſlipped out of your head which you have ſworn to conquer with that hand.

Alexander.

I confeſs the labour's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation neceſſary among ſo many aſſaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles: give me leave a little, if not to ſit, yet to breathe. And doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him, as he can cowardiſe. But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.

Cryſus.

One penny Diogenes, I am a Cynick.

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

He made thee a begger, that firſt gave thee any thing.

Cryſus.

Why, if thou wilt give nothing, no body will give thee.

Diogenes.

I want nothing, till the ſprings dry, and the earth periſh.

Cryſus.

I gather for the gods.

Diogenes.

And I care not for thoſe gods, which want money.

Cryſus.

Thou art a right Cynick, that wilt give nothing.

Diogenes.

Thou art not, that wilt beg any thing.

Cryſus.

Alexander, king Alexander, give a poor Cynick a groat.

Alexander.

It is not for a king to give a groat.

Cryſus.

Then give me a talent.

Alexander.

It is not for a beggar to aſk a talent. Away. Apelles!

Apelles.

Here.

Alexander.

Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

Campaſpe.

Yes, my lord, ſeeing ſo diſordered a countenance, he feareth he ſhall ſhadow a deformed counterfeit.

Alexander.

Would he could colour the life with the feature. And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report ſaith you are, you may paint flowers as well with ſweet ſmells as freſh colours, obſerving in your mixture ſuch things as ſhould draw near to their ſavours.

Apelles.

Your majeſty muſt know, it is no leſs hard to paint ſavours than virtues; colours can neither ſpeak, nor think.

Alexander.

Where do you firſt begin, when you draw any picture?

Apelles.

The proportion of the face in as juſt compaſs as I can.

Alexander.

I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the reſt.

Apelles.

If you will paint as you are a king, your majeſty may begin where you pleaſe; but as you would be a painter, you muſt begin with the face.

Alexander.

Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces.

Apelles.

I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

Alexander.

Why, is it ſo eaſy?

Apelles.

No, but he doth it ſo homely.

Alexander.

When will you finiſh Campaſpe?

Apelles.

Never finiſh: for always in abſolute beauty there is ſomewhat above art.

Alexander.

Why ſhould not I [24] be as cunning as Apelles?

Apelles.

God ſhield you ſhould have cauſe to be ſo cunning as Apelles!

Alexander.

Me thinketh four colours are ſufficient to ſhadow any countenance, and ſo it was in the time of Phydias.

Apelles.

Then had men fewer fancies, and women not ſo many favours. For now if the hair of her eye-brows be black, yet

24 —*be as cunning as Apelles?*] The word *cunning*, at the time this play was written, had not acquired its preſent bad ſignification. It was generally as here uſed ſynonymouſly with *ſkilful*. So, in Lyly's *Epiſtle Dedicatorie to Euphues and his England*, 1582: "So that whereas I had "thought to ſhewe *the cunning* of a chyrurgian by mine anatomie with a "knife, I muſt plaie the tailour on the ſhoppe board with a paire of "ſheeres."

Again, in his *Epiſtle to the Ladies*: "— it was objected unto her by a "Ladie more captious than *cunning*, that in her worke there wanted ſome "coulours."

And in the ſame ſenſe it is frequently uſed throughout the Engliſh tranſlation of the Bible.

muſt

muſt the hair of her head be yellow: the attire of her head muſt be different from the habit of her body, elſe would the picture ſeem like the blazon of ancient armory, not like the ſweet delight of new-found amiableneſs. For as in garden knots, diverſity of odours make a more ſweet ſavour, or as in muſick divers ſtrings cauſe a more delicate conſent; ſo in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, obſerving black for a ground, and the reſt for grace.

Alexander.

Lend me thy pencil, Apelles; I will paint, and thou ſhalt judge.

Apelles.

Here.

Alexander.

The coal breaks.

Apelles.

You lean too hard.

Alexander.

Now it blacks not.

Apelles.

You lean too ſoft.

Alexander.

This is awry.

Apelles.

Your eye goeth not with your hand.

Alexander.

Now it is worſe.

Apelles.

You hand goeth not with your mind.

Alexander.

Nay, if all be too hard or ſoft, ſo many rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind, muſt all draw together, I had rather be ſetting of a battel, than blotting of a board. But how have I done here?

Apelles.

Like a king.

Alexander.

I think ſo: but nothing more unlike a painter. Well, Apelles, Campaſpe is finiſhed as I wiſh, diſmiſs her, and bring preſently her counterfeit after me.

Apelles

Apelles.

I will.

Alexander.

Now, Hephestion, [23] doth not this matter cotton as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will encrease her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour.

Hephestion.

[26] I will not contrary your majesty; for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed.

Alexander.

How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdain! desire mingled with coyness! and I cannot tell how to term it, a curst yielding modesty!

Hephestion.

Let her pass.

Alexander.

So she shall for the fairest on the earth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Pyllus, Manes, Apelles.

Pyllus.

I SHALL be hang'd for tarrying so long.

Manes.

I pray God, my master be not flown before I come.

23 — *doth not this matter cotton as I would?*] The Glossary to the *Praise of Yorkeshire Ale*, 1697, explains the phrase *Naught cottons weell*, to be *Nothing goes right*. Alexander therefore means, *doth not this matter go as I would?* So, in *Monf. Thomas*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 4. S. 8:

"Still mistress Dorothy? *this geer will cotton.*"

Again, in Middleton's *Inner Temple Masque*, 1619:

"To shew you good, bad, and indifferent dayes,
"And all have their inscriptions, here's cock a hoop,
"This the *geere cottons*, and this faint heart."

26 *I will not contrary your majesty;*] I will not *contradict* your majesty. So, in the *Fable of Ferdinando Jeronimi*. Gascoigne's Works, 1587, p. 278: "The Lady Fraunces did not seeme *to contrary* him, but rather "smiled, &c."

Pyllus.

Pſyllus.

Away, Manes, my maſter doth come.

Apelles.

Where have you been all this while?

Pſyllus.

No where but here.

Apelles.

Who was here ſithence my coming?

Pſyllus.

No body.

Apelles.

Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been a loitering; was Alexander no body?

Pſyllus.

He was a king, I meant no mean body.

Apelles.

I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I ſay it was no body, becauſe it was no honeſt body. Away, in. [*Exit* Pſyllus. Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate becauſe Apelles! Haſt thou by drawing her beauty brought to paſs, that thou canſt ſcarce draw thine own breath? And by ſo much the more haſt thou increaſed thy care, by how much the more thou haſt ſhewed thy cunning: was it not ſufficient to behold the fire and warm thee, but with Satyrus thou muſt kiſs the fire and burn thee? O Campaſpe, Campaſpe, art muſt yield to nature, reaſon to appetite, wiſdom to affection! Could Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into fleſh? And cannot Apelles obtain by plaints to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting ſo far inferior to carving? or do'ſt thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chiſſels, than ſhadowed with colours? What Pygmalion, or [27] what Pyrgoteles, or what Lyſippus, is he, that ever made thy face ſo fair, or ſpread thy fame ſo far as I; unleſs, Venus, in this thou envieſt mine art, that in colouring my ſweet Campaſpe, I have left no place by cunning to make thee ſo amia-

27 — *what Pyrgoteles*, &c.] "Idem hic imperator [Alexander] edixit, "ne quis ipſum alius, quam Apelles pingeret: quam Pyrgoteles, ſcul-"peret: quam Lyſippus, ex ære duceret: quæ artes pluribus inclaruere "exemplis." Plinii *Nat. Hiſt.* lib. vii. c. 37.

ble?

ble? But, alas! ſhe is the paramour to a prince, Alexander the monarch of the earth hath both her body and affection. For what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers, threats and promiſes? Will not ſhe think it better to ſit under a cloth of eſtate like a queen, than in a poor ſhop like a houſewife? and eſteem it ſweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world, than ſpouſe to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou may'ſt ſwim againſt the ſtream with the crab, and feed againſt the wind with the deer, and peck againſt the ſteel with the cockatrice: Stars are to be look'd at, not reach'd at; princes to be yielded unto, not contended with; Campaſpe to be honour'd, not obtain'd; to be painted, not poſſeſſed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! and why didſt thou draw it ſo fair a face? O beautiful countenance! the expreſs image of Venus, but ſomewhat freſher: the only pattern of that eternity which Jupiter dreaming aſleep, could not conceive again waking. Bluſh, Venus, for I am aſham'd to end thee. Now muſt I paint things unpoſſible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections: deep and hollow ſighs, ſad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and ſlaughters of conceits, a life poſting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering conſtancy, an unſettled reſolution, and what not, Apelles? and what but Apelles? but as they that are ſhaken with a fever are to be warm'd with cloaths, not groans, and as he that melteth in a conſumption is to be recur'd by [28] culliſes, not conceits; ſo the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counſel, not cries; by applying remedies, not by replying of reaſons. And ſith in caſes deſperate there muſt be uſed medicines that are extream, I will hazard that little life that is left to reſtore the greater part that is loſt; and this ſhall be my firſt practice; for wit muſt work where authority is not. As ſoon as Alexander hath view'd this portraiture, I will by device give it a blemiſh, that by that means ſhe may come again to my ſhop, and then as good it were to utter my love, and die with denial, as conceal it, and live in deſpair.

[28] — *culliſes*] *Culliſes* were compoſitions calculated to reſtore worn-out conſtitutions, and invigorate feeble ones. They were of the ſame kind as jellies. See Marſton's *Fawn*, A. 2. S 1. Maſſinger's *Bondman*, A. 4. S. 4. *The Picture*, A. 1. S. 2. *The Emperor of the Eaſt*, A. 1. S. 2. and in moſt of the Plays of the times.

SONG

SONG by APELLES[29].

Cupid and my Campaſpe play'd
At cards for kiſſes, Cupid paid;
He ſtakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of ſparrows;
Loſes them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the roſe
Growing on's cheek, (but none knows how)
With theſe, the cryſtal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All theſe did my Campaſpe win.
At laſt he ſet her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind did riſe.
O Love! has ſhe done this to thee?
What ſhall, alas! become of me?

ACT. IV. SCEN. I.

Solinus, Pſyllus, Granichus, Manes, Diogenes, Populus.

Solinus.

THIS is the place, the day, the time, that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

Pſyllus.

I will not loſe the flight of ſo fair a fowl as Diogenes is, though my maſter cudgel my nobody, as he threaten'd.

Granichus.

What, Pſyllus, will the beaſt wag his wings to-day?

Pſyllus.

We ſhall hear, for here cometh Manes—Manes, will it be?

[29] This elegant little Sonnet is reſtored from Blount's Edition. It is alſo printed in the third volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, p. 83. A Tranſlation of it into French, by an unknown hand, is likewiſe publiſhed in the ſame volume, p. 348.

Manes.

Manes.

Be! he were beſt be as cunning as a bee, or elſe ſhortly he will not be at all.

Granichus.

How is he furniſh'd to fly, hath he feathers?

Manes.

Thou art an aſs; capons, geeſe, and owls, have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and hath been piecing them this month, he is ſo broad in the ſhoulders; O you ſhall ſee him cut the air even like a tortoiſe.

Solinus.

Methinks ſo wiſe a man ſhould not be ſo mad, his body muſt needs be too heavy.

Manes.

Why, he hath eaten nothing this ſeven-night but cork and feathers.

Pſyllus.

Touch him, Manes.

Manichus.

He is ſo light that he can ſcarce keep him from flying at midnight.

Populus intrat.

Manes.

See, they begin to flock, and behold my maſter buſtles himſelf to fly.

Diogenes.

Ye wicked and bewitch'd Athenians, whoſe bodies make the earth to groan, and whoſe breaths infect the air with ſtench. Come ye to ſee Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to ſee you ſink: you call me dog, ſo I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your ſkins. Ye term me an hater of men; no, I am a hater of your manners. Your lives diſſolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths deſperate, not hoping for life. What do you elſe in Athens but ſleep in the day, and ſurfeit in the night? Back-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony. You flatter kings, and call them gods; ſpeak truth of yourſelves, and confeſs you are devils. From the bee you have taken not the honey, but the wax to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy luſt you cover under a courtly colour of love;

love; injuries abroad under the title of policies at home; and ſecret malice creepeth under the name of publick juſtice. You have cauſed Alexander to dry up ſprings, and plant vines; to ſow rocket, and weed endive; to ſhear ſheep, and ſhrine foxes. All conſcience is [30] feared at Athens. Swearing cometh of a hot metal; lying of a quick wit, flattery of a flowing tongue, undecent talk of a merry diſpoſition; all things are lawful at Athens. Either you think there are no gods, or I muſt think ye are no men. You build as though you ſhould live for ever, and ſurfeit as though you ſhould die to-morrow. None teacheth true philoſophy but Ariſtotle, becauſe he was the king of ſchool-maſters. O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green graſs muſt turn to dry hay. When you ſleep, you are not ſure to wake; and when you riſe, not certain to lie down. Look you never ſo high, your heads muſt lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your diſorder'd lives, and if you will not amend your manners, I will ſtudy to fly farther from you, that I may be nearer to honeſty.

Solinus.

Thou raveſt, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not I ſee thee come out of a brothel-houſe? was it not a ſhame?

Diogenes.

It was no ſhame to go out, but a ſhame to go in.

Granichus.

It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy maſter.

Manes.

You were as good eat my maſter.

One of the people.

Haſt thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly?

Diogenes.

I tell thee, unleſs thou be honeſt, I will fly.

People.

Dog, dog, take a bone.

Diogenes.

Thy father need fear no dogs, but dogs thy father.

[30] *feared*] All the editions read *ſealed*, except the laſt by Mr. Dodſley. I have retained his alteration; although *ſealed* may probably be right, being a term in falconry, ſignifying *blinded*.

People.

We will tell Alexander, that thou reproveſt him behind his back.

Diogenes.

And I will tell him, that you flatter him before his face.

People.

We will cauſe all the boys in the ſtreet to hiſs at thee.

Diogenes.

Indeed I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, becauſe they be Athenians.

Manes.

Why, maſter, mean you not to fly?

Diogenes.

No, Manes, not without wings.

Manes.

Every body will account you a liar.

Diogenes.

No, I warrant you; for I will always ſay the Athenians are miſchievous.

Pſyllus.

I care not, it was ſport enough for me to ſee theſe [31] old huddles hit home.

Granichus.

Nor I.

Pſyllus.

Come, let us go, and hereafter when I mean to rail upon any body openly, it ſhall be given out I will fly. [*Exeunt.*

[31] —*old huddles*] This contemptuous term is frequently uſed by our ancient writers, and is always applied to old people who are either covetous or ſubject to any other vice peculiar to old age.

As in *Euphues*, 1581, p. 7: "But as to the ſtomacke quatted with "deinties, all delicates ſeeme queaſie, and as he that ſurfetteth with "wine, uſeth afterwards to allay with water: ſo theſe *olde huddles* having "overcharged their gorges with fancie, accompt all honeſt recreation mere "follye, &c."

Ibid. p. 54: "—this olde miſer aſking of Ariſtippus what he woulde "take to teach and bring up his ſonne, he anſwered a thouſande groates: "a thouſand groates God ſhield anſwered this *olde huddle*, I can have two "ſervants of that price." See alſo *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661, p. 4.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

Campaſpe, Apelles.

Campaſpe ſola.

CAMPASPE, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwiſe, or thy chance unfortunate. Doſt thou prefer—but ſtay, utter not that in words, which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts.—Tuſh, better thy tongue wag, than thy heart break. Hath a painter crept farther into thy mind than a prince? Apelles, than Alexander? [32] fond wench! the baſeneſs of thy mind bewrays the meanneſs of thy birth. But alas, affection is a fire, which kindleth as well in the bramble, as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it firſt lighteth, not where it may beſt burn. Larks that mount aloft in the air, build their neſts below in the earth; and women that caſt their eyes upon kings, may place their hearts upon vaſſals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute, and a diſtaff is fitter for thy hand than a ſcepter. Ants live ſafely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up, till it hath gotten an high top. The mean eſtate is without care as long as it continueth without pride. But here cometh Apelles, in whom I would there were the like affection.

Enter Apelles.

Apelles.

Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to ſome pains to ſit again to be painted.

Campaſpe.

It is ſmall pains for me to ſit ſtill, but infinite for you to draw ſtill.

Apelles.

No, madam, to paint Venus was a pleaſure; but to ſhadow the ſweet face of Campaſpe, it is a heaven.

[32] *fond wench*] It is obſerved by Mr. Steevens (Notes to Shakſpeare, vol. X. p. 619.) that *wench* originally ſignified a young woman. The truth of this obſervation will appear from many inſtances in the courſe of theſe volumes. The word in the common acceptation of it is hardly yet diſuſed.

Campaſpe.

If your tongue were made of the ſame fleſh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but ſuch a common thing it is amongſt you to commend, that oftentimes for faſhion ſake you call them beautiful whom you know black.

Apelles.

What might men do to be believ'd?

Campaſpe.

Whet their tongues on their hearts.

Apelles.

So they do, and ſpeak as they think.

Campaſpe.

I would they did.

Apelles.

I would they did not.

Campaſpe.

Why, would you have them diſſemble?

Apelles.

Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to aſk you a queſtion without offence?

Campaſpe.

So that you will anſwer me another without excuſe.

Apelles.

Whom do you love beſt in the world?

Campaſpe.

He that made me laſt in the world.

Apelles.

That was a god.

Campaſpe.

I had thought it had been a man: but whom do you honour moſt, Apelles?

Apelles.

The thing that is likeſt you, Campaſpe.

Campaſpe.

My picture?

Apelles.

I dare not venture upon your perſon. But come, let us go in: for Alexander will think it long till we return. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Clytus, Parmenio.

Clytus.

WE hear nothing of our embaſſage; a colour belike to blear our eyes, or tickle our ears, or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean ſeaſon, but uſe for tantara, ſol, fa, la; for his hard couch, down beds; for his handful of water, his ſtanding cup of wine?

Parmenio.

Clytus, I miſlike this new delicacy and pleaſing peace; for what elſe do we ſee now than a kind of ſoftneſs in every man's mind? Bees to make their hives in ſoldiers helmets, our ſteeds are furniſh'd with foot-cloths of gold inſtead of ſaddles of ſteel: More time is required to ſcower the ruſt off our weapons, than there was wont to be in ſubduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence Alexander fell from his hard armour to his ſoft robes, behold the face of his court; youths that were wont to carry devices of victory in their ſhields, engrave now poſies of love in their rings; they that were accuſtom'd on trotting horſes to charge the enemy with a launce, now in eaſy coaches ride up and down to court ladies; inſtead of ſword and target to hazard their lives, uſe pen and paper to paint their loves: Yea, ſuch a fear and faintneſs is grown in court, that they wiſh rather to hear the blowing of a horn to hunt, than the ſound of a trumpet to fight. O Philip, wert thou alive to ſee this alteration, thy men turn'd to women, thy ſoldiers to lovers, [33] gloves worn in velvet caps, inſtead of plumes in graven helmets, thou wouldſt

33 —*gloves worn in velvet caps, inſtead of plumes in graven helmets,*] It is obſerved by Mr. Steevens (Notes on Shakſpeare, vol. IX. p. 467.) that it was "anciently the cuſtom to wear gloves in the hat on three diſtinct "occaſions, viz. as the favour of a miſtreſs, the memorial of a friend, and "as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boaſts that he "*will pluck a glove from the commoneſt creature*, and fix it in his helmet;" "and Tucca ſays to Sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromaſtrix*: "— thou "ſhalt

wouldſt either die among them for ſorrow, or confound them for anger.

Clytus.

Ceaſe, Parmenio, leſt in ſpeaking what becometh thee not, thou feel what [34] liketh thee not: truth is never without a ſcratch'd face, whoſe tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet muſt it be tied up.

Parmenio.

It grieveth me not a little for Hepheſtion, who thirſteth for honour, not eaſe; but ſuch is his fortune and nearneſs in friendſhip to Alexander, that he muſt lay a pillow under his head, when he would put a target in his hand.

But let us draw in, to ſee how well it becomes them to [35] tread the meaſures in a dance, that were wont to ſet the order for a march. [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

" ſhalt wear her *glove* in thy worſhipful *hat*, like to a leather brooch;"
" and Pandora, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" — he that firſt preſents me with his head,
" Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed."

" Portia, in her aſſumed character, aſks Baſſanio for his *gloves*, which ſhe " ſays *ſhe will wear for his ſake:* and King Henry V. gives the pre- " tended *glove* of Alencon to Fluellin, which afterwards occaſions the " quarrel with the Engliſh ſoldier." See alſo Note to vol. V. p. 234.

Again, in Hall's *Chronicle*, 1550, Henry IV. fol. 12: " One part had " their plumes at whyt, another hadde them at redde, and the thyrde had " them of ſeverall colours. One ware on his head-piece his ladies ſleve, " and another bare on hys helme *the glove* of his dearlynge."

And *The Battle of Agincourt*, by Drayton, vol. I. p. 16:

" The nobler youth, the common rank above,
" On their courvetting courſers mounted fair,
" One wore his miſtreſs garter, *one her glove*;
" And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
" And he her colours whom he moſt did love.
" There was not one but did ſome favour wear."

34 — *liketh thee*] See Note on *Cornelia*, Act 1.

35 — *tread the meaſures in a dance*,] The meaſures were dances ſolemn and ſlow. They were performed at court and at public entertainments of the ſocieties of Law and Equity at their halls on particular occaſions. It was formerly not deemed inconſiſtent with propriety even for the graveſt characters to join in them, and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the Inns of Court, it has not been unuſual for the firſt characters in the law to become performers in *treading the meaſures*. See Dugdale's

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Apelles, Campaſpe.

Apelles.

I HAVE now, Campaſpe, almoſt made an end.

Campaſpe.

You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apelles.

Never end my love: for it ſhall be eternal.

Campaſpe.

That is, neither to have beginning nor ending.

Apelles.

You are diſpoſed to miſtake, I hope you do not miſtruſt.

Campaſpe.

What will you ſay, if Alexander perceive your love?

Apelles.

I will ſay, it is no treaſon to love.

Campaſpe.

But how, if he will not ſuffer thee to ſee my perſon

Apelles.

Then will I gaze continually on thy picture.

Campaſpe.

That will not feed thy heart.

Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales.* Sir John Davies, in his Poem called *Orcheſtra*, 1622, deſcribes them in this manner, S. 65:

" But after theſe as men more civil grew,
" He did more *grave and ſolemn meaſures frame,*
" With ſuch fair order and proportion true,
" And correſpondence ev'ry way the ſame,
" That no fault finding eye did ever blame,
" For ev'ry eye was moved at the ſight,
" With ſober wond'ring, and with ſweet delight."
Not thoſe young ſtudents of the heav'nly book,
Atlas the great, Prometheus the wiſe,
Which on the ſtars did all their life-time look,
Could ever find ſuch meaſure in the ſkies,
So full of change and rare varieties;
Yet all the feet whereon theſe meaſures go,
Are only ſpondees, ſolemn, grave, and ſlow.

Apelles.

Yet ſhall it fill mine eye: beſides the ſweet thoughts, the ſure hopes, thy proteſted faith, will cauſe me to embrace thy ſhadow continually in mine arms, of the which by ſtrong imagination I will make a ſubſtance.

Campaſpe.

Well, I muſt be gone: but this aſſure yourſelf, that I had rather be in thy ſhop grinding colours, than in Alexander's court, following higher fortunes. [*Exit* Apelles.

Campaſpe alone.

Fooliſh wench, what haſt thou done? that, alas! which cannot be undone, and therefore I fear me undone. But content is ſuch a life, I care not for abundance. O Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth. The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whiſtle ſometimes gently among the leaves, and ſtraightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off, and burneth near hand; or the ſea, which makes men hoiſe their ſails in a flattering calm, and to cut their maſts in a rough ſtorm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment; if they frown, who dares call them unconſtant? if bewray ſecrets, who will term them untrue? if fall to other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love, but to queens: for as near muſt they meet in majeſty, as they do in affection. It is requiſite to ſtand aloof from king's love, Jove, and lightning. [*Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Apelles, Page.

Apelles.

NOW, Apelles, gather thy wits together: Campaſpe is no leſs wiſe than fair, thyſelf muſt be no leſs cunning than faithful. It is no ſmall matter to be rival with Alexander.

Page.

Apelles, you muſt come away quickly with the picture; the king thinketh that now you have painted it, you play with it.

Apelles.

If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

Page.

None perhaps you like ſo well.

Apelles.

It may be I have painted none ſo well.

Page.

I have known many fairer faces.

Apelles.

And I many better boys. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Diogenes, Sylvius, Perim, Milo, Trico, Manes.

Sylvius.

I HAVE brought my ſons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

Diogenes.

What can thy ſons do?

Sylvius.

You ſhall ſee their qualities: dance, ſirrah.

[*Then* Perim *danceth.*

How like you this? doth he well?

Diogenes.

The better, the worſer.

Sylvius.

The muſick very good.

Diogenes.

The muſicians very bad, who only ſtudy to have their ſtrings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

Sylvius.

Now ſhall you ſee the other—tumble, ſirrah.

[Milo *tumbleth.*

How like you this? why do you laugh?

Diogenes.

To ſee a wag that was born to break his neck by deſtiny, to practiſe it by art.

Milo.

This dog will bite me, I will not be with him.

Deogenes.

Fear not, boy, dogs eat no thiſtles.

Perim.

I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

Diogenes.

When I am hungry, a maſtiff; and when my belly is full, a ſpaniel.

Sylvius.

Doſt thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art ſo dogged?

Diogenes.

I muſt needs believe there are gods: for I think thee an enemy to them.

Sylvius.

Why ſo?

Diogenes.

Becauſe thou haſt taught one of thy ſons to rule his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend his body every way, and his mind no way.

Perim.

Thou doeſt nothing but ſnarl, and bark like a dog.

Diogenes.

It is the next way to drive away a thief.

Sylvius.

Now ſhall you hear the third, who ſings like a nightingale.

Diogenes.

I care not: for I have heard a nightingale ſing herſelf.

Sylvius.

Sing, firrah. [Tryco *ſingeth.*

SONG[36].

What bird ſo ſings, yet ſo does wail?
O'tis the raviſh'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu ſhe crys,
And ſtill her woes at midnight riſe.

36 *Song.*] This Song, as the two former, is omitted in all the quarto editions. It is here reſtored from Blount's edition, where it firſt appeared.

Brave

Brave prick ſong! who is't now we hear?
[37] None but the lark ſo ſhril and and clear;
How at heavens gates ſhe claps her wings,
The morn not waking till ſhe ſings.
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,
Poor robin red breaſt tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoes ſing,
Cuckoe to welcome in the ſpring.
Cuckoe to welcome in the ſprihg.

Sylvius.

Lo, Diogenes, I am ſure thou canſt not do ſo much.

Diogenes.

But there is never a thruſh but can.

Sylvius.

What haſt thou taught Manes thy man?

Diogenes.

To be as unlike as may be thy ſons.

Manes.

He hath taught me to faſt, lye hard, and run away.

[37] *None but the lark*, &c.] Milton ſeems to have had this paſſage in his mind when he wrote the following lines in his *L'Allegro:*

" To hear the lark begin his flight,
" And finging ſtartle the dull night;
" From his watch tow'r in the ſkies,
" Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;"

And a late elegant writer, Mr. F. Coventry, appears alſo to have been indebted to our Author in the laſt of the following lines:

" When morn returns with doubtful light,
" And Phebe pales her lamp of night;
" Still let me wander forth anew,
" And print my footſteps on the dew;
" What time the ſwain with ruddy cheek,
" Prepares to yoke his oxen meek,
" And early dreſt in neat array,
" To milk maid chanting ſhrill her lay,
" Comes abroad with milking pail,
" And the ſound of diſtant flail;
" Gives the ear a rough good morrow,
" And the lark from out the furrow;
" *Soars upright on matin wings,*
" *And at the gate of heaven ſings.*"

Penſhurſt, a Poem. Dodſley's *Collection of Poems*, vol. IV.

Sylvius.

Sylvius.

How ſayeſt thou, Perim, wilt thou be with him?

Perim.

Ay, ſo he will teach me firſt to run away.

Diogenes.

Thou needeſt not be taught, thy legs are ſo nimble.

Sylvius.

How ſayeſt thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?

Diogenes.

Nay, hold your peace, he ſhall not.

Sylvius.

Why?

Diogenes.

There is not room enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Sylvius.

Well, Diogenes, I perceive my ſons brook not thy manners.

Diogenes.

I thought no leſs, when they knew my virtues.

Sylvius.

Farewell, Diogenes, thou needeſt not have ſcraped roots, if thou wouldſt have followeſt Alexander.

Diogenes.

Nor thou have followed Alexander, if thou hadſt ſcraped roots. [*Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. II.

Apelles alone.

I FEAR me, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that which thy tongue durſt not. What little regard hadſt thou, whilſt Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaſpe! thou ſtoodſt gazing on her countenance. If he eſpy or but ſuſpect, thou muſt needs twice periſh, with his hate, and thine own love. Thy pale looks, when he bluſhed, thy ſad countenance, when he ſmiled, thy ſighs, when he queſtioned, may breed in him a jealouſy, perchance a frenzy. O love, I never before knew

knew what thou wert, and now haſt thou made me that I know not what myſelf am! only this I know, that I muſt endure intolerable paſſions, for unknown pleaſures. Diſpute not the cauſe, wretch, but yield to it: for better it is to melt with deſire, than wreſtle with love. Caſt thyſelf on thy careful bed, be content to live unknown, and die unfound. O Campaſpe, I have painted thee in my heart! painted? nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted, and that in ſuch deep characters, that nothing can raſe it out, unleſs it rub my heart out. [*Exit.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Milectus, Phrygius, Layis, Diogenes.

Milectus.

IT ſhall go hard, but this peace ſhall bring us ſome pleaſure.

Phrygius.

Down with arms, and up with legs, [38] this is a world for the nonce.

Layis.

[38] — *this is a world for the nonce.*] "That is" (ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his Notes on Chaucer, vol. IV. 207.) "as I conceive *for the occaſion.* "This phraſe, which was very frequently, though not always very preciſely, uſed by our old writers, I ſuppoſe to have been originally a corruption of corrupt Latin. From *pro-nunc*, I ſuppoſe came *for the nunc*, "and ſo *for the nonce*; juſt as from *ad-nunc* came *anon.* The Spaniſh *entonces* has been formed in the ſame manner from *in tunc.*"

To confirm this explanation, the following examples may be produced:

Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie*, 1549, Sig. K 2: "This man mourneth, "and lorde, what folies ſaieth he, and dooeth he, hyrynge alſo ſome "plaiers (as it were) to wepe and howle *for the nones.*"

Ibid. Sig. L 3: "— eche of whome, in bablyng maye compare with "ten women choſen *for the nones.*"

Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*, 1587, A. 3. S. 3: "— ſtep to him all at once; "take him; and with a cord that I have lay'd on the table *for the nonce*, "bind him hand and foot."

Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*, A. 2. S. 2: "Here's a medicine *for the nones.*"

Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: "Norwich at her majeſty's coming in "progreſs thither, preſented her with a ſhew of knitters, on a high ſtage "placed *for the nonce.*"

The

Layis.

Sweet youths, if you knew what it were to ſave your ſweet blood, you would not ſo fooliſhly go about to ſpend it. What delight can there be in gaſhing, to make foul ſcars in fair faces, and crooked maims in ſtrait legs? as though men being born goodly by nature, would of purpoſe become deformed by folly; and all forſooth for a new-found term, call'd valiant, a word which breedeth more quarrels than the ſenſe can commendation.

Milectus.

It is true, Layis, a featherbed hath no fellow; good drink makes good blood; and ſhall pelting words ſpill it?

Phrygius.

I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out my life at the wiredrawers, not to curtail it off at the cutlers.

Layis.

You may talk of war, ſpeak big, conquer worlds with great words; but ſtay at home, where inſtead of alarms you ſhall have dances, for hot battels with fierce men, gentle ſkirmiſhes with fair women. Theſe pewter coats can never fit ſo well as ſatten doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleaſure of peace, unleſs you deſpiſe the rudeneſs of war.

Milectus.

It is ſo. But ſee Diogenes prying over his tub! Diogenes, what ſayeſt thou to ſuch a morſel?

Diogenes.

I ſay, I would ſpit it out of my mouth, becauſe it ſhould not poiſon my ſtomach.

Phrygius.

Thou ſpeakeſt as thou art, it is no meat for dogs.

Diogenes.

I am a dog, and philoſophy rates me from carion.

The Wonderfull Yeare, 1603, by Tho. Dekker: "Oh lamentable! "never did the olde buſkinde tragedy beginne till now: for the wives of "thoſe huſbands, with whom ſhe had play'd at faſt and looſe, came with "their nayles ſharpened *for the nonce*, like cattes, and tongues forkedly "cut like the ſtings of adders, &c."

Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587, p. 272: "In the ende ſhe tooke out a "booke (which ſhe had brought *for the nonce*) and bound him by othe to "accompliſh it."

Layis.

Layis.

Uncivil wretch, whoſe manners are anſwerable to thy calling; the time was thou wouldeſt have had my company, had it not been, as thou ſaidſt, too dear.

Diogenes.

I remember there was a thing, that I repented me of, and now thou haſt told it: indeed it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

Layis.

Down, villain, or I will have thy head broken.

Milectus.

Will you couch?

Phrygius.

Avant, cur. Come, ſweet Layis, let us go to ſome place, and poſſeſs peace. But firſt let us ſing; there is more pleaſure in tuning of a voice, than in a volly of ſhot [38].

Milectus.

Now let us make haſte, leſt Alexander find us here.

[*Exeunt.*

38 —*than in a volly of ſhot.*] The writers of the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries paid very little attention to the manners and cuſtoms either of the times or the country in which the ſcenes of their Dramas were laid. They frequently introduce alluſions to facts and circumſtances in one age and country peculiar only to another, and perpetually violate every rule of chronology. Beaumont and Fletcher introduce one of the ſucceſſors of Alexander with a piſtol, and Shakſpeare is ever at war with propriety and probability. Ben Jonſon ſeems the only poet of the times to whom the charge of uniting diſſimilar manners and diſcordant periods is not to be laid. Later writers have been more careful of falling into theſe miſtakes; but improvements in theſe particulars by the directors of our theatres have not kept pace with others which have been with propriety adopted. It may be ſaid, that theſe gentlemen have rather increaſed the number of their authors errors, and made them guilty of anachroniſms, where their writings do not give the leaſt countenance for them. Abſurd as it muſt appear to every intelligent ſpectator, and incredible to every informed reader, yet it is certainly true that Hamlet has been lately repreſented with all the decorations of a modern order, that of the Elephant; and it is reported a late actor was with difficulty prevailed upon to forbear arming Macbeth with a caſe of piſtols at his girdle.

ACT. V. SCEN. IV.

Alexander, Hepheſtion, Page, Diogenes, Apelles, Campaſpe.

Alexander.

ME thinketh, Hepheſtion, you are more melancholy than you were accuſtomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace, nor my pleaſure; be of good chear, though I wink, I ſleep not.

Hepheſtion.

Melancholy I am not, nor well content: for I know not how, there is ſuch a ruſt crept into my bones with this long eaſe, that I fear I ſhall not ſcower it out with infinite labours.

Alexander.

Yes, yes, if all the travels of conquering the world will ſet either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? did ye ever ſee any ſo perplexed? he neither anſwered directly to any queſtion, nor looked ſtedfaſtly upon any thing. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Hepheſtion.

It may be; for commonly we ſee it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden ſwan; eſpecially painters, who playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, ſtill mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it; and then (poor ſouls) they kiſs the colours with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers.

Alexander.

I will find it out. Page, go ſpeedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and when you ſee us earneſtly in talk, ſuddenly cry out, Apelles's ſhop is on fire.

Page.

It ſhall be done.

Alexander.

Forget not your leſſon.

Hepheſtion.

I marvel what your device ſhall be.

Alexander.

Alexander.

The event ſhall prove.

Hepheſtion.

I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

Alexander.

Pity him not, I pray thee; that ſevere gravity ſet aſide, what do you think of love?

Hepheſtion.

As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better ſeen than touch'd.

Alexander.

But what do you imagine it to be?

Hepheſtion.

A word by ſuperſtition thought a god, by uſe turn'd to an humour, by ſelf-will made a flattering madneſs.

Alexander.

You are too hard-hearted to think ſo of love. Let us go to Diogenes—Diogenes, thou may'ſt think it ſomewhat, that Alexander cometh to thee again ſo ſoon.

Diogenes.

If you come to learn, you could not come ſoon enough; if to laugh, you be come too ſoon.

Hepheſtion.

It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyſelf to pleaſe.

Diogenes.

And you better to be leſs, if you durſt diſpleaſe.

Alexander.

What doſt thou think of the time we have here?

Diogenes.

That we have little, and loſe much.

Alexander.

If one be ſick, what wouldſt thou have him do?

Diogenes.

Be ſure that he make not his phyſician his heir.

Alexander.

If thou mighteſt have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

As much as you in the end muſt be contented withal.

Alexander.

What, a world?

Diogenes.

No, the length of my body.

Alexander.

Hepheſtion, ſhall I be a little pleaſant with him?

Hepheſtion.

You may; but he will be very perverſe with you.

Alexander.

[40] It ſkilleth not, I cannot be angry with him. Diogenes, I pray thee what doſt thou think of love?

Diogenes.

A little worſer than I can of hate.

Alexander.

And why?

Diogenes.

Becauſe it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occaſion of hate.

Alexander.

Why, be not women the beſt creatures in the world?

Diogenes.

Next men and bees.

Alexander.

What doſt thou diſlike chiefly in a woman?

Diogenes.

One thing.

Alexander.

What?

Diogenes.

That ſhe is a woman.

Alexander.

In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkeſt ſo hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who

[49] *It ſkilleth not,*] i. e. it matters not; it is of no importance. So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 82: "Whether it be an in-"chaunted leaſe, a vearſe of Pythia, a figure of Amphion, a character of "Aſchanes, an image of Venus, or a braunch of Sybilla, *it ſkilleth not.*" Again, p. 85: "— ſaying that it *ſkilleth not*, how long things were a "doing, but how well they were done."

I am ſure is as far from thy thoughts, as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, becauſe I will be a philoſopher.

Diogenes.

And when you have done ſo, I pray you remove your court farther from my cabin, becauſe I will not be a courtier.

Enter Apelles.

Alexander.

But here cometh Apelles. Apelles, what piece of work have you now in hand?

Apelles.

None in hand, if it like your majeſty; but I am deviſing a platform in my head.

Alexander.

I think your hand put it into your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

Appelles.

No, but ſomething [41] above Venus.

Page.

Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your ſhop is on fire.

Apelles.

Ay me! if the picture of Campaſpe be burnt, I am undone.

Alexander.

Stay, Apelles, no haſte, it is your heart is on fire, not your ſhop; and if Campaſpe hang there, I would ſhe were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaſpe? belike you love her well, that you care not though all be loſt, ſo ſhe be ſafe.

Apelles.

Not love her: but your majeſty knows that painters in their laſt works are ſaid to excel themſelves; and in this I have ſo much pleaſed myſelf, that the ſhadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the ſubſtance doth others that are amorous.

Alexander.

You lay your colours groſly; though I could not paint in your ſhop, I can ſpy into your excuſe. Be not aſhamed,

[41] *above*] Former editions read *about*.

Apelles, it is a gentleman's ſport to be in love. Call hither Campaſpe. Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counſel had not been neceſſary, yet my countenance might have been thought requiſite. But Apelles, forſooth, lov'd under hand, yea and under Alexander's noſe, and—but I ſay no more.

Apelles.

Apelles loveth not ſo; but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

Enter Campaſpe.

Alexander.

Campaſpe, here is news; Apelles is in love with you.

Campaſpe.

It pleaſeth your majeſty to ſay ſo.

Alexander.

Hepheſtion, I will try her too.—Campaſpe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I ſee in you, I am determin'd you ſhall enjoy one another. How ſay you, Campaſpe, would you ſay ay?

Campaſpe.

Your handmaid muſt obey, if you command.

Alexander.

Think you not, Hepheſtion, that ſhe would fain be commanded?

Hepheſtion.

I am no thought-catcher, but I gueſs unhappily.

Alexander.

I will not enforce marriage, where I cannot compel love.

Campaſpe.

But your majeſty may move a queſtion, where you be willing to have a match.

Alexander.

Believe me, Hepheſtion, theſe parties are agreed; they would have me both prieſt and witneſs. Apelles, take Campaſpe. Why move ye not?—Campaſpe, take Apelles. Will it not be? If you be aſham'd one of the other, by my conſent you ſhall never come together. But diſſemble not, Campaſpe, do you love Apelles?

Campaſpe.

Campaſpe.

Pardon, my lord, I love Apelles.

Alexander.

Apelles, it were a ſhame for you, being lov'd ſo openly of ſo fair a virgin, to ſay the contrary. Do you love Campaſpe?

Apelles.

Only Campaſpe.

Alexander.

Two loving worms, Hepheſtion! I perceive Alexander cannot ſubdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth like a dew, as well upon the low graſs, as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their ſpleen. Well, enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou ſhalt ſee that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters; uſing fancy as a fool to make him ſport, or a minſtrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can ſettle an idle thought in the heart; no, no, it is children's game, a life for ſempſters and ſcholars: the one pricking in clouts, have nothing elſe to think on; the other picking fancies out of books, have little elſe to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaſpe; Alexander is cloy'd with looking on that, which thou wond'reſt at.

Apelles.

Thanks to your majeſty on bended knee, you have honour'd Apelles.

Campaſpe.

Thanks with bow'd heart, you have bleſt Campaſpe. [*Exeunt.*

Alexander.

Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio, and the other lords, to be in readineſs; let the trumpet ſound, ſtrike up the drum, and I will preſently into Perſia. How now, Hepheſtion, is Alexander able to reſiſt love as he liſt?

Hepheſtion.

The conquering of Thebes was not ſo honourable as the ſubduing of theſe thoughts.

Alexander.

It were a ſhame Alexander ſhould deſire to command the world, if he could not command himſelf. But come, let us

go, I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart, than I could with mine eye. And, good Hepheſtion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to ſubdue, or on my word I will fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE

THE

EPILOGUE at the *Black-Friers.*

WHERE the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillers will hang on the leaves; where the glow-worm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day: We hope, in the ears where our travails be lodged, no carping ſhall harbour in thoſe tongues. Our exerciſes muſt be as your judgment is, reſembling water, which is always of the ſame colour into what it runneth. In the Trojan *horſe lay couch'd ſoldiers, with children; and in heaps of many words we fear divers unfit, among ſome allowable. But as* Demoſthenes, *with often breathing up the hill, amended his ſtammering; ſo we hope, with ſundry labours* [42] *againſt the hair, to correct our ſtudies. If the tree be blaſted that bloſſoms, the fault is in the wind, and not in the root; and if our paſtimes be miſliked, that have been allow'd, you muſt impute it to the malice of others, and not our endeavour.—And ſo we reſt in good caſe, if you reſt well content.*

[42] —*againſt the hair,*] This phraſe occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, A. 2. S. 3. and Mr. Steevens obſerves, that it is "proverbial, "and is taken from ſtroking the hair of animals a contrary way to that in "which it grows. We now ſay againſt the grain."

So, in Dekker's *Satiromaſtrix:* "—go, let them lift up baldneſs to the "ſky; and thou ſhalt ſee twill turn Minever's heart *quite againſt the hair.*"

Middleton's *Mayor of Quinborough*, A. 3. S. 2:

"Books in women's hands are as much *againſt*
"*The hair* methinks, as to ſee men wear ſtomachers."

THE

EPILOGUE at the COURT.

WE cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes's birds or his horſes; the one receiv'd ſome men with ſweet notes, the other bit all men with ſharp teeth. But as Homer's gods convey'd them into clouds, whom they would have kept from curſes; and as Venus, leſt Adonis ſhould be prick'd with the ſtings of adders, cover'd his face with the wings of ſwans; ſo we hope, being ſhielded with your highneſs's countenance, we ſhall, tho' we hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking, of thoſe jades; and receive, tho' no praiſe (which we cannot deſerve) yet a pardon, which in all humility we deſire. As yet we cannot tell what we ſhould term our labours, iron, or bullion; only it belongeth to your majeſty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint; current by the ſtamp, or counterfeit by the anvil. For as nothing is to be called white, unleſs it had been named white by the firſt creator, ſo can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others, unleſs it be chriſten'd good by the judgment of yourſelf. For ourſelves again, we are like theſe torches, wax, of which, being in your highneſs's hands, you may make doves or vulturs, roſes or nettles, laurel for a garland, or elder for a diſgrace.

EDI-

EDITIONS.

(1.) "A moſte excellent Comedie of Alexander, Campaſpe, "and Diogenes, played beefore the Queenes Majeſtie on "Twelfe-day at night, by her Majeſties children, and the "children of Paules. Imprinted at London for Thomas Cadman, 1584, 4to."

(2.) "Campaſpe, played beefore the Queenes Majeſtie on "New-yeares-day at night, by her Majeſties Children, and "the Children of Paules. Imprinted at London for Thomas "Cadman, 1584, 4to."

(3.) "Campaſpe, played beefore the Queenes Majeſtie on "Twelfe-day at night, by her Majeſties Children, and the "Children of Paules. Imprinted at London by Thomas "Orwin, for William Broome, 1591, 4to."

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(4) "Campaſpe, played before the Queenes Majeſtie on "Twelfe-day at night: By her Majeſties Children, and the "Children of Paules. London, Printed by William Stanſby, "for Edward Blount, 1632, 12mo."

TANCRED AND GISMUNDA.

THIS Play was originally acted before Queen Elizabeth, at the Inner Temple, in the year 1568. It was the production of five Gentlemen, who were probably Students of that Society; and by one of them, Mr. Robert Wilmot, afterwards much altered and publiſhed in the year 1592. Of the Editor Mr. Wilmot [1] no further account can be obtained. From a paſſage in his Dedication to the Societies of the Inner and Middle Temples, in which he ſpeaks of the cenſure which might be caſt upon him from the indecorum of publiſhing a Dramatick Work ariſing from *his calling*, it may be conjectured that he had diverted his ſtudies from Law to Divinity, and had then taken orders. He was certainly then reſident in the County of Eſſex; but when he died, or whether he left any other works, I have not been able to diſcover.

[1] He is mentioned by Webbe, in his *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie*, 1586, Sign. C 4, with other Poets of that time, as Whetſtone, Munday, John Graunge Knight, *Wylmot*, Darrell, F C, F K, G B, and others whoſe names he could not remember.

TO

TO

The Right Worſhipful and Virtuous Ladies, the Lady MARY PETER, and the Lady ANNE GRAY, long health of body, with quiet of mind, in the favour of God and Men for ever.

IT is moſt certain (right virtuous and worſhipful) that of all human learning, Poetry (how contemptible ſo ever it is in theſe days) is the moſt ancient; and in Poetry, there is no argument of more antiquity and elegancy than is the matter of Love; for it ſeems to be as old as the world, and to bear date from the firſt time that man and woman was: therefore in this, as in the fineſt metal, the freſheſt wits have in all ages ſhown their beſt workmanſhip. So amongſt others theſe Gentlemen, which with what ſweetneſs of voice and livelineſs of action they then expreſſed it, they which were of her Majeſty's right Honourable Maidens can teſtify.

Which being a diſcourſe of two lovers, perhaps it may ſeem a thing neither fit to be offered unto your Ladyſhips, nor worthy me to buſy myſelf withall: yet can I tell you, Madams, it differeth ſo far from the ordinary amorous diſcourſes of our days, as the manners of our time do from the modeſty and innocency of that age.

And now for that weary winter is come upon us, which bringeth with him drooping days and tedious nights, if it be true, that the motions of our minds follow the temperature of the air wherein we live, then I think, the peruſing of ſome mournful matter, tending to the view of a notable example, will refreſh your wits in a gloomy day, and eaſe your wearineſs of the louring night. Which if it pleaſe you, may ſerve ye alſo for a ſolemn revel againſt this Feſtival time, for *Giſmunds* bloody ſhadow, with a little coſt, may be intreated in her ſelf-like perſon to ſpeak to ye.

Having therefore a deſire to be known to your W. I deviſed this way with myſelf to procure the ſame, perſuading myſelf,

there is nothing more welcome to your wiſdoms, then the knowledge of wiſe, grave, and worthy matters, tending to the good inſtructions of youths, of whom you are mothers.

In this reſpect therefore, I ſhall humbly deſire ye to beſtow a favourable countenance upon this little labour, which when ye have graced it withall, I muſt and will acknowledge myſelf greatly indebted unto your Ladyſhips in this behalf: neither ſhall I amongſt the reſt, that admire your rare virtues (which are not a few in Eſſex), ceaſe to commend this undeſerved gentleneſs.

Thus deſiring the king of heaven to increaſe his graces in ye both, granting that your ends may be as honourable, as your lives are virtuous, I leave with a vain babble of many needleſs words to trouble you longer.

Your Worſhips moſt dutiful and humble Orator,

ROBERT WILMOT.

To his Friend *R. W.*

MASTER *R. W.* look not now for the terms of an intreator, I will beg no longer; and for your promiſes, I will refuſe them as bad Payment: neither can I be ſatisfied with any thing, but a peremptory performance of an old intention of yours, the publiſhing I mean of thoſe waſte papers (as it pleaſeth you to call them, but, as I eſteem them, a moſt exquiſite invention) of Giſmund's tragedy. Think not to ſhift me off with longer delays, nor alledge more excuſes to get further reſpite, leſt I arreſt you with my *actum eſt*, and commence ſuch a ſuit of unkindneſs againſt you, as when the caſe ſhall be ſcan'd before the judges of courteſy, the court will cry out of your immoderate modeſty. And thus much I tell you before, you ſhall not be able to wage againſt me in the charges growing upon this action, eſpecially if the worſhipful company of the Inner-Temple gentlemen patronize my cauſe, as undoubtedly they will, yea, and rather plead partially for me, than let my cauſe miſcarry, becauſe themſelves are parties. The tragedy was by them moſt pithily framed, and no leſs curiouſly acted in view of her Majeſty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honourable audience notably applauded: yea, and of all men generally deſired, as a work, either in ſtatelineſs of ſhew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poetical art, inferior to none of the beſt in that kind: no, were the Roman Seneca the cenſurer. The brave youths that then (to their high praiſes) ſo feelingly performed the ſame in action, did ſhortly after lay up the book unregarded, or perhaps let it run abroad (as many parents do their children once paſt dandling) not reſpecting ſo much what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fingers, as how their heroical wits might again be quickly conceived with new inventions of like worthineſs, whereof they have been ever ſince wonderful fertile. But this orphan of theirs (for he wand'reth as it were fatherleſs) hath notwithſtanding, by the rare and beautiful perfections appearing in him, hitherto never wanted great favourers and loving preſervers. Among whom I cannot ſufficiently commend

mend your charitable zeal, and ſcholarly compaſſion towards him, that have not only reſcued and defended him from the devouring jaws of oblivion, but vouchſafed alſo to apparel him in a new ſuit at your own charges, wherein he may again more boldly come abroad, and by your permiſſion return to his old parents, cloathed perhaps not in richer or more coſtly furniture than it went from them, but in handſomeneſs and faſhion more anſwerable to theſe times, wherein faſhions are ſo often altered. Let one word ſuffice for your encouragement herein; namely, that your commendable pains in diſrobing him of his antique curioſity, and adorning him with the approved guiſe of our ſtatelieſt Engliſh terms (not diminiſhing, but more augmenting his artificial colours of abſolute poeſy, derived from his firſt parents) cannot but be grateful to moſt mens appetites, who upon our experience we know highly to eſteem ſuch lofty meaſures of ſententiouſly-compoſed tragedies.

How much you ſhall make me, and the reſt of your private friends beholden to you, I liſt not to diſcourſe: and therefore grounding upon theſe alledged reaſons, that the ſuppreſſing of this tragedy, ſo worthy for the preſs, were no other thing than wilfully to defraud yourſelf of an univerſal thank, your friends of their expectations, and ſweet *Giſmund* of a famous eternity. I will ceaſe to doubt of any other pretence to cloak your baſhfulneſs, hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected amongſt your papers) at our next appointed meeting.

I bid you heartily farewel. From *Pyrgo* in *Eſſex*, *Auguſt* the eighth, 1591.

Tuus fide & facultate

GUIL. WEBBE [2].

[2] William Webbe was the Author of "A Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetrie;' together with the Authors Judgment, touching the reformation of our Engliſh Verſe." B. L. 4to 1586.

TO

TO

The Worſhipful and Learned Society, the GENTLEMEN STUDENTS of the Inner Temple, with the reſt of his ſingular good Friends, the GENTLEMEN of the Middle Temple, and to all other courteous Readers, *R. W.* wiſheth increaſe of all health, worſhip, and learning, with the immortal glory of the graces adorning the ſame.

YE may perceive (right Worſhipful) in peruſing the former Epiſtle ſent to me, how ſore I am beſet with the importunities of my friends, to publiſh this Pamphlet: truly I am and have been (if there be in me any ſoundneſs of judgement) of this opinion, that whatſoever is committed to the preſs is commended to eternity, and it ſhall ſtand a lively witneſs with our conſcience, to our comfort or confuſion, in the reckoning of that great day.

Adviſedly therefore was that Proverb uſed of our elder Philoſophers, *Manum a Tabula:* with-hold thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the print or light of the world: for a lewd word eſcaped is irrevocable, but a bad or baſe diſcourſe publiſhed in print is intolerable.

Hereupon I have indured ſome conflicts between reaſon and judgement, whether it were convenient for the commonwealth, with the *indecorum* of my calling (as ſome think it) that the memory of *Tancred's* Tragedy ſhould be again by my means revived, which the oftner I read over, and the more I conſidered thereon, the ſooner I was won to conſent thereunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice reverend and learned father, M. Beza, was aſhamed in his younger years to ſend abroad, in his own name, his Tragedy of *Abraham*, nor that rare Scot (the ſcholar of our age) *Buchanan*, his moſt pathetical *Jeptha*.

Indeed

Indeed I muſt willingly confeſs this work ſimple, and not worth compariſon to any of theirs: for the writers of them were grave men; of this, young heads: In them is ſhewn the perfection of their ſtudies; in this, the imperfection of their wits. Nevertheleſs herein they all agree, commending virtue, deteſting vice, and lively decipbering their overthrow that ſuppreſs not their unruly affections. Theſe things noted herein, how ſimple ſoever the verſe be, I hope the matter will be acceptable to the wiſe.

Wherefore I am now bold to preſent *Giſmund* to your ſights, and unto yours only, for therefore have I conjured her, by the love that hath been theſe twenty-four years betwixt us, that ſhe wax not ſo proud of her freſh painting, to ſtraggle in her plumes abroad, but to contain herſelf within the walls of your houſe; ſo am I ſure ſhe ſhall be ſafe from the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time, who are not aſhamed to affirm that there can no amorous poem favour of any ſharpneſs of wit, unleſs it be ſeaſoned with ſcurrilous words.

But leaving them to their lewdneſs, I hope you, and all diſcreet readers, will thankfully receive my pains, the fruits of my firſt harveſt: the rather, perceiving that my purpoſe in this Tragedy tendeth only to the exaltation of virtue, and ſuppreſſion of vice, with pleaſure to profit and help all men, but to offend or hurt no man. As for ſuch as have neither the grace, nor the good gift, to do well themſelves, nor the common honeſty to ſpeak well of others, I muſt (as I may) hear and bear their baitings with patience.

Yours devoted in his ability,

R. Wilmot.

A PREFACE *to the Queen's Maids of Honour.*

FLOWERS of prime, pearls couched all in gold,
Light of our days, that glads the fainting hearts
Of them that ſhall your ſhining gleams behold,
Salve of each ſore, recure of inward ſmarts,
In whom virtue and beauty ſtriveth ſo
As neither yields: behold here, for your gain,
Giſmund's unlucky love, her fault, her woe,
And death; at laſt her cruel father ſlain
Through his miſhap; and though you do not ſee,
Yet read and rue their woful tragedy.
So Jove, as your high virtues done deſerve,
Grant you ſuch [3] pheers, as may your virtues ſerve
With like virtues; and bliſsful Venus ſend
Unto your happy loves an happy end.

Another to the ſame.

GISMUND, that whilome liv'd her father's joy
And died his death, now dead, doth (as ſhe may)
By us pray you to pity her annoy.
And, to requite the ſame, doth humbly pray,
Heavens to [4] forefend your loves from like decay.
The faithful Earl doth alſo make requeſt,
Wiſhing thoſe worthy knights whom ye embrace,
The conſtant truth that lodged in his breaſt.
His hearty love, not his unhappy caſe,
Befall to ſuch as triumph in your grace.

3 *pheers,*] *Pheer* ſignifies a huſband, a friend, or a companion, and in all theſe ſenſes it is uſed in our ancient writers. It here means *a huſband.* So, in Lyly's *Euphues*, 1581, p. 29: "If he be young, he is the more "fitter to be thy *pheere.* If he bee olde, the lyker to thine aged father."
Again, A. 2. S. 3. and A. 4. S. 3.

4 *forefend*] *Prevent*, or *forbid.* So, in *Euphues and his England*, 1582, p. 40: "For never ſhall it be ſaid that Iſſida was falſe to Thirſus, "though Thirſus be faithleſſe (which the Gods *forefend*) unto Iſſida."

The

The King prays pardon of his cruel heſt [5],
And for amends deſires it may ſuffice,
That by his blood he warneth all the reſt
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wiſe
Intreat the jewels where their comfort lies.
We, as their meſſengers, beſeech ye all
On their behalfs, to pity all their ſmarts.
And for ourſelves (although the worth be ſmall)
We pray ye to accept our humble hearts,
Avow'd to ſerve with prayer and with praiſe
Your honours, all unworthy other ways.

5 *heſt*,] Command. So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 78: "For this I ſweare by her whoſe lightes canne never die Veſta, and by her "*whoſe hoaſts* are not to be broken Diana, &c."
Again, Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, A. 3. S. 1:
"——— O my father,
"I have broke *your heſt* to ſay ſo!"
Prologue to *Araygnement of Paris*, 1584:
"Done be the pleaſure of the powers above,
"Whoſe *heſtes* men muſt obey:"
The word occurs again in A. 4. S. 2. A. 4. S. 4. and A. 5. S. 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANCRED, *the King.*
GUISZARD, *Count* Palurin.
JULIO, *Lord Chamberlain.*
RENUCHIO, *Captain of the Guard.*
CUPID.

GISMUNDA, *the King's Daughter.*
LUCRECE, *her Aunt.*
MEGÆRA.

CHORUSSES.

ARGU-

ARGUMENT to the TRAGEDY.

TANCRED, the Prince of Salerne, *overloves*
His only daughter (wonder of that age)
Giſmund, *who loves the County*[6] Palurin
Guiſhard, *who quits her likings with his love:*
A letter in a cane deſcribes the means
Of their two meetings in a ſecret cave.
Unconſtant fortune leadeth forth the king
To this unhappy fight, wherewith in rage
The gentle Earl he doometh to his death,
And greets his daughter with her lover's heart.
Giſmunda *fills the goblet with her tears,*
And drinks a poiſon which ſhe had diſtill'd,
Whereof ſhe dies, whoſe deadly countenance
So grieves her father, that he ſlew himſelf.

Another of the ſame, more at large, in proſe.

TANCRED, King of Naples *and Prince of* Salerne, *gave his only daughter* Giſmund *(whom he moſt dearly loved) in marriage to a foreign prince, after whoſe death ſhe returned home to her father, who having felt great grief of her abſence whilſt her huſband lived, immeaſurably eſteeming her, determined never to ſuffer any ſecond marriage to bereave him of her. She, on the other ſide, waxing weary of that her father's purpoſe, bent her mind to the ſecret love of the County* Palurin: *to whom (he being likewiſe inflamed with love of her) by a letter ſubtilly encloſed in a cloven cane, ſhe gave to underſtand a convenient way for their deſired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whoſe mouth opened directly under her chamber floor. Into this vault when ſhe was one day deſcended (for the conveyance of her lover), her father in*

[6] *County*] The County *Palurin*, a few lines lower, is called Earl. Mr. Tyrwhitt ſays, that *County* ſignified *Noblemen* in general; and the examples which might be quoted from this Play would ſufficiently prove the truth of the obſervation. See Shakſpeare, vol. X. p. 39.

the mean ſeaſon (whoſe only joy was in his daughter) came to her chamber, and not finding her there, ſuppoſing her to have been walked abroad for her diſport, he threw him down on her bed, and covered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and reſt there till her return. She nothing ſuſpecting this her father's unſeaſonable coming, brought up her lover out of the cave into her chamber, where her father eſpied their ſecret love: and he (not eſpied of them) was upon this ſight ſtricken with marvellous grief; but either for that the ſudden deſpight had amazed him, and taken from him all uſe of ſpeech, or for that he reſolved himſelf to a more convenient revenge, he then ſpake nothing, but noted their return into the vault, and ſecretly departed. Afterward, bewailing his miſhap, he commanded the Earl to be attached, impriſoned, ſtrangled, unbowelled, and his heart in a cup of gold to be preſented to his daughter: ſhe thankfully receiveth the preſent, filling the cup (wherein the heart was) with her tears, with a venomous potion (by her diſtilled for that purpoſe) ſhe drank to her Earl. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her laſt requeſt beſought him, that her lover and herſelf might in one tomb be together buried, for a perpetual memory of their faithful loves; which requeſt he granted, adding to the burial, himſelf ſlain with his own hands, to his own reproach, and the terror of all other hard-hearted fathers.

TANCRED AND GISMUNDA.[7]

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Cupid cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the ſtage, in a blue twiſt of ſilk, from his left hand, Vain Hope, Brittle Joy: And with a carnation twiſt of ſilk from his right hand, Fair Reſemblance, Late Repentance.

CUPID.

THERE reſt my chariot, on the mountain tops,
I, that in ſhape appear unto your ſight
A naked boy, not cloath'd but with my wings,
Am that great God of Love, who with his might
Ruleth the vaſt wide world, and living things.
This left hand bears vain Hope, ſhort joyful ſtate,
With fair Reſemblance, lovers to allure:
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,

7 The ſtory of this Tragedy is taken from Boccace's *Decameron*, Day 4th, Novel firſt. It hath alſo been verſified according to Mr. Warton (*Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, vol. II. p. 238.) by William Walter, a retainer to Sir Henry Marney, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaſter. This verſification he ſuppoſes to have been printed by Wynkyn de Worde. It was afterwards reprinted in the year 1597, under the title of "*The "Statelie Tragedy of Guiſthard and Siſmond, in two Bookes.*" Amongſt other Poems in a Volume, entitled "*Certaine Worthye Manuſcript Poems of "great Antiquitie reſerved long in the Studye of a Northfolke Gent. and now "firſt publiſhed by J. S.*" Mr. Dryden alſo verſified it a ſecond time. See his Works, vol. III. 8vo. Edition, p. 245. Oldys, in his MS. Notes on Langbaine, ſays the ſame ſtory is in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, vol. I. and a French Novel called Guichard and Sigiſmonde fils de Tancredies Prince de Salerne mis en Latin, par Leon Arretin, et traduit in vers François, par Jean Fleury, 4to. Paris, Let. Gothiques.

War, [8] fire, blood, and pains without recure.
On ſweet Ambroſia is not my food,
Nectar is not my drink: as to the reſt,
"Of all the gods, I drink the lover's blood,
"And feed upon the heart within his breaſt."
Well hath my power in heaven and earth been try'd,
And deepeſt hell my piercing force hath known.
The marble ſeas my wonders hath deſcry'd,
Which elder age throughout the world hath blown.
To me, the king of gods and men doth yield,
As witneſs can the Greekiſh maid [9], whom I
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,
Leſt jealous Juno ſhould the 'ſcape eſpy.
The doubled night, the ſun's reſtrained courſe,
His ſecret ſtealths, the ſlander to eſchew,
In ſhape transform'd [10], we liſt not to diſcourſe.
All that and more we forced him to do.
The warlike Mars hath not ſubdu'd our might,
We fear'd him not, his fury nor diſdain,
That can the gods record, before whoſe ſight
He lay faſt wrapt in Vulcan's ſubtle chain.
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,
Let him behold the fall and cruel ſpoil
Of thee, fair Troy, of Aſia the flower,
So foul defac'd, and level'd with the ſoil,
Who forc'd Leander with his naked breaſt
So many nights to cut the frothy waves,
But Hero's love, that lay inclos'd in Seſt?
The ſtouteſt hearts to me ſhall yield them ſlaves.
Who could have match'd the huge [11] Alcides' ſtrength?
Great [12] Macedon, what force might have ſubdu'd?
Wiſe Scipio, who overcame at length,
But we, that are with greater force endu'd?
Who could have conquered the golden fleece

[8] *fire*] This word ſeems anciently to have been pronounced as two ſyllables. See *Cornelia*, A. 4. Chorus.
[9] Io.
[10] Like to Amphitrio to Alcmena.
[11] Hercules.
[12] Alexander.

But

But Jaſon, aided by Medea's art?
Who durſt have ſtoln fair Helen out of Greece
But I, with love that boldned Paris' heart?
What bond of nature, what reſtraint avails
Againſt our power? I vouch to witneſs truth.
The myrrh tree [13], that with ſhameſac'd tears bewails
Her father's love, ſtill weepeth yet for ruth [14].
But now, this world not ſeeing in theſe days
Such preſent proofs of our all-daring power,
Diſdains our name, and ſeeketh ſundry ways
To ſcorn and ſcoff, and ſhame us every hour.
A brat, a baſtard, and an idle boy,
A rod, a ſtaff, a whip to beat him out,
And to be ſick of love, a childiſh toy:
Theſe are mine honours now the world about,
My name diſgrac'd. To raiſe again therefore,
And in this age, mine ancient renown
By mighty acts intending to reſtore,
Down to the earth in wrath now am I come;
And in this place ſuch wonders ſhall ye hear,
As theſe your ſtubborn and diſdainful hearts,
In melting tears, and humble yielding fear,
Shall ſoon relent by ſight of others ſmarts.
This princely palace will I enter in,
And there inflame the fair Giſmunda ſo,
Inraging all her ſecret veins within,
Through fiery Love, that ſhe ſhall feel much woe.
Too late Repentance, thou ſhalt bend my bow;
Vain Hope, take out my pale dead heavy ſhaft,

[13] Myrrha.

[14] —*ſtill weepeth yet* for ruth.] i. e. for piety. So, A. 2. S. 2:
"As eaſily befalls that age which aſketh *ruth*."
A. 5. S. 1:
"— that hath the tyrant king
"Withouten *ruth* commanded us to do."
Milton's *Lycidas*, l. 163:
"Look homeward angel now and melt with *ruth*;
"And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapleſs youth."
Churchyard's *Worthineſs of Wales*, 1587:
"Great *ruth*, to let ſo trim a ſeate goe downe,
"The countries ſtrength, and beautie of the towne."

Thou

Thou fair Reſemblance, foremoſt forth ſhalt go,
With Brittle Joy: myſelf will not be leaſt,
But after me comes Death, and deadly Pain.
Thus ſhall ye march, till we return again.
Mean while, ſit ſtill, and here I ſhall you ſhew
Such wonders, that at laſt with one accord
Ye ſhall relent, and ſay, that now ye know
Love rules the world, Love is a mighty lord. [*Exit.*

[Cupid *with his train entereth into king* Tancred's *palace.*

ACT I. SCEN II.

Giſmunda *in purple cometh out of her chamber, attended by four maids that are the Chorus.*

Giſmund.

"O VAIN, unſtedfaſt ſtate of mortal things!
"Who truſts this world, leans to a brittle ſtay:
"Such fickle fruit his flattering bloom forth brings,
"Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay."
The joy and bliſs that late I did poſſeſs,
In weal at will, with one I loved beſt,
Is turned now into ſo deep diſtreſs,
As teacheth me to know the world's unreſt.
For neither wit nor princely ſtomachs ſerve
Againſt his force, that ſlays without reſpect
The noble and the wretch: ne doth reſerve
So much as one for worthineſs elect.
Ah me, dear lord! what well of tears may ſerve
To feed the ſtreams of my foredulled eyes,
To weep thy death, as thy death doth deſerve,
And wail thy want in full-ſufficing wiſe?
Ye lamps of heaven, and all ye heavenly powers,
Wherein did he procure your high diſdain?
He never ſought with vaſt huge mounting towers
To reach aloft, and over-view your reign;

Or

Or what offence of mine was it unwares,
That thus your fury ſhould on me be thrown,
To plague a woman with ſuch endleſs cares?
I fear that envy hath the heavens this ſhown:
The ſun his glorious virtues did diſdain;
Mars at his manhood mightily repin'd;
Yea, all the gods no longer could ſuſtain,
Each one to be excelled in his kind.
For he my lord ſurpaſs'd them every one;
Such was his honour all the world throughout.
But now, my love, oh! whither art thou gone?
I know thy ghoſt doth hover hereabout,
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:
And I (dear love) would fain diſſolve this ſtrife.
But ſtay a while, I may perhaps foreſee
Some means to be diſburden'd of this life,
" And to diſcharge the duty of a wife,
" Which is, not only in this life to love,
" But after death her fancy not remove."
Mean while accept of theſe our daily rites,
Which with my maidens I ſhall do to thee,
Which is, in ſongs to chear our dying ſpirits
With hymns of praiſes of thy memory.

Cantant.

Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.

ACT I. SCEN. III.

The ſong ended, Tancred *the king cometh out of his palace with his guard.*

Tancred.

FAIR daughter, I have ſought thee out with grief,
To eaſe the ſorrows of thy vexed heart.
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus,
Who daily dies to ſee thy needleſs tears?
Such bootleſs plaints, that know nor mean nor end,
Do but increaſe the floods of thy lament;

And

And ſince the world knows well there was no want
In thee, of aught that did to him belong,
Yet all, thou ſeeſt, could not his life prolong:
Why then doſt thou provoke the heavens to wrath?
His doom of death was dated by his ſtars,
" And who is he that may withſtand his fate?"
By theſe complaints, ſmall good to him thou doſt,
Much grief to me, more hurt unto thyſelf,
And unto nature greateſt wrong of all.

Giſmunda.

Tell me not of the date of nature's days,
Then in the April of her ſpringing age:
No, no, it was my cruel deſtiny,
That ſpited at the pleaſance of my life.

Tancred.

My daughter knows the proof of nature's courſe.
" For as the heavens do guide the lamp of life,
" So can they reach no farther forth the flame,
" Than whilſt with oil they do maintain the ſame."

Giſmunda.

Curſt be the ſtars, and vaniſh may they curſt,
Or fall from heaven, that in their dire aſpèct [15]
Abridg'd the health and welfare of my love.

Tancred.

Giſmund, my joy, ſet all theſe griefs apart;
" The more thou art with hard miſhap beſet,
" The more thy patience ſhould procure thine eaſe."

Giſmund.

What hope of hap may chear my hapleſs chance?
What ſighs, what tears may countervail my cares?
What ſhould I do, but ſtill his death bewail,
That was the ſolace of my life and ſoul?
Now, now, I want the wonted guide and ſtay
Of my deſires, and of my wreckleſs thoughts.
My lord, my love, my life, my liking gone,
In whom was all the fulneſs of my joy,
To whom I gave the firſt-fruits of my love,

[15] —*aſpèct*] In this manner the word was formerly accented. See Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare.*

Who

Who with the comfort of his only ſight,
All cares and ſorrows could from me remove.
But, father, now my joys forepaſt to tell,
Do but revive the horrors of my hell.
As ſhe that ſeems in darkneſs to behold
The gladſome pleaſures of the chearful light.

Tancred.

What then avails thee fruitleſs thus to rue
His abſence, whom the heavens cannot return?
Impartial death thy huſband did ſubdue,
Yet hath he ſpar'd thy kingly father's life:
Who during life, to thee a double ſtay,
As father and as huſband will remain,
With double love to eaſe thy widow's want,
Of him whoſe want is cauſe of thy complaint.
Forbear thou therefore all theſe needleſs tears,
That nip the bloſſoms of thy beauty's pride.

Giſmund.

Father, theſe tears love challengeth of due.

Tancred.

But reaſon ſaith thou ſhouldſt the ſame ſubdue.

Giſmund.

His funerals are yet before my ſight.

Tancred.

In endleſs moans princes ſhould not delight.

Giſmund.

The turtle pines in loſs of her true mate.

Tancred.

And ſo continues poor and deſolate.

Giſmund.

Who can forget a jewel of ſuch price?

Tancred.

She that hath learn'd to maſter her deſires.
" Let reaſon work, what time doth eaſily frame
" In meaneſt wits, to bear the greateſt ills."

Giſmund.

So plenteous are the ſprings
Of ſorrows that increaſe my paſſions,
As neither reaſon can recure my ſmart,
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort,

Appeaſe

Appeaſe the ſtormy combats of my thoughts;
Such is the ſweet remembrance of his life.
Then give me leave, of pity pity me,
And as I can I ſhall allay theſe griefs.

Tancred.

Theſe ſolitary walks thou doſt frequent,
Yield freſh occaſions to thy ſecret moans:
We will therefore thou keep us company,
Leaving thy maidens with their harmony.
[16] Wend thou with us. Virgins, withdraw yourſelves.

[Tancred *and* Giſmund, *with the guard, depart into the palace; the four maidens ſtay behind, as Chorus to the Tragedy.*

Chorus 1.

The diverſe haps which always work our care,
Our joys ſo far, our woes ſo near at hand,
Have long ere this, and daily do declare
The fickle foot on which our ſtate doth ſtand.
" Who plants his pleaſures here to gather root,
" And hopes his happy life will ſtill endure,
" Let him behold how death with ſtealing foot
" Steps in when he ſhall think his joys moſt ſure.
No ranſom ſerveth to redeem our days.
If proweſs could preſerve, or worthy deeds,
He had yet liv'd, whoſe twelve labours diſplays
His endleſs fame, and yet his honour ſpreads.
And that great king [17], that with ſo ſmall a power
Bereft the mighty Perſian of his crown,

16 *Wend thou with us.*] *Wend*, i. e. go. So, in Epilogue:
" With violent hands he that his life doth end,
" His damned ſoul to endleſs night doth *wend*."
Again, *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, A. 5. S. 4:
" Theſe my companions ſtill with me muſt *wend*."
George a Green Pinner of Wakefield, vol. III.
" Wilt thou leave Wakefield and *wend* with me,
" So will I *wend* with Robin all along,
" For you are wrong, and may not *wend* this way."
Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue, l. 19:
" Beſelle, that, in a ſeſon on a day,
" In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
" Redy to *wenden* on my pilgrimage,
" To Canterbury with devout corage."

17 Alexander.

Doth

Doth witneſs well our life is but a flower,
Though it be deck'd with honour and renown.

Chorus 2.

" What grows to day in favour of the heaven,
" Nurſt with the ſun, and with the ſhowers ſweet,
" Pluck'd with the hand, it withereth ere even.
" So paſs our days even as the rivers fleet."
The valiant Greeks that unto Troia gave
The ten years ſiege, left but their names behind.
And he that did ſo long and only ſave
His father's walls [18], found there at laſt his end.
Proud Rome herſelf, that whilome laid her yoke
On the wide world, and vanquiſh'd all with war,
Yet could ſhe not remove the fatal ſtroke
Of death, from them that ſtretcht her pow'r ſo far.

Chorus 3.

Look what the cruel ſiſters once decreed,
The Thunderer himſelf cannot remove:
They are the ladies of our deſtiny,
To work beneath, what is conſpir'd above.
But happy he that ends this mortal life
By ſpeedy death, who is not forc'd to ſee
The many cares, nor feel the ſundry griefs
Which we ſuſtain in woe and miſery.
Here fortune rules, who when ſhe liſt to play,
Whirleth her wheel, and brings the high full low:
To-morrow takes, what ſhe hath given to-day,
To ſhew ſhe can advance and overthrow.
[19] Not Euripus' unquiet flood ſo oft
Ebbs in a day, and floweth to and fro,
As fortune's change plucks down that was aloft,
And mingleth joy with interchange of woe.

[18] Hector.

[19] *Not* Euripus' *unquiet flood ſo oft*] *Euripus Euboicus*, or *Chalcidicus*, is a narrow paſſage of ſea dividing *Attica* and the Iſland of *Eubœa*, now called *Golph de Negroponte*. It ebbs and flows ſeven times every day: the reaſon of which, it is ſaid, when Ariſtotle could not find, he threw himſelf into the ſea with theſe words: *Quia ego non capio te, tu capias me.* Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Enquiries into Vulgar Errors*, b. 7. c. 14. appears to have been not ſatisfied with this account of Ariſtotle's death, which he has taken ſome pains to render doubtful.

Chorus

Chorus 4.

" Who lives below, and feeleth not the ſtrokes,
" Which often times on higheſt towers do fall,
" Nor bluſtering winds, wherewith the ſtrongeſt oaks
" Are rent and torn, his life is ſur'ſt of all:"
For he may fortune ſcorn, that hath no power
On him, that is well pleas'd with his eſtate:
He ſeeketh not her ſweets, nor fears her ſowr,
But lives contented in his quiet rate,
And marking how theſe worldly things do wade,
Rejoiceth to himſelf, and laughs to ſee
The folly of men, that in their wits have made
Fortune a goddeſs, placed in the ſky.

Finis Actus 1. *Exegit Rod. Staf.*

ACT II. SCEN. I.

Giſmunda and Lucrece.

DEAR aunt, my ſole companion in diſtreſs,
And true copartner of my thoughtful cares:
When with myſelf I weigh my preſent ſtate,
Comparing it with my forepaſſed days,
New heaps of cares afreſh begin t' aſſay
My penſive heart, as when the glittering rays
Of bright Phœbus are ſuddenly o'erſpread
With duſky clouds, that dim his golden light:
Namely, when I, laid in my widow's bed,
Amid the ſilence of the quiet night,
With curious thought the fleeting courſe obſerve
Of gladſome youth, how ſoon his flower decays,
" How time once paſt, may never have recourſe,
" No more than may the running ſtreams revert
" To climb the hills, when they been rolled down
" The hollow vales. There is no curious art,
" Nor worldly power, no, not the gods can hold
" The ſway of flying time, nor him return

" When

" When he is paſt: all things unto his might
" Muſt bend, and yield unto the iron teeth
" Of eating time. This in the ſhady night;
When I record, how ſoon my youth withdraws
Itſelf away! how ſwift my pleaſant ſpring
Runs out his race! This, this (aunt) is the cauſe
When I adviſe me ſadly on this thing,
That makes my heart in penſive dumps diſmay'd.
For if I ſhould my ſpringing years neglect,
And ſuffer youth fruitleſs to fade away;
Whereto live I? or whereto was I born?
Wherefore hath nature deck'd me with her grace?
Why have I taſted the delights of love,
And felt the ſweets of Hymeneus' bed?
But to ſay ſooth (dear aunt) it is not I
Sole and alone, can thus content to ſpend
My chearful years: my father will not ſtill
Prolong my mournings, which have griev'd him,
And pleaſed me too long. Then this I crave,
To be reſolved of his princely mind.
For, ſtood it with the pleaſure of his will
To marry me, my fortune is not ſuch,
So hard, that I ſo long ſhould ſtill perſiſt
Mateleſs alone in woful widowhood.
And ſhall I tell mine aunt? come hither then,
Give me that hand: By thine own right hand,
I charge thy heart my councils to conceal.

[20] *When I adviſe me* ſadly *on this thing,*] *Sadly*, in moſt of our ancient writers, is uſed as here for *ſeriouſly*. So, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, 1599: " Nay, I will lay no wagers, for, now I perponder more *ſadly* " upon it, I think I am out indeed."

Hall's *Chronicle*, 1550, *Henry* IV. fo. 2: " — his coſyn germaine was " nowe brought to that trade of livynge, that he litle or nothynge re- " garded the counſaill of his uncles, nor of other grave and *ſadde* per- " ſones, but did all thynge at his pleaſure."

Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, 1571: " — and when I ſawe not you amonges " them, but at the laſt eſpyed you lookinge on your booke here ſo *ſadlye*, " I thought to come and hold you with ſome communication."

Warton's *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, p. 30: " Wherein is an abbes " namyd Dame Alice Fitzherbert, of the age LX yeares, a very *ſadde*, " diſcreate, and relegyous woman."

Late have I ſeen, and ſeeing took delight,
And with delight, I will not ſay, I love
A prince, an earl, a countie in the court.
But love and duty force me to refrain,
And drive away theſe fond affections,
Submitting them unto my father's heſt.
But this (good aunt) this is my chiefeſt pain,
Becauſe I ſtand at ſuch uncertain ſtay.
For, if my kingly father would decree
His final doom, that I muſt lead my life
Such as I do, I would content me then
To frame my fancies to his princely heſt,
And as I might endure the grief thereof.
But now his ſilence doubleth all my doubts,
Whilſt my ſuſpicious thoughts 'twixt hope and fear
Diſtract me into ſundry paſſions:
Therefore (good aunt) this labour muſt be yours,
To underſtand my father's will herein,
For well I know your wiſdom knows the means,
So ſhall you both allay my ſtormy thoughts,
And bring to quiet my unquiet mind.

Lucrece.

Sufficeth this (good niece) that you have ſaid;
For I perceive what ſundry paſſions
Strive in your breaſt, which oftentimes ere this
Your countenance confuſed did bewray.
The ground whereof ſince I perceive to grow
On juſt reſpect of this your ſole eſtate,
And ſkilful care of fleeting youth's decay,
Your wiſe foreſight ſuch ſorrowing to eſchew
I much commend, and promiſe as I may
To break this matter, and impart your mind
Unto your father, and to work it ſo,
As both your honour ſhall not be impeach'd,
Nor he unſatisfied of your deſire.
Be you no farther grieved, but return
Into your chamber. I ſhall take this charge,
And you ſhall ſhortly truly underſtand
What I have wrought, and what the king affirms.

Gismunda.

I leave you to the fortune of my stars.

[Gismunda *departeth into her chamber*, Lucrece *abiding on the stage.*

Lucrece.

The heavens, I hope, will favour your request.
My niece shall not impute the cause to be
In my default, her will should want effect:
But in the king is all my doubt, lest he
My suit for her new marriage should reject.
Yet shall I prove him: and I heard it said,
[21] He means this evening in the park to hunt.
Here will I wait attending his approach.

ACT II. SCEN. II.

Tancred *cometh out of his palace with* Guiszard *the Countie* Palurin, Julio, *the Lord Chamberlain*, Renuchio *captain of his guard, all ready to hunt.*

Tancred.

UNCOUPLE all our hounds: Lords, to the chace—
Fair sister Lucre, what's the news with you?

Lucrece.

Sir, as I always have employ'd my power,
And faithful service, such as lay in me,
In my best wise to honour you and yours:
So now my bounden duty moveth me
Your majesty most humbly to intreat,
With patient ears, to understand the state
Of my poor niece, your daughter. *Tanc.* What of her?
Is she not well? Enjoys she not her health?
Say, sister, ease me of this jealous fear?

[21] *He means*, &c.] Formerly this diversion was as much followed in the evening, as it was at an earlier hour in the day.

Lucrece.

She lives, my lord, and hath her outward health;
But all the danger of her ſickneſs lies
In the diſquiet of her princely mind.

Tancred.

Reſolve me; what afflicts my daughter ſo?

Lucrece.

Since when the princeſs hath intomb'd her lord,
Her late deceaſed huſband of renown;
Brother, I ſee, and very well perceive,
She hath not clos'd together in his grave
All ſparks of nature, kindneſs, nor of love:
But as ſhe lives, ſo living may ſhe feel
Such paſſions as our tender hearts oppreſs,
Subject unto th' impreſſions of deſire:
For well I wot my niece was never wrought
Of ſteel, nor carved from the ſtony rock:
Such ſtern hardneſs we ought not to expect
In her, whoſe princely heart and ſpringing years
Yet flow'ring in the chiefeſt heat of youth,
Is led of force to feed on ſuch conceits,
As eaſily befalls that age, which aſketh ruth
Of them, whom nature bindeth by foreſight
Of their grave years, and careful love, to reach
The things that are above their feeble force:
And for that cauſe, dread lord, although—

Tancred.

Siſter, I ſay,
If you eſteem, or aught reſpect my life,
Her honour, and the welfare of our houſe,
[22] Forbear, and wade no farther in this ſpeech.

[22] *Forbear, and* wade *no farther*, &c.] That is, *proceed no further*. So, A. 2. S. 3:

" Therefore my counſel is you ſhall not ſtir,
" Nor farther *wade* in ſuch a caſe as this:"

Turberville's *Tragical Tales*, 1587:

" Eare thou doe *wade* ſo farre, revoke
" to minde to bedlam boy,
" That in his forged wings of waxe
" repoſed too great a joy:"

Your

Your words are wounds. I very well perceive
The purpoſe of this ſmooth oration:
This I ſuſpected, when you firſt began
This fair diſcourſe with us: Is this the end
Of all our hopes, that we have promiſed
Unto our ſelf by this her widowhood?
Would our dear daughter, would our only joy,
Would ſhe forſake us? would ſhe leave us now
Before ſhe hath clos'd up our dying eyes,
And with her tears bewail'd our funeral?
No other ſolace doth her father crave;
But, whilſt the fates maintain his dying life,
Her healthful preſence, gladſome, to his ſoul,
Which rather than he willing would forego,
His heart deſires the bitter taſte of death.
Her late marriage hath taught us to our grief,
That in the fruits of her perpetual ſight
Conſiſts the only comfort and relief
Of our unweildy age: for what delight,
What joy, what comfort, have we in this world;
Now grown in years, and over-worn with cares,
Subject unto the ſudden ſtroke of death,
Already falling like the mellowed fruit,
And dropping by degrees into our grave?
But what revives us, what maintains our ſoul
Within the priſon of our wither'd breaſt,
But our Giſmunda, and her chearful ſight?
O daughter, daughter! what deſert of mine,
Wherein have I been ſo unkind to thee,
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to make my naked houſe
Yet once again ſtand deſolate by thee?
O let ſuch fancies vaniſh with their thoughts.
Tell her, I am her father, whoſe eſtate,
Wealth, honour, life, and all that we poſſeſs,
Wholly relies upon her preſence here.
Tell her, I muſt account her all my joy,
Work as ſhe will: But yet ſhe were unjuſt,
To haſte his death that liveth by her ſight.

Lucrece.

Her gentle heart abhors ſuch ruthleſs thoughts.

Tancred.

Then let her not give place to theſe deſires.

Lucrece.

She craves the right that nature challengeth.

Tancred.

Tell her, the king commandeth otherwiſe.

Lucrece.

The king's commandment always ſhould be juſt.

Tancred.

Whate'er it be, the king's command is juſt.

Lucrece.

Juſt to command; but juſtly muſt he charge.

Tancred.

He chargeth juſtly that commands as king.

Lucrece.

The king's command concerns the body beſt.

Tancred.

The king commands obedience of the mind.

Lucrece.

That is exempted by the law of kind.

Tancred.

That law of kind to children doth belong.

Lucrece.

In due obedience to their open wrong?

Tancred.

I then, as king and father, will command.

Lucrece.

No more than may with right of reaſon ſtand.

Tancred.

Thou knoweſt our mind, [23] reſolve her, depart—
Return the chace, we have been chas'd enough.

[Tancred *returneth into his palace, and leaveth the hunt.*

[23] —*reſolve her,*] Acquaint her with my reſolution. *To reſolve,* however, was ſometimes uſed for *convince,* or *ſatisfy.* It may therefore mean, *convince her of the propriety of my command.* So, in Middleton's *More Diſſemblers beſides Women,* A. 1. S. 3:

"The bleſſing of perfection to your thoughts lady,
"For I'm *reſolv'd* they are good ones."

Lucrece.

Lucrece.

He cannot hear, anger hath ſtopp'd his ears,
And over-love his judgment hath decay'd.
Ah, my poor niece! I ſhrewdly fear thy cauſe,
Thy juſt complaint, ſhall never be reliev'd.

ACT II. SCEN. III.

Giſmunda *cometh alone out of her chamber.*

Giſmunda.

BY this I hope my aunt hath mov'd the king,
And knows his mind, and makes return to me
To end at once all this perplexity.
Lo, where ſhe ſtands. Oh! how my trembling heart
In doubtful thoughts panteth within my breaſt.
For in her meſſage doth rely my ſmart,
Or the ſweet quiet of my troubled mind.

Lucrece.

Niece, on the point you lately willed me
To treat of with the king in your behalf,
I brake even now with him ſo far, till he
In ſudden rage of grief, ere I ſcarce had
My tale out told, pray'd me to ſtint my ſuit,
As that from which his mind abhorred moſt.
And well I ſee, his fancy to refute
Is but diſpleaſure gain'd, and labour loſt.
So firmly fixed ſtands his kingly will,
That till his body ſhall be laid in grave,
He will not part from the deſired ſight
Of your preſence, which ſilder he ſhould have,
If he had once allied you again
In marriage to any prince or peer.
This is his final reſolution.

Giſmunda.

[24] A reſolution that reſolves my blood
Into the icy drops of Lethe's flood.

Lucrece.

Therefore my counſel is, you ſhall not ſtir,
Nor farther wade in ſuch a caſe as this:
But ſince his will is grounded on your love,
And that it lies in you to ſave or ſpill
His old fore-waſted age; you ought t'eſchew
The thing that grieves ſo much his crazed heart,
And, in the ſtate you ſtand, content yourſelf:
And let this thought appeaſe your troubled mind,
That in your hands relies your father's death,
Or bliſsful life; and ſince without your ſight
He cannot live, nor can his thoughts endure
Your hope of marriage, you muſt then relent,
And over-rule theſe fond affections;
Leſt it be ſaid, you wrought your father's end.

Giſmunda.

Dear aunt, I have with patient ears indur'd
The hearing of my father's hard beheſt;
And ſince I ſee, that neither I myſelf,
Nor your requeſt, can ſo prevail with him,
Nor any ſage advice perſuade his mind
To grant me my deſire, in willing wiſe
I muſt ſubmit me unto his command,

[24] *A reſolution that reſolves my blood*] *Reſolve* has the ſame meaning as *diſſolve*. So, in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, p. 38: "I could be "content to *reſolve* myſelfe into teares to rid thee of trouble."

Chriſtopher Marlow, as quoted in *England's Parnaſſus*, 1600, p. 480:

"No molten Chriſtall but a richer mine,
"Even natures rareſt alchumie ran there,
"Diamonds *reſolv'd*, and ſubſtance more divine,
"Through whoſe bright gliding current might appeare
"A thouſand naked Nymphes, whoſe yvorie ſhine,
"Enameling the bankes, made them more deare
"Then ever was that glorious Pallas gate,
"Where the day ſhining ſunne in triumph ſate."

See alſo Shakſpeare's *Hamlet*, A. 1. S. 2. and Mr. Steevens's Note on it.

And

And frame my heart to ſerve his majeſty.
And (as I may) to drive away the thoughts
That diverſly diſtract my paſſions,
Which as I can, I'll labour to ſubdue,
But ſore I fear, I ſhall but toil in vain;
Wherein (good aunt) I muſt deſire your pain.

Lucrece.

What lies in me by comfort or advice,
I ſhall diſcharge with all humility.

[Giſmunda *and* Lucrece *depart into* Giſmunda's *chamber.*

Chorus 1.

Who marks our former times, and preſent years,
What we are now, and looks what we have been,
He cannot but lament with bitter tears
The great decay and change of all women.
For as the world wore on, and waxed old,
[25] So virtue quail'd, and vice began to grow.
So that that age, that whilome was of gold,
Is worſe than braſs, more vile than iron now.
The times were ſuch (that if we aught believe
Of elder days), women examples were
Of rare virtues: Lucrece diſdain'd to live
Longer than chaſt; and boldly, without fear,
Took ſharp revenge on her inforced heart,
With her own hands: for that it not withſtood
The wanton will, but yielded to the force
Of proud Tarquin, who bought her fame with blood.

Chorus 2.

Queen Artemiſia thought an heap of ſtones,
(Although they were the wonder of that age)
A worthleſs grave, wherein to reſt the bones
Of her dear lord, but with bold courage

[25] *So virtue quail'd,*] *To quail*, is to *languiſh, to ſink into dejection.* So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, 24:

"Where malice ſowes, the ſeedes of wicked waies,
"Both honor *quailes*, and credit crackes with all:
"Of nobleſt men, and ſuch as fears no fall."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Notes on the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. A. 4. S. 2. and *Cymbeline*, A. 5. S. 5.

She drank his heart, and made her lovely breaſt
His tomb, and failed not of wifely faith,
Of promis'd love, and of her bound beheſt,
Until ſhe ended had her days by death.
Ulyſſes' wife (ſuch was her ſtedfaſtneſs)
Abode his ſlow return whole twenty years:
And ſpent her youthful days in penſiveneſs,
Bathing her widow's bed with briniſh tears.

Chorus 3.

The ſtout daughter of Cato, Brutus' wife, Portia,
When ſhe had heard his death, did not deſire
Longer to live: and lacking uſe of knife,
(A moſt ſtrange thing) ended her life by fire,
And eat hot burning coals. O worthy dame!
O virtues worthy of eternal praiſe!
The flood of Lethe cannot waſh out thy fame,
To others great reproach, ſhame, and diſpraiſe.

Chorus 4.

Rare are thoſe virtues now in women's mind!
Where ſhall we ſeek ſuch jewels paſſing ſtrange?
Scarce can you now among a thouſand find
One woman ſtedfaſt: all delight in change.
Mark but this princeſs, that lamented here
Of late ſo ſore her noble huſband's death,
And thought to live alone without a pheer;
Behold how ſoon ſhe changed hath that breath!
I think thoſe ladies that have liv'd tofore,
A mirror and a glaſs to womenkind;
By thoſe their virtues they did ſet ſuch ſtore,
That unto us they none bequeath'd behind;
Elſe in ſo many years we might have ſeen
As virtuous as ever they have been.

Chorus 1.

Yet let not us maidens condemn our kind,
Becauſe our virtues are not all ſo rare:
For we may freſhly yet record in mind,
[26] There lives a virgin, one without compare,
Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;

In

[26] *There lives a virgin,*] A compliment to Queen Elizabeth. S. P. It was, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, no uncommon thing to introduce a compli-

In whoſe renown, and for whoſe happy days,
Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe.

Cantant.

Finis Actus 2. Per Hen. No.[27]

ACT III. SCEN. I.

Cupid.

SO, now they feel what lordly Love can do,
That proudly practiſe to deface his name;
In vain they wreſtle with ſo fierce a foe;
Of little ſparks ariſe a blazing flame.
" By ſmall occaſions Love can kindle heat,
" And waſte the oaken breaſt to cinder duſt."
Giſmund I have enticed to forget
Her widow's weeds, and burn in raging luſt:
'Twas I enforc'd her father to deny
Her ſecond marriage to any peer:
'Twas I allur'd her once again to try
The ſower ſweets that lovers buy too dear.
The County Palurin, a man right wiſe,
A man of exquiſite perfections,
I have like wounded with her piercing eyes,
And burnt her heart with his reflections.

compliment to Queen Elizabeth in the body of a play. See *Midſummer's Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 2. See alſo *Locrine*, A. 5. S. laſt.

[27] *Per Hen. No.*] Probably Henry Noel, younger brother to Sir Andrew Noel, and one of the gentlemen penſioners to Queen Elizabeth, a man, ſays Wood, of excellent parts, and well ſkilled in muſick. See *Faſti*, p. 145. A Poem, entitled, *Of diſdainful Daphne*, by M. H. Nowell, is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, 4to. The name of *Mr. Henry Nowell* alſo appears in the liſt of thoſe lords and gentlemen that ran at a tilting before Queen Elizabeth. See " *Polyhymnia deſcribing the honourably Triumph* " *at Tylt before her Majeſtie, on the 17 of November laſt paſt, being the firſt day* " *of the three and thirtieth yeare of her Highneſſe raigne. With Sir Henrie* " *Lea, his reſignation of honour at Tylt, to her Majeſtie, and received by the* " *right honorable, the Earl of Cumberland.*" By George Peele, 4to. 1590.

Theſe

These two shall joy in tasting of my sweet,
To make them prove more feelingly the grief
That bitter brings: for when their joys shall fleet,
Their dole shall be increas'd without relief.
Thus Love shall make worldlings to know his might;
Thus Love shall force great princes to obey;
Thus Love shall daunt each proud rebelling sprite;
Thus Love shall wreck his wrath on their decay.
Their ghosts shall give black hell to understand,
How great and wonderful a god is Love:
And this shall learn the ladies of this land
With patient minds his mighty power to prove.
From whence I did descend, now will I mount
To Jove, and all the gods in their delights:
In throne of triumph there will I recount,
How I by sharp revenge on mortal wights,
Have taught the earth, and learned hellish sprites,
To yield with fear their stubborn hearts to Love,
Lest their disdain his plagues and vengeance prove.

[Cupid *remounteth into the heavens.*

ACT III. SCEN. II.

Lucrece *cometh out of* Gismunda's *chamber solitary.*

Lucrece.

PITY, that moveth every gentle heart
To rue their griefs, that be distrest in pain,
Inforceth me to wail my niece's smart,
Whose tender breast no long time may sustain
The restless toil, that her unquiet mind
Hath caus'd her feeble body to endure;
But why it is (alack!) I must not find,
Nor know the man, by whom I might procure
Her remedy, as I of duty ought,
As to the law of kinship doth belong.
With careful heart the secret means I sought,
Though small effect is of my travel sprung:

Full

Full often as I durſt, I have aſſay'd,
With humble words, the princeſs to require
[28] To name the man, which ſhe hath ſo denay'd,
That it abaſh'd me further to deſire,
Or aſk from whence thoſe cloudy thoughts proceed,
Whoſe ſtony force, that ſmoaky ſighs forth ſend,
Is lively witneſs how that careful dread
And hot deſire within her do contend:
Yet ſhe denies what ſhe confeſs'd of yore,
And then conjoin'd me to conceal the ſame;
She loved once (ſhe ſaith) but never more,
Nor ever will her fancy thereto frame.
Though daily I obſerved in my breaſt
What ſharp conflicts diſquiet her ſo ſore,
That heavy ſleep cannot procure her reſt,
But fearful dreams preſent her evermore
Moſt hideous ſights, her quiet to moleſt;
That ſtarting oft therewith ſhe doth awake,
To muſe upon thoſe fancies which torment
Her thoughtful heart with horror, that doth make
Her cold chill ſweat break forth incontinent
From her weak limbs. And while the quiet night
Gives others reſt, ſhe, turning to and fro,
Doth wiſh for day: But when the day brings light,
She keeps her bed, there to record her woe.
As ſoon as when ſhe riſeth, flowing tears
Stream down her cheeks, immix'd with deadly groans,
Whereby her inward ſorrow ſo appears,
That as ſalt tears the cruel cauſe bemoans.

[28] *To name the man, which ſhe hath ſo* denay'd,] In the former edition, the word *denay'd* was altered to the more modern one of *deny'd*. *Denay'd*, however, was the ancient manner of ſpelling it. So, in the Second Part of *Henry* VI. A. 1. S. 3:

"Then let him be *denay'd* the regentſhip."

Again, Firſt Part of *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"And let not wonted fealty be *denayed*."

Gammer Gurton's Needle, p. 75:

"Loke as I have promiſed, I wil not *denay* it."

In

In caſe ſhe be conſtrained to abide
[29] In preaſe of company, ſhe ſcarcely may
Her trembling voice reſtrain it be not ſpy'd,
From careful plaints her ſorrows to bewray.
By which reſtraint the force doth ſo increaſe,
When time and place give liberty to plain,
That as ſmall ſtreams from running never ceaſe,
Till they return into the ſeas again;
So her laments, we fear, will not amend,
Before they bring her princely life to end.
To others talk when as ſhe ſhould attend,
Her heaped cares her ſenſes ſo oppreſs,
That what they ſpeak, or whereto their words tend,
She knows not, as her anſwers do expreſs.
Her chief delight is ſtill to be alone,
Her penſive thoughts within themſelves debate:
But whereupon this reſtleſs life is grown,
Since I know not, nor how the ſame t' abate;
I can no more but wiſh it as I may,
That he which knows it would the ſame allay,
For which the muſes with my ſong ſhall pray.

29 *In preaſe of company,*] *Preaſe* ſignifies a *crowd* or *multitude*, or *any aſſemblage of a number of perſons*. So, in *Damon and Pithias*, vol. I.

"The Kyng is at hande, ſtande cloſe in *the preaſe*, beware &c."

Ibid.

"Away from the priſoner, what *a preaſe* have we here?"

Hiſtory of Euordanus Prince of Denmark, 1605, Sign. H: "—the "Prince paſſing forwards ſorely ſhaken, having loſt both his ſtirrups: at "length recovering himſelfe, entred *the preaſe*, where on all ſides he beate "downe knights, and unbarred helms.

ACT III. SCEN. III.

After the ſong, which was by report very ſweetly repeated by the Chorus, Lucrece *departeth into* Giſmunda's *chamber; and* Guiſzard *cometh out of the palace with* Julio *and* Renuchio, *gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and ſaith.*

Guiſzard.

LEAVE me, my friends; this ſolitary walk
Inticeth me to break your company.
Leave me, my friends, I can endure no talk.
Let me intreat this common courteſy. [*The Gentlemen depart.*
What grievous pain they dure, which neither may
Forget their loves, ne yet enjoy their love,
I know by proof, and daily make aſſay.
Though Love hath brought my lady's heart to love,
My faithful love with like love to requite;
This doth not quench, but rather cauſe to flame
The creeping fire, which ſpreading in my breaſt
With raging heat, grants me no time of reſt.
If they bewail their cruel deſtiny,
Which ſpend their love where they no love can find,
Well may I plain, ſince fortune haleth me
To this torment of far more grievous kind;
Wherein I feel as much extremity
As may be felt in body or in mind.
For by that ſight which ſhould recure my pain,
My ſorrows are redoubled all in vain.
Now I perceive that only I alone
Am her belov'd, her looks aſſure me ſo:
The thought thereof provokes me to bemoan
Her heavy plight that grieveth at my woe.
This intercourſe of our affections,
I her to ſerve, ſhe thus to honour me,
Bewrays the truth of our elections,
Delighting in this mutual ſympathy.
Thus love, for love intreats the queen of love,
That with her help Love's ſolace we may prove.

I ſee

I ſee my miſtreſs ſeeks as well as I
To ſtay the ſtrife of her perplexed mind:
Full fain ſhe would our ſecret company,
If ſhe the wiſhed way thereof might find.
Heavens, have ye ſeen, or hath the age of man
Recorded ſuch a miracle as this?
In equal love two noble hearts to frame,
That never ſpake one with another's bliſs.
I am aſſured that ſhe doth aſſent
To my relief, that I ſhould reap the ſame,
If ſhe could frame the means of my content,
Keeping herſelf from danger of defame.
In happy hour right now I did receive
This cane from her; which gift, thought it be ſmall,
Receiving it, what joys I did conceive
Within my fainting ſpirits therewithall!
Who knoweth love aright, may well conceive,
By like adventures that to them befall.
" For needs the lover muſt eſteem that well,
" Which comes from her with whom his heart doth dwell."
Aſſuredly it is not without cauſe
She gave me this; ſomething ſhe meant thereby:
For therewithall I might perceive her pauſe
A while, as though ſome weighty thing did lie
Upon her heart, which ſhe conceal'd, becauſe
The ſtanders-by ſhould not our loves deſcry:
This cleft bewrays that it hath been diſclos'd;
Perhaps herein ſhe hath ſomething inclos'd. [*He breaks it.*
O thou great Thunderer! who would not ſerve,
Where wit with beauty choſen have their place?
Who could deviſe more wiſely to conſerve
Things from ſuſpect? O Venus, for this grace
That deigns me, all unworthy, to deſerve
So rare a love, in heaven I ſhould thee place.
This ſweet letter ſome joyful news contains,
I hope it brings recure to both our pains. [*He reads it.*

Mine own, as I am yours, whoſe heart (I know)
No leſs than mine, for lingering help of woe
Doth long too long: love tendering your caſe
And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.

My chamber floor doth hide a cave, where was
An old vault's mouth: the other in the plain
Doth riſe ſouthward, a furlong from the wall.
Deſcend you there. This ſhall ſuffice. And ſo
I yield myſelf, mine honour, life and all,
To you. Uſe you the ſame as there may grow
Your bliſs and mine (mine Earl) and that the ſame
Free may abide from danger of defame.
Farewell; and fare ſo well, as that your joy,
Which only can, may comfort mine annoy.
Yours more than her own.

GISMUND.

O bliſsful chance my ſorrows to aſſwage!
Wonder of nature, marvel of our age!
Comes this from Giſmund? did ſhe thus infold
This letter in the cane? may it be ſo?
It were too ſweet a joy, I am deceiv'd.
Why ſhall I doubt, did ſhe not give it me?
Therewith ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe joy'd, [30] ſhe raught the cane,
And with her own ſweet hand ſhe gave it me:
And as we danc'd, ſhe dallied with the cane,
And ſweetly whiſper'd I ſhould be her king,
And with this cane, the ſcepter of our rule,
Command the ſweets of her ſurprized heart.
Therewith ſhe raught from her alluring locks
This golden treſs, the favour of her grace,
And with her own ſweet hand ſhe gave it me.
O peerleſs queen, my joy, my heart's decree!
And thou fair letter, how ſhall I welcome thee?
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wer't,
Bleſt may ye be, ſuch ſolace that impart;
And bleſſed be this cane, and he that taught
Thee to deſcry the hidden entry thus:
Not only through a dark and dreadful vault,
But fire and ſword, and through whatever be,
Miſtreſs of my deſires, I come to thee.

[Guiſzard *departeth in haſte unto the palace.*

[30] —*ſhe* raught *the cane,*] *Raught* is the ancient preterite of the word *reach.* It is frequently uſed by Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and other ancient writers.

Chorus 1.

Right mighty is thy power, O cruel Love,
High Jove himſelf cannot reſiſt thy bow;
Thou ſent'ſt him down, e'en from the heavens above,
In fundry ſhapes here to the earth below:
Then how ſhall mortal men eſcape thy dart,
The fervent flame, and burning of thy fire;
Since that thy might is ſuch, and ſince thou art
Both of the ſeas and land the lord and ſire?

Chorus 2.

But why doth he that ſprung from Jove's high head,
And Phœbus's ſiſter ſhene, deſpiſe thy power,
Ne fears thy bow? Why have they always led
A maiden life, and kept untouch'd the flower?
Why doth Ægiſtus love, and to obtain
His wicked will, conſpire his uncle's death?
Or why doth Phædra burn, for whom is ſlain
Theſeus' chaſte ſon, or Helen falſe of faith?
" For love aſſaults not but the idle heart,
" And ſuch as live in pleaſure and delight;
" He turneth oft their gladſome joys to ſmart,
" Their play to plaint, their ſport into deſpite."

Chorus 3.

'Tis true, that Dian chaſeth with her bow
The flying hart, the goat, and foamy boar;
By hill, by dale, in heat, in froſt, in ſnow,
She recketh not, but laboureth evermore;
Love ſeeks not her, ne knoweth where her to find.
Whilſt Paris kept his herd on Ida down,
Cupid ne'er ſought him out; for he is blind:
But when he left the field to live in town,
He fell into his ſnare, and brought that brand
From Greece to Troy, which after ſet on fire
Strong Ilium, and all the Phryges land:
" Such are the fruits of love, ſuch is his hire."

Chorus 4.

Who yieldeth unto him his captive heart,
Ere he reſiſt, and holds his open breaſt
Withouten war to take his bloody dart,
Let him not think to ſhake off when him liſt

His heavy yoke. " Reſiſt his firſt aſſault;
" Weak is his bow, his quenched brand is cold;
" Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt
" The mind that bears him, or his virtues bold."
But he gives poiſon ſo to drink in gold,
And hideth under pleaſant baits his hook;
But ye beware, it will be hard to hold
Your greedy minds, if ye but wiſely look
What ſly ſnake lurks under thoſe flowers gay.
But ye miſtruſt ſome cloudy ſmoaks, and fear
A ſtormy ſhower after ſo fair a day:
Ye may repent, and buy your pleaſure dear;
For ſeldom times is Cupid wont to ſend
" Unto an idle love a joyful end."

Finis Actus 3. *G. All.*

ACT IV. SCEN. I.

Before this act Megæra *riſeth out of hell, with the other furies,* Alecto *and* Tyſiphone *dancing an helliſh round; which done ſhe ſaith.*

Megæra.

SISTERS, begone, bequeath the reſt to me,
That yet belongs unto this tragedy.
[*The two furies depart down.*
Vengeance and death from forth the deepeſt hell,
I bring the curſed houſe where Giſmund dwells.
Sent from the griſly god that holds his reign
In Tartar's ugly realm, where Pelop's ſire
(Who with his own ſon's fleſh whom he had ſlain
Did feaſt the gods) with famine hath his hire;
To gape and catch at flying fruits in vain,
And yielding waters to his gaſping throat;
Where ſtormy Æol's ſon, with endleſs pain,
Rolls up the rock; where Titius hath his lot

[31] To feed the gripe that gnaws his growing heart;
Where proud Ixion, whirled on the wheel,
Purſues himſelf; where due-deſerved ſmart
The damned ghoſts in burning flame do feel,
From thence I mount: Thither the winged god,
Nephew to Atlas, that upholds the ſky,
Of late down from the earth, with golden rod,
To Stygian ferry Salerne ſouls did guide,
And made report, how Love, that lordly boy,
Highly diſdaining his renown's decay,
Slipt down from heaven, and fill'd with fickle joy
Giſmund's heart, and made her throw away
Chaſtneſs of life, to her immortal ſhame;
Minding to ſhew, by proof of her foul end,
Some terror unto thoſe that ſcorn his name.
Black Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend
In winning Ceres' daughter, queen of hells;)
And Parthie, moved by the grieved ghoſt
Of her late huſband, that in Tartar dwells,
Who pray'd due pains for her, that thus hath loſt
All care of him, and of her chaſtity.
The ſenate then of hell, by grave advice
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,
Commands me draw this hateful air, and riſe
Above the earth, with dole and death to daunt
The pride and preſent joys, wherewith theſe two
Feed their diſdained hearts; which now to do,
Behold I come with inſtruments of death.
This ſtinging ſnake, which is of hate and wrath,
I'll fix upon her father's heart full faſt,
And into her's this other will I caſt,
Whoſe rankling venom ſhall infect them ſo
With envious wrath, and with recureleſs woe,
Each ſhall be other's plague and overthrow.
" Furies muſt aid, when men ſurceaſe to know

[31] *To feed the gripe that gnaws his growing heart;*] Alluding to the Vulture that gnawed the liver of Titius. In *Ferrex and Porrex*, A. 2. S. 1. is this line:

" Or cruell gripe to gnaw my groaning hart." S. P.

" Their

" Their gods: and hell ſends forth revenging pain
" On thoſe, whom ſhame from ſin cannot reſtrain."

ACT IV. SCEN. II.

Megæra *entereth into the palace, and meeteth with* Tancred *coming out of* Giſmund's *chamber with* Renuchio *and* Julio, *upon whom ſhe throweth her ſnake.*

Tancred.

GODS! are ye guides of juſtice and revenge?
O thou great Thunderer! doſt thou behold
With watchful eyes the ſubtile 'ſcapes of men
Harden'd in ſhame, ſear'd up in the deſire
Of their own luſts? why then doſt thou withhold
The blaſt of thy revenge? why doſt thou grant
Such liberty, ſuch lewd occaſion
To execute their ſhameleſs villainy?
Thou, thou art cauſe of all this open wrong,
Thou that forbear'ſt thy vengeance all too long.
If thou ſpare them, rain then upon my head
The fulneſs of thy plagues with deadly ire,
To reave this ruthful ſoul, who all too ſore
Burns in the wrathful torments of revenge.
O earth, the mother of each living wight,
Open thy womb, devour this wither'd corps.
And thou, O hell (if other hell there be
Than that I feel) receive my ſoul to thee.
O daughter, daughter, (wherefore do I grace
Her with ſo kind a name?) O thou fond girl,
The ſhameful ruin of thy father's houſe,
Is this my hoped joy? Is this the ſtay
Muſt glad my grief-full years that waſte away?
For life which firſt thou didſt receive from me,
Ten thouſand deaths ſhall I receive by thee.
For all the joys I did repoſe in thee,
Which I (fond man) did ſettle in thy ſight,

Is this my recompence; that I muſt ſee
The thing ſo ſhameful, and ſo villanous;
That would to God this earth had ſwallowed
This worthleſs burthen into loweſt deeps,
Rather than I (accurſed) had beheld
The ſight that hourly maſſacres my life?
O whither, whither fly'ſt thou forth, my ſoul?
O whither wand'reth my tormented mind?
Thoſe pains that make the miſer glad of death
Have ſeiz'd on me, and yet I cannot have
What villains may command, a ſpeedy death.
Whom ſhall I firſt accuſe for this outrage?
That god that guideth all, and guideth ſo
This damned deed? Shall I blaſpheme their names,
The gods, the authors of this ſpectacle?
Or ſhall I juſtly curſe that cruel ſtar
Whoſe influence aſſign'd this deſtiny?
But nay, that traytor, ſhall that vile wretch live,
By whom I have receiv'd this injury?
Or ſhall I longer make account of her,
That fondly proſtitutes her widow's ſhame?—
I have bethought me what I ſhall requeſt. [*He kneels.*
On bended knees, with hands heav'd up to heaven,
This (ſacred ſenate of the gods) I crave:
Firſt on the traytor your conſuming ire;
Next, on the curſed ſtrumpet, dire revenge;
Laſt, on myſelf, the wretched father, ſhame. [*He riſeth.*
Oh! could I ſtamp, and therewithall command
Armies of furies to aſſiſt my heart,
To proſecute due vengeance on their ſouls.—
Hear me, my friends; but as ye love your lives,
Reply not to me; harken and ſtand amaz'd.
When I, as is my wont, (oh fond delight!)
Went forth to ſeek my daughter, now my death,
Within her chamber (as I thought) ſhe was;
But there I found her not: I deemed then
For her diſport ſhe and her maidens were
Down to the garden walk'd to comfort them;
And thinking thus, it came into my mind
There all alone to tarry her return:

And thereupon I (weary) threw myſelf
Upon her widow's bed (for ſo I thought)
And in the curtain wrapt my curſed head.
Thus as I lay, anon I might behold
Out of the vault, up through her chamber floor,
My daughter Giſmund bringing hand in hand
The County Palurin. Alas! it is too true;
At her bed's feet this traytor made me ſee
Her ſhame, his treaſon, and my deadly grief.
Her princely body yielded to this thief;
The high deſpite whereof ſo wounded me,
That, trance-like, as a ſenſeleſs ſtone I lay;
For neither wit, nor tongue could uſe the mean
T'expreſs the paſſions of my pained heart.
Forceleſs, perforce, I ſunk down to this pain,
As greedy famine doth conſtrain the hawk
Piecemeal to rend and tear the yielding prey:
Sa far'd it with me in that heavy ſtound.
But now what ſhall I do? how may I ſeek
To eaſe my mind, that burneth with deſire
Of dire revenge? For never ſhall my thoughts
Grant eaſe unto my heart, till I have found
A mean of vengeance to requite his pains,
That firſt convey'd this ſight unto my ſoul.—
Renuchio!

Renuchio.

What is your highneſs' will?

Tancred.

Call my daughter: my heart boils till I ſee
Her in my ſight, to whom I may diſcharge
All the unreſt that thus diſtempereth me.
Should I deſtroy them both? O gods, ye know
How near and dear our daughter is to us.
And yet my rage perſuades me to imbrue
My thirſty hands in both their trembling bloods,
Therewith to cool my wrathful fury's heat.
But, Nature, why repin'ſt thou at this thought?
Why ſhould I think upon a father's debt
To her that thought not on a daughter's due?
But ſtill, methinks, if I ſhould ſee her die,

And therewithall reflex her dying eyes
Upon mine eyes, that ſight would ſlit my heart:
Not much unlike the cockatrice, that ſlays
The object of his foul infections.
Oh! what a conflict doth my mind endure?
Now fight my thoughts againſt my paſſions:
Now ſtrive my paſſions againſt my thoughts:
Now ſweats my heart, now chill-cold falls it dead,
Help heavens, and ſuccour ye celeſtial powers.
Infuſe your ſecret virtue on my ſoul.
Shall nature win? ſhall juſtice not prevail?
Shall I (a king) be proved partial?
" How ſhall our ſubjects then inſult on us,
" When our examples (that are light to them)
" Shall be eclipſed with our proper deeds?"
And may the arms be rented from the tree?
The members from the body be diſſever'd?
And can the heart endure no violence?
My daughter is to me mine only heart,
My life, my comfort, my continuance;
Shall I be then not only ſo unkind
To paſs all nature's ſtrength, and cut her off?
But therewithall ſo cruel to myſelf,
Againſt all law of kind to ſhred in twain
The golden thred that doth us both maintain?
But were it that my rage ſhould ſo command,
And I conſent to her untimely death,
Were this an end to all our miſeries?
No, no, her ghoſt will ſtill purſue our life,
And from the deep her bloodleſs ghaſtful ſpirit
Will, as my ſhadow in the ſhining day,
Follow my footſteps till ſhe take revenge.
I will do thus: therefore the traytor dies,
Becauſe he ſcorn'd the favour of his king,
And our diſpleaſure wilfully incurr'd:
His ſlaughter, with her ſorrow for his blood,
Shall to our rage ſupply delightful food.—
Julio!

Julio.

What is't your Majeſty commands?

Tancred.

Tancred.

Julio, if we have not our hope in vain,
Nor all the truſt we do repoſe in thee,
Now muſt we try if thou approve the ſame.
Herein thy force and wiſdom we muſt ſee,
For our command requires them both of thee.

Julio.

How by your Grace's bounty I am bound,
Beyond the common bond wherein each man
Stands bound unto his king; how I have found
Honour and wealth by favour in your ſight,
I do acknowledge with moſt thankful mind.
My truth (with other means to ſerve your Grace,
Whatever you in honour ſhall aſſign)
Hath ſworn her power true vaſſal to your heſt:
For proof, let but your majeſty command,
I ſhall unlock the priſon of my ſoul,
(Although unkindly horror would gainſay)
Yet in obedience to your highneſs' will,
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,
This hand and blade will be the inſtruments
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.

Tancred.

Well, to be ſhort (for I am griev'd too long
By wrath without revenge) I think you know
Whilom there was a palace builded ſtrong
For war, within our court, where dreadleſs peace
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.
But of that palace yet one vault remains
Within our court, the ſecret way whereof
Is to our daughter Giſmund's chamber laid:
There is alſo another mouth hereof
Without our wall, which now is overgrown;
But you may find it out, for yet it lies
Directly ſouth a furlong from our palace:
It may be known, hard-by an ancient ſtoop [32],
Where grew an oak in elder days, decay'd;
There will we that you watch, there ſhall you ſee

[32] — *an ancient ſtoop,*] "A *ſtoop*, or *ſtowp*; a poſt faſtened in the earth, "from the Latin *ſtupa.*" Ray's *North Country Words*, p. 58. Edition 1742.

A villain

A villain traytor mount out of a vault:
Bring him to us, it is th'earl Palurin.
What is his fault, neither ſhall you enquire,
Nor liſt we to diſcloſe; theſe curſed eyes
Have ſeen the flame, this heart hath felt the fire
That cannot elſe be quench'd but with his blood.
This muſt be done: this will we have you do.

Julio.

Both this, and elſe whatever you think good.

[Julio *departeth into the palace.*

ACT IV. SCEN. III.

Runuchio *bringeth* Giſmund *out of her chamber, to whom* Tancred *ſaith.*

Tancred.

RENUCHIO, depart, leave us alone. [*Exit* Renuchio.
Giſmund, if either I could caſt aſide
All care of thee; or if thou wouldſt have had
Some care of me, it would not now betide,
That either through thy fault my joy ſhould fade,
Or by thy folly I ſhould bear the pain
Thou haſt procur'd: but now 'tis neither I
Can ſhun the grief, whom thou haſt more than ſlain;
Nor may'ſt thou heal, or eaſe the grievous wound
Which thou haſt given me. That unſtained life
Wherein I joy'd, and thought it thy delight,
Why haſt thou loſt it? Can it be reſtor'd?
Where is thy widow's bed, there is thy ſhame.
Giſmund, it is no man's, nor men's report,
That have by likely proofs inform'd me thus.
Thou know'ſt how hardly I could be induc'd
To vex myſelf, and be diſpleas'd with thee,
With flying tales of flattering ſycophants.
No, no, there was in us ſuch ſettled truſt
Of thy chaſte life and uncorrupted mind,
That, if theſe eyes had not beheld thy ſhame,
In vain ten thouſand cenſures could have told,

That

That thou didſt once unprincelike make agree
With that vile traytor County Palurin;
Without regard had to thyſelf or me,
Unſhamefac'dly to ſtain thy ſtate and mine.
But I unhappieſt have beheld the ſame,
And ſeeing it, yet feel th'exceeding grief
That ſlays my heart with horror of that thought:
Which grief commands me to obey my rage,
And juſtice urgeth ſome extream revenge,
To wreak the wrongs that have been offer'd us.
But nature, that hath lock'd within thy breaſt
Two lives, the ſame inclineth me to ſpare
Thy blood, and ſo to keep mine own unſpilt.
This is that overweening love I bear
To thee undutiful, and undeſerved.
But for that traytor, he ſhall ſurely die;
For neither right nor nature doth intreat
For him, that wilfully without all awe
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,
Incurr'd the juſt diſpleaſure of his king.
And to be brief, I am content to know
What for thy ſelf thou canſt object to us,
Why thou ſhould'ſt not together with him die,
So to aſſuage the griefs that overthrow
Thy father's heart.

Giſmund.

O king and father, humbly give her leave
To plead for grace, that ſtands in your diſgrace.
[33] Not that ſhe recks this life: for I confeſs
I have deſerv'd, when ſo it pleaſeth you,
[34] To die the death, mine honour and my name
(As you ſuppoſe) diſtained with reproach:

[33] *Not that ſhe recks this life:*] Not that ſhe is careful or anxious about, or regrets the loſs of this life. So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. 9. l. 171:

" — Revenge at firſt though ſweet,
" Bitter ere long back on itſelf recoils;
" Let it; *I reck not*, ſo it light well aim'd."

Hiſtory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, 1600:

" I *reck* of death, the leſs in that I die,
" Not by the ſentence of that envious prieſt."

[34] *To die the death,*] See Note, vol. I. p. 13.

And well contented ſhall I meet the ſtroke,
That muſt diſſever this deteſted head
From theſe lewd limbs. But this I wiſh were known,
That now I live not for myſelf alone.
For when I ſaw that neither my requeſt,
Nor the intreaty of my careful aunt,
Could win your highneſs' pleaſure to our will:
" Then love, heat of the heart, life of the ſoul,
" Fed by deſire, increaſing by reſtraint,"
Would not endure controulment any more,
But violently enforc'd my feeble heart
(For who am I, alas! ſtill to reſiſt
Such endleſs conflicts?) to relent and yield:
Therewith I choſe him for my lord and pheer,
Guiſzard mine Earl, that holds my love full dear.
Then if it be ſo ſettled in your mind,
He ſhall not live becauſe he dar'd to love
Your daughter; thus I give your grace to know.
Within his heart there is inclos'd my life.
Therefore, O father, if that name may be
Sweet to your ears, and that we may prevail
By name of father, that you favour us:
But otherwiſe, if now we cannot find
That which our falſed hope did promiſe us;
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts
Of theſe ſuſpicions. Since neither in this caſe
His good deſerts in ſervice to your Grace,
Which always have been juſt, nor my deſires,
May mitigate the cruel rage of grief
That ſtrains your heart, but that mine Earl muſt die;
Then all in vain you aſk what I can ſay
Why I ſhould live. Sufficeth for my part
To ſay I will not live, and ſo reſolve.

Tancred.

Dar'ſt thou ſo deſperate decree thy death?

Giſmund.

A dreadleſs heart delights in ſuch decrees.

Tancred.

Thy kind abhorreth ſuch unkindly thoughts.

Giſmund.

Giſmund.

Unkindly thoughts they are to them that live
In kindly love.

Tancred.

As I do unto thee.

Giſmund.

To take his life who is my love from me?

Tancred.

Have I then loſt thy love?

Giſmund.

If he ſhall loſe
His life, that is my love.

Tancred.

Thy love? Begone.
Return into thy chamber.

Giſmund.

I will go.

[Giſmunda *departeth to her chamber.*

ACT. IV. SCEN. IV.

Julio *with his guard bringeth in the County* Palurin *priſoner.*

Julio.

IF it pleaſe your highneſs, hither have we brought
This captive Earl, as you commanded us.
Whom (as we were foretold) even there we found
Where by your Majeſty we were injoin'd
To watch for him. What more your highneſs wills,
This heart and hand ſhall execute your heſt.

Tancred.

Julio, we thank your pains.—Ah, Palurin!
Have we deſerved in ſuch traiterous ſort
Thou ſhould'ſt abuſe our kingly courteſies,
Which we too long in favour have beſtow'd
Upon thy falſe diſſembling heart with us?
What grief thou therewithal haſt thrown on us,
What ſhame upon a houſe, what dire diſtreſs
Our ſoul endures, cannot be uttered.

And durſt thou, villain, dare to undermine
Our daughter's chamber? durſt thy ſhameleſs face
Be bold to kiſs her? th'reſt we will conceal.
Sufficeth that thou knoweſt I too well know
All thy proceedings in thy private ſhames.
Herein what haſt thou won? thine own content,
With the diſpleaſure of thy lord and king.
The thought whereof, if thou hadſt had in mind
The leaſt remorſe of love and loyalty,
Might have reſtrain'd thee from ſo foul a fact.
But, Palurin, what may I deem of thee,
Whom neither fear of gods, nor love of him
(Whoſe princely favour hath been thine uprear)
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd deſires?
Wherefore content thee, that we are reſolv'd
(And therefore laid to ſnare thee with this bait)
That thy juſt death, with thine effuſed blood,
Shall cool the heat and choler of our mood.

Guiſzard.

My lord the king, neither do I miſlike
Your ſentence, nor do your ſmoaking ſighs,
Reach'd from the entrails of your boiling heart,
Diſturb the quiet of my calmed thoughts:
For this I feel, and by experience prove,
Such is the force and endleſs might of love,
As never ſhall the dread of carrion death,
That hath envy'd our joys, invade my breaſt.
For if it may be found a fault in me
(That evermore hath lov'd your Majeſty)
Likewiſe to honour and to love your child;
If love unto you both may be a fault,
But unto her my love exceeds compare:
Then this hath been my fault, for which I joy,
That in the greateſt luſt of all my life,
I ſhall ſubmit for her ſake to endure
The pangs of death. Oh! mighty Lord of Love,
Strengthen thy vaſſal boldly to receive
Large wounds into this body for her ſake.
Then uſe my life or death, my lord and king,
For your relief to eaſe your grieved ſoul:

For whether I live, or elſe that I muſt die
To end your pains, I am content to bear;
Knowing by death I ſhall bewray the truth
Of that ſound heart which living was her own,
And died alive for her that lived mine.

Tancred.

Thine Palurin? What! lives my daughter thine?
Traytor, thou wrong'ſt me, for ſhe liveth mine.
Rather I wiſh ten thouſand ſundry deaths,
Than I to live, and ſee my daughter thine.
Thine, that is dearer than my life to me?
Thine, whom I hope to ſee an empreſs?
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my ſight?
Thine, unto whom we have bequeath'd our crown?—
Julio, we will that thou inform from us
Renuchio the captain of our guard,
That we command this traytor be convey'd
Into the dungeon underneath our tower;
There let him reſt until he be reſolv'd
What farther we intend; which to underſtand,
We will Renuchio repair to us.

Julio.

O that I might your Majeſty entreat
With clemency to beautify your ſeat
Toward this prince, diſtreſt by his deſires,
Too many, all too ſtrong to captivate.

Tancred.

" This is the ſoundeſt ſafety for a king,
" To cut them off that vex or hinder him."

Julio.

" This have I found the ſafety of a king,
" To ſpare the ſubjects that do honour him."

Tancred.

Have we been honour'd by this leacher's luſt?

Julio.

No, but by this devout ſubmiſſion.

Tancred.

Our fortune ſays we muſt do what we may.

Julio.

" This is praiſe-worth, not to do what you may."

Tancred.

And may the ſubject countermand the king?

Julio.

No, but intreat him.

Tancred.

What he ſhall decree?

Julio.

What wiſdom ſhall diſcern.

Tancred.

Nay, what our word
Shall beſt determine. We will not reply.
Thou know'ſt our mind, our heart cannot be eas'd,
But with the ſlaughter of this Palurin.

[*The king haſteth into his palace.*

Guiſzard.

O, thou great god! who from thy higheſt throne
Haſt ſtooped down, and felt the force of love,
Bend gentle eats unto the woful moan
Of me poor wretch, to grant that I require:
Help to perſuade the ſame great god, that he
So far remit his might, and ſlack his fire
From my dear lady's kindled heart, that ſhe
May hear my death without her hurt. Let not
Her face, wherein there is as clear a light
As in the riſing moon; let not her cheeks,
As red as is the party-colour'd roſe,
Be paled with the news hereof: and ſo
I yield myſelf, my ſilly ſoul, and all,
To him, for her, for whom my death ſhall ſhew
I liv'd; and as I liv'd, I dy'd her thrall.
Grant this, thou Thunderer: this ſhall ſuffice,
My breath to vaniſh in the liquid ſkies.

[Guiſzard *is led to priſon.*

Chorus 1.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris' love,
Nor underſtand the end of Helen's joy?
He may behold the fatal overthrow
Of Priam's houſe, and of the town of Troy;

His

His death at laſt, and her eternal ſhame,
For whom full many noble knights were ſlain.
So many a duke, ſo many a prince of fame
Bereft his life, and left there in the plain.
Medea's armed hand, Eliza's ſword,
Wretched Leander drenched in the flood.
Phillis, ſo long that waited for her lord.
All theſe too dearly bought their loves with blood.

Chorus 2.

But he in virtue that his lady ſerves,
Ne wills but what unto her honour 'longs,
He never from the rule of reaſon ſwerves;
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs,
Of blind Cupid: he lives not in deſpair,
As done his ſervants; neither ſpends his days
In joy and care, vain hope, and throbbing fear;
But ſeeks alway what may his ſovereign pleaſe
In honour: he that thus ſerves, reaps the fruit
Of his ſweet ſervice; and no jealous dread,
Nor baſe ſuſpect of aught to let his ſuit,
(Which cauſeth oft the lover's heart to bleed)
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his breaſt:
He waileth not by day, nor wakes by night,
When every other living thing doth reſt;
Nor finds his life or death within her ſight.

Chorus 3.

Remember thou in virtue ſerve therefore
Thy chaſte lady: beware thou do not love,
As whilom Venus did the fair Adone,
But as Diana lov'd th' Amazon's ſon;
Through whoſe requeſt the gods to him alone
Reſtor'd new life. The twine that was undone,
Was by the ſiſters twiſted up again.
The love of virtue in thy lady's looks,
The love of virtue in her learned talk;
This love yields matter for eternal books,
This love inticeth him abroad to walk,
There to invent and write new rondelays
Of learn'd conceit, her fancies to allure
To vain delights, ſuch humours he allays,
And ſings of virtue and her garments pure.

Chorus 4.

Deſire not of thy ſovereign the thing
Whereof ſhame may enſue by any mean;
Nor wiſh thou aught that may diſhonour bring.
So whilom did the learned [35] Tuſcan ſerve
His fair lady; and glory was their end.
Such are the praiſes lovers done deſerve,
Whoſe ſervice doth to virtue and honour tend.

Finis Actus 4. *Compoſuit Ch. Hat.* [36]

35 — *learned Tuſcan ſerve*
His fair lady;] Petrarch and Laura.

36 *Compoſuit Ch. Hat.*] The initials of theſe names ſeem intended for Chriſtopher Hatton, afterwards knighted and created Chancellor of England and a Peer. In the fourth year of Queen Elizabeth, 1562, about ſix years before this Play is ſuppoſed to have been written, we learn from Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, p. 150, a magnificent Chriſtmas was kept in the Inner Temple, at which her Majeſty was preſent, and Mr. Hatton was appointed Maſter of the Game. Hiſtorians ſay, he owed his riſe, not ſo much to his mental abilities, as to the graces of his perſon, and his excellence in dancing; which captivated the Queen to ſuch a degree, that he aroſe gradually from one of her Gentlemen Penſioners to the higheſt employment in the Law, which he, however, filled without cenſure, ſupplying his own defects by the aſſiſtance of the ableſt men in the profeſſion. *The grave Lord Keeper*, after his promotion, ſtill retained his fondneſs for that accompliſhment to which he was indebted for his riſe, *and led the Brawles* almoſt untill his death. In 1589, on the marriage of his heir with Judge Gawdry's daughter, "the Lord "Chancellor danced the meaſures at the ſolemnity, and left his gown "on the chair, ſaying, *Lie there Chancellor.*" His death, which happened two years after, was haſtened by an unexpected demand of money from the Queen, urged in ſo ſevere a manner, that all the kindneſs ſhe afterwards ſhewed to him was inſufficient to remove the impreſſion it had made on him. See Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, vol. I. p. 8. 56.

ACT V. SCEN. I.

Renuchio *cometh out of the palace.*

Renuchio.

OH cruel fate! oh miſerable chance!
Oh dire aſpect of hateful deſtinies!
Oh woe may not be told! Suffic'd it not
That I ſhould ſee, and with theſe eyes behold
So foul, ſo bloody, and ſo baſe a deed:
But more to aggravate the heavy cares
Of my perplexed mind, muſt only I,
Muſt I alone be made the meſſenger,
That muſt deliver to her princely ears
Such diſmal news, as when I ſhall diſcloſe,
I know it cannot but abridge her days?
As when the thunder and three-forked fire,
Rent through the clouds by Jove's almighty power,
Breaks up the boſom of our mother earth,
And burns her heart before the heat be felt.
In this diſtreſs whom ſhould I moſt bewail,
My woe, that muſt be made the meſſenger
Of theſe unworthy and unwelcome news?
Or ſhall I moan thy death, O noble Earl?
Or ſhall I ſtill lament the heavy hap,
That yet, O Queen, attends thy funeral?

Chorus 1.

What moans be theſe? Renuchio, is this Salerne I ſee?
Doth here king Tancred hold the awful crown?
Is this the place where civil people be?
Or do the ſavage Scythians here abound?

Chorus 2.

What mean theſe queſtions? whither tend theſe words?
Reſolve us maidens, and releaſe our fears.
Whatever news thou bring'ſt, diſcover them,
Detain us not in this ſuſpicious dread;
"The thought whereof is greater than the woe."

Renuchio.

O whither may I caſt my looks? to heaven?
Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down revenge.
The earth ſhall I behold, ſtain'd with the gore
Of his heart-blood, that dy'd moſt innocent?
Which way ſoe'er I turn mine eyes, methinks
His butcher'd corps ſtand, ſtaring in my face.

Chorus 3.

We humbly pray thee to forbear theſe words,
So full of terror to our maiden hearts:
" The dread of things unknown breeds the ſuſpect
" Of greater dread, until the worſt be known.
Tell therefore what hath chanc'd, and whereunto
This bloody cup thou holdeſt in thy hand.

Renuchio.

Since ſo is your requeſt, that I ſhall do,
Although my mind ſo ſorrowful a thing
Repines to tell; and though my voice eſchews
To ſay what I have ſeen: yet ſince your will
So fixed ſtands, to hear for what I rue,
Your great deſires I ſhall herein fulfill.
Firſt by Salerne city, amids the plain,
There ſtands a hill, whoſe bottom huge and round,
Thrown out in breadth, a large ſpace doth contain;
And gathering up in height, ſmall from the ground,
Still leſs and leſs it mounts: there ſometime was
A goodly tower uprear'd, that flower'd in fame
While fate and fortune ſerv'd; but time doth paſs,
And with his ſway ſuppreſſeth all the ſame:
For now the walls be even'd with the plain,
And all the reſt ſo foully lies defac'd,
As but the only ſhade doth there remain
Of that, which there was built in time forepaſs'd:
And yet that ſhews what worthy work tofore
Hath there been rear'd. [37] One parcel of that tower
Yet ſtands, which eating time could not devour:

A ſtrong

[37] *One parcel of that tower*, &c.] Dryden's tranſlation of *Boccace's Deſcription of the Cave* is as follows:

" Next the proud palace of Salerno ſtood
" A Mount of rough aſcent, and thick with wood.

" Through

A ſtrong turret, compact of ſtone and rock,
Hugy without, but horrible within:
To paſs to which by force of handy ſtroak,
A crooked ſtreight is made, that enters in,
And leads into this ugly loathſome place.
Within the which, carved into the ground,
[38] A dungeon deep there runs of narrow ſpace,
Dreadful and dark, where never light is found:
Into this hollow cave, by cruel heſt
Of king Tancred, were divers ſervants ſent
To work the horror of his furious breaſt,
Erſt nouriſh'd in his rage, and now ſtern bent
To have the ſame perform'd. I, woeful man,
Amongſt the reſt, was one to do the thing,
That to our charge ſo ſtraitly did belong,
In ſort as was commanded by the king.
Within which dreadful priſon when we came,
The noble county Palurin, that there
[39] Lay chain'd in gives, faſt fetter'd in his bolts,

Out

" Through this a cave was dug with vaſt expence:
" The work it ſeem'd of ſome ſuſpicious prince,
" Who, when abuſing power with lawleſs might,
" From public juſtice would ſecure his flight.
" The paſſage made by many a winding way,
" Reach'd ev'n the room in which the tyrant lay.
" Fit for his purpoſe on a lower floor,
" He lodg'd, whoſe iſſue was an iron door;
" From whence, by ſtairs deſcending to the ground,
" In the blind grot a ſafe retreat he found.
" Its outlet ended in a brake o'ergrown
" With brambles, choak'd by time, and now unknown.
" A rift there was, which from the mountain's height
" Convey'd a glimm'ring and malignant light,
" A breathing place to draw the damps away,
" A twilight of an intercepted day."
Sigiſmonda and Guiſcardo. Dryden's Works, vol. III. p. 251.

[38] *A dungeon*, &c.] See Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. 1. l. 60.

[39] *Lay chain'd in gives*, &c. *Gives*, or, as the word is more frequently ſpelt, *Gyves*, are *fetters* or *chains*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars Buſh*, A. 3. S. 4:

" *Gyves* I muſt wear, and cold muſt be my comfort."

Marſton's *What you will*, A. 2. S. 1:

" Think'ſt thou a libertine, *an ungiv'd* beaſt,
" Scornes not the ſhackles of thy envious clogs?"

Out of the dark dungeon we did uprear,
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,
That gave us light to work our tyranny.
But when I once beheld his manly face,
And ſaw his chear, no more appall'd with fear
Of preſent death, than he whom never dread
[40] Did once amate; my heart abhorred then
To give conſent unto ſo foul a deed:
That wretched death ſhould reve ſo worthy a man.
On falſe fortune I cry'd with loud complaint,
That in ſuch ſort o'erwhelms nobility.
But he, whom neither grief ne fear could taint,
With ſmiling chear himſelf oft willed me,
To leave to plain his caſe, or ſorrow make
For him; for he was far more glad apaid,
Death to embrace thus, for his Lady's ſake,
Than life, or all the joys of life, he ſaid.
For loſs of life (quoth he) grieves me no more,
Than loſs of that which I eſteemed leaſt:
My Lady's grief, leſt ſhe ſhould rue therefore,
Is all the cauſe of grief within my breaſt.

Milton's *Samſon Agoniſtes*, l. 1092:

"Doſt thou already ſingle me? I thought
"*Gyves* and the mill had tam'd thee."

See Dr. Newton's Note on the laſt paſſage; and Mr. Steevens's Note on Firſt Part *Henry* IV. A. 4. S. 3.

[40] *Did once amate*;] *Amate* is to daunt or confound. Skinner, in his *Etymologicon*, explains it thus: "Perterrifacere, Attonitum reddere, "Obſtupefacere, conſternare, Conſilii inopem reddere."

Thule or Verteu's *Hiſtorie* by Francis Rous, 4to. 1598, Sign. B:

"At laſt with violence and open force,
"They brake the poſternes of the Caſtle gate,
"And entred ſpoyling all without remorce,
"Nor could old Sobrin now reſiſt his fate,
"But ſtiffe with feare ev'n like a ſenceles corſe
"Whom griſly terror doth ſo much *amate*,
"He lyes ſupine upon his fatall bed,
"Expecting ev'ry minute to be dead.

Again, Ibid. Sign. D:

"He would forſake his choyſe, and change his fate,
"And leave her quite, and ſo procure her woe,
"Faines that a ſudden grief doth her *amate*,
"Wounded with piercing ſicknes Ebon bow."

He

He pray'd therefore, that we would make report
To her, of thoſe his laſt words he would ſay:
That though he never could in any ſort
Her gentleneſs requite, nor never lay
Within his power to ſerve her as he would;
Yet ſhe poſſeſs'd his heart with hand and might,
To do her all the honour that he could.
This was to him, of all the joys that might
Revive his heart, the chiefeſt joy of all,
That, to declare the faithful heart which he
Did bear to her, fortune ſo well did fall,
That in her love he ſhould both live and die.
After theſe words he ſtay'd, and ſpake no more,
But joyfully beholding us each one,
His words and chear amazed us ſo ſore,
That ſtill we ſtood; when forthwith thereupon:
But, why ſlack you (quoth he) to do the thing
For which you come? make ſpeed, and ſtay no more,
Perform your maſter's will. Now tell the king
He hath his life, for which he long'd ſo ſore:
And with thoſe words himſelf, with his own hand
Faſt'ned the bands about his neck. The reſt
[41] Wond'ring at his ſtout heart, aſtonied ſtand
To ſee him offer thus himſelf to death.
What ſtony breaſt, or what hard heart of flint
Would not relent to ſee this dreary ſight?
So goodly a man, whom death nor fortune's dint
Could once diſarm, murder'd with ſuch deſpite;
And in ſuch ſort bereft, amidſt the flowers
Of his freſh years, that ruthful was to ſeen:
" For violent is death, when he devours
" Young men, or virgins, while their years be green.
Lo! now our ſervants ſeeing him take the bands,

41 *Wond'ring at his ſtout heart*, aſtonied *ſtand*] *Aſtonied* is *aſtoniſhed*. So, in *Euphues and his England*, p. 102:
" Philantus *aſtonied* at this ſpeech, &c."
Fable of Jeronimi by G. Gaſcoigne, p. 209: " When Ferdinando " (ſomewhat *aſtonied* with hir ſtrange ſpeech) thus anſwered:"
Thieves falling out, by Rob. Green: " —the Gentleman *aſtonied* at " this ſtrange Metamorphoſis of his miſtreſs.

And on his neck himſelf to make them faſt;
Without delay ſet to their cruel hands,
And ſought to work their fierce intent with haſte.
They ſtretch the bloody bands; and when the breath
Began to fail his breaſt, they ſlack'd again:
Thrice did they pull, and thrice they looſed him,
So did their hands repine againſt their hearts;
And oft-times looſed to his greater pain.
" But date of death, that fixed is ſo faſt,
" Beyond his courſe there may no wight extend;
For ſtrangled is this noble Earl at laſt,
Bereft of life, unworthy ſuch an end.

Chorus.

O damned deed!

Renuchio.

What deem you this to be,
All the ſad news that I have to unfold?
Is here (think you) end of the cruelty
That I have ſeen?

Chorus.

Could any heavier woe
Be wrought to him, than to deſtroy him ſo?

Renuchio.

What, think you this outrage did end ſo well?
The horror of the fact, the greateſt grief,
The maſſacre, the terror is to tell.

Chorus.

Alack! what could be more? they threw percaſe
The dead body to be devour'd and torn
Of the wild beaſts.

Renuchio.

Would god it had been caſt a ſavage prey
To beaſts and birds: but lo, that dreadful thing
Which e'en the tiger would not work, but to
Suffice his hunger, that hath the tyrant king
Withouten ruth commanded us to do,
Only to pleaſe his wrathful heart withal.
Happy had been his chance, too happy, alas!
If birds, or beaſts, had eaten up his corps,
Yea, heart and all, which in this cup I bring,

And

And am conſtrained now unto the face
Of his dear lady to preſent the ſame.

Chorus.

What kind of cruelty is this you name?
Declare forthwith, and whereunto doth tend
This farther plaint.

Renuchio.

After his breath was gone,
Forced perforce thus from his panting breaſt,
Straight they diſpoiled him; and not alone
Contented with his death, on the dead corps,
Which ravenous beaſts forbear to lacerate,
Even upon this our villains freſh begun
To ſhew new cruelty: forthwith they pierce
His naked belly, and unrip it ſo,
That out the bowels guſh'd. Who can rehearſe
Their tyranny, wherewith my heart yet bleeds?
The warm intrails were torn out of his breaſt,
Within their hands trembling, not fully dead;
His veins ſmoak'd, his bowels all too reeked,
Ruthleſs were rent, and thrown about the place:
All clottered lay the blood in lumps of gore,
[42] Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face;
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,
And cruelly upon a rapier
They fix'd the ſame, and in this hateful wiſe
Unto the king this heart they do preſent:
A ſight long'd for to feed his ireful eyes.
The king perceiving each thing to be wrought
As he had will'd, rejoicing to behold
Upon the bloody ſword the pierced heart,
He calls then for this maſſy cup of gold,
Into the which the woeful heart he caſt;

[42] *Sprent on his corpſe*] *Sprent* is ſprinkled. So, in Spenſer's *Shepherds Calendar December*:

"My head *beſprent* with hoary froſt I find."

Fairfax, Cant. 12. St. 101:

"His ſilver locks with duſt he foul *beſprent*."

Milton's *Comus*, l. 542:

"Of knot graſs dew *beſprent*:"

And

And reaching me the ſame, now go, quoth he,
Unto my daughter, and with ſpeedy haſte
Preſent her this, and ſay to her from me,
Thy father hath here in this cup thee ſent
That thing to joy and comfort thee withall,
Which thou lovedſt beſt, even as thou wert content
To comfort him with his chief joy of all.

Chorus.

O hateful fact! O paſſing cruelty!
O murder wrought with too much hard deſpite!
O heinous deed, which no poſterity
Will once believe!

Renuchio.

Thus was earl Palurin
Strangled unto the death, yea after death
His heart and blood diſbowell'd from his breaſt.
But what availeth plaint? It is but breath
Forewaſted all in vain. Why do I reſt
Here in this place? Why go I not, and do
The hateful meſſage to my charge committed?
Oh! were it not that I am forced thereto
By a king's will, here would I ſtay my feet,
Ne one whit farther wade in this intent:
But I muſt yield me to my prince's heſt;
Yet doth this ſomewhat comfort mine unreſt,
I am reſolv'd her grief not to behold,
But get me gone, my meſſage being told.
Where is the princeſs' chamber?

Chorus.

Lo, where ſhe comes.

ACT V. SCEN. II.

Giſmunda cometh out of her chamber, to whom Renuchio *delivereth his cup, ſaying.*

Renuchio.

THY father, O queen, here in this cup hath ſent
The thing to joy and comfort thee withall
Which thou lovedſt beſt, even as thou waſt content
To comfort him with his chief joy of all.

Giſmunda.

I thank my father, and thee, gentle ſquire,
For this thy travel; take thou, for thy pains,
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

[*Renuchio departeth.*

So, now is come the long-expected hour,
The fatal hour I have ſo looked for;
Now hath my father ſatisfied his thirſt
With guiltleſs blood, which he ſo coveted.
What brings this cup? (Ah me! I thought no leſs)
It is mine Earl's, my County's pierced heart.
Dear heart, too dearly haſt thou bought my love;
Extremely rated at too high a price.
Ah my ſweet heart, ſweet waſt thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou proveſt paſſing ſweet.
A fitter hearſe than this of beaten gold,
Could not be 'lotted to ſo good an heart:
My father therefore well provided thus,
To cloſe and wrap thee up in maſſy gold,
And therewithal to ſend thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou doſt beſt belong.
My father hath in all his life bewray'd
A princely care and tender love to me;
But this ſurpaſſeth, in his later days
To ſend me this, mine own dear heart to me.
Wert thou not mine, dear heart, whil'ſt that my love
Danced and played upon thy golden ſtrings?
Art thou not mine (dear heart) now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?

Thou

Thou art mine own, and ſtill mine own ſhalt be,
Therefore my father ſendeth thee to me.
Ah, pleaſant harborough of my heart's thought!
Ah, ſweet delight, the quick'ner of my ſoul!
Seven times accurſed be the hand that wrought
Thee this deſpite, to mangle thee ſo foul:
Yet in this wound I ſee mine own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I ſee thy conſtancy.
Go, gentle heart, go reſt thee in thy tomb,
Receive this token at thy laſt farewel.

[*She kiſſeth it.*

Thine own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting haſteth for thy company.
Thus haſt thou run (poor heart!) thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's ſnares;
Thus haſt thou loſt this world, and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,
Receiv'd a golden grave, to thy deſert.
Nothing doth want to thy juſt funeral,
But my ſalt tears to waſh thy bloody wound:
Which to the end thou might'ſt receive, behold
My father ſends thee in this cup of gold;
And thou ſhalt have them, though I was reſolv'd
To ſhed no tears, but with a chearful face
Once did I think to wet thy funeral
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
This done, forthwith my ſoul ſhall fly to thee;
For therefore did my father ſend thee me.
Ah, my pure heart! with ſweeter company,
Or more content, how ſafer may I prove
To paſs to places all unknown, with thee!
Why die I not therefore? why do I ſtay?
Why do I not this woful life forego,
And with theſe hands enforce this breath away?
What means this gorgeous glittering head attire?
How ill beſeem theſe billaments [43] of gold

[43] *billaments*] i. e. Habillaments. S. P.

Thy

Thy mournful widowhood? away with them—
[*She undreſſeth her hair.*
So, let thy treſſes flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck.
Now, helliſh furies, ſet my heart on fire,
Bolden my courage, ſtrengthen ye my hands
Againſt their kind, to do a kindly deed.
[44] But ſhall I then unwreaken down deſcend?
Shall I not work ſome juſt revenge on him
That thus hath ſlain my love? ſhall not theſe hands
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climb
Up to the pinnacles with burning brands,
And on his cinders wreak my cruel [45] teen?
Be ſtill (fond girl) content thee firſt to die,
This venom'd water ſhall abridge thy life:
[*She taketh a vial of poiſon out of her pocket.*
This for the ſame intent provided I,
Which can both eaſe and end this raging ſtrife.
Thy father by thy death ſhall have more woe,
Than fire or flames within his gates can bring:

[44] *But ſhall I then* unwreaken *down deſcend?*] *Unwreaken* is *unrevenged.* So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every man out of his humour*, A. 2. S. 4:
" —— Would to heaven
" (In *wreak* of my misfortunes) I were turn'd
" To ſome fair water nymph."
Sejanus his fall, A. 4:
" —— Made to ſpeak
" What they will have to fit their tyrannous *wreak*."
Maſſinger's *Fatal Dowry*, A. 4. S. 4:
" But there's a Heaven above, from whoſe juſt *wreak*
" No miſts of policy can hide offenders."
Maſſinger's *Very Woman*, A. 1:
" And our juſt *wreak*, by force or cunning practiſe
" With ſcorn prevented."
See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 4. S. 5.
[45] —*teen?*] *Sorrow.* Again, A. 5. S. 3:
" His death, her woe, and her avenging *teen*."
Shakſpeare's *Venus and Adonis.*
" More I could tell, but more I dare not ſay,
" The text is old, the orator too green.
" Therefore in ſadneſs now I will away,
" My face is full of ſhame, my heart of *teen*."

Content thee then in patience hence to go,
Thy death his blood ſhall wreak upon the king.
Now not alone (a grief to die alone)
"The only mirror of extreme annoy;"
But not alone thou dieſt, my love, for I
Will be copartner of thy deſtiny.
Be merry then, my ſoul; can'ſt thou refuſe
To die with him, that death for thee did chuſe?

Chorus 1.

What damned fury hath poſſeſs'd our Queen?
Why ſit we ſtill beholding her diſtreſs?
Madam, forbear, ſuppreſs this headſtrong rage.

Giſmunda.

Maidens, forbear your comfortable words.

Chorus 2.

O worthy Queen, raſhneſs doth overthrow
The author of his reſolution.

Giſmunda.

Where hope of help is loſt, what booteth fear?

Chorus 3.

Fear will avoid the ſting of infamy.

Giſmunda.

May good or bad reports delight the dead?

Chorus 4.

If of the living yet the dead have care.

Giſmunda.

An eaſy grief by counſel may be cur'd.

Chorus 1.

But headſtrong miſchiefs princes ſhould avoid.

Giſmunda.

In headlong griefs and caſes deſperate?

Chorus 2.

Call to your mind, Giſmund, you are the Queen.

Giſmunda.

Unhappy widow, wife, and paramour.

Chorus 3.

Think on the king.

Giſmunda.

The king, the tyrant king?

Chorus 4.

Your father.

Gismunda.

Yes, the murderer of my love.

Chorus 4.

His force.

Gismunda.

The dead fear not the force of men.

Chorus 1.

His care and grief.

Gismunda.

That neither car'd for me,
Nor grieved at the murder of my love.
My mind is settled; you, with these vain words,
With-hold me but too long from my desire.
Depart ye to my chamber.

Chorus.

We will haste
To tell the king hereof. [*Chorus depart into the palace.*

Gismunda.

I will prevent
Both you and him. Lo here, this hearty draught,
The last that in this world I mean to taste,
Dreadless of death, mine Earl, I drink to thee.
So, now work on; now doth my soul begin
To hate this light, wherein there is no love;
No love of parents to their children;
No love of princes to their subjects true;
No love of ladies to their dearest love.
Now pass I to the pleasant land of love,
Where heavenly love immortal flourisheth:
The gods abhor the company of men;
Hell is on earth; yea, hell itself is heaven
Compar'd with earth. I call to witness heaven;
Heaven, said I? No, but hell record I call,
And thou stern goddess of revenging wrongs,
Witness with me, I die for his pure love
That lived mine.

[*She lieth down and covereth her face with her hair.*

ACT V. SCEN. III.

Tancred *in haſte cometh out of his palace with* Julio.

Tancred.

WHERE is my daughter?

Julio.

Behold, here, woeful king!

Tancred.

Ah me! break heart; and thou fly forth, my ſoul.
What, doth my daughter Giſmund take it ſo?
What haſt thou done? Oh let me ſee thine eyes!
Oh let me dreſs up thoſe [45] untrimmed locks!
Look up, ſweet child, look up mine only joy,
'Tis I, thy father, that beſeecheth thee:
Rear up thy body, ſtrain thy dying voice
To ſpeak to him; ſweet Giſmund, ſpeak to me.

Giſmunda.

Who ſtays my ſoul? who thus diſquiets me?

Tancred.

'Tis I thy father; ah! behold my tears,
Like pearled dew, that trickle down my cheeks,
To waſh my ſilver hairs.

Giſmunda.

Oh, father, king,
Forbear your tears, your plaint will not avail.

Tancred.

Oh, my ſweet heart, haſt thou receiv'd thy life
From me, and wilt thou to requite the ſame
Yield me my death? yea, death and greater grief,
To ſee thee die for him that did defame
Thine honour thus, my kingdom, and thy name?

45 —*untrimmed locks!*] *Untrimmed locks* are locks *diſhevelled* or *undreſſed*. *Trim*, in the language of the times, was frequently uſed for *dreſs*. Maſſinger's *Emperor of the Eaſt*, A. 2. S. 1:

"Our Eaſtern Queens, at their full height bow to thee,
"And are, in their beſt *trim*, thy foils and ſhadows."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on *King John*, A. 3. S. 3.

Giſmunda.

Gismunda.

Yea, therefore father, gave you life to me,
That I should die, and now my date is done.
As for your kingdom, and mine own renown,
Which you affirm dishonoured to be,
That fault impute it where it is; for he
That slew mine Earl, and sent his heart to me,
His hands have brought this shame and grief on us.
But, father, yet if any spark remain
Of your dear love; if ever yet I could
So much deserve, or at your hands desire,
Grant that I may obtain this last request.

Tancred.

Say, lovely child, say on, whate'er it be,
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.

Gismunda.

My life I crave not, for it is not now
In you to give, nor in myself to save;
Nor crave I mercy for mine Earl and me,
Who hath been slain with too much cruelty.
With patience I must a while abide
Within this life, which now will not be long,
But this is my request; father, I pray,
That, since it pleased so your majesty,
I should enjoy my love alive no more,
Yet ne'ertheless let us not parted be,
Whom cruel death could never separate:
But as we liv'd and dy'd together here,
So let our bodies be together tomb'd:
Let him with me, and I with him, be laid
Within one shrine, wherever you appoint.
This if you grant me, as I trust you will,
Although I live not to requite this grace,
Th' immortal gods due recompence shall give
To you for this; and so, vain world, farewell—
My speech is painful, and mine eye-sight fails.

Tancred.

My daughter dies—see how the bitter pangs
Of tyrannous death torment her princely heart,
She looks on me, at me she shakes her head;

For me ſhe groans; by me my daughter dies;
I, I the author of this tragedy.—
On me, on me, ye heavens, throw down your ire!
Now dies my daughter!—hence with princely robes.
Oh fair in life! thrice fairer in thy death!
Dear to thy father in thy life thou wert,
But in thy death, deareſt unto his heart;
I kiſs thy paled cheeks, and cloſe thine eyes.
This duty once I promis'd to myſelf
Thou ſhould'ſt perform to me; but ah! falſe hope,
Now ruthful wretched king, what reſteth thee?
Wilt thou now live waſted with miſery?
Wilt thou now live, that with theſe eyes didſt ſee
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now live to ſee
Her funerals, that of thy life was ſtay?
Wilt thou now live that waſt her life's decay?
Shall not this hand reach to this heart the ſtroke?
Mine arms are not ſo weak, nor are my limbs
So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,
But I can wreak due vengeance on that head,
That wrought the means theſe lovers now be dead.
[46] Julio, come near, and lay thine own right hand
Upon my thigh—now take thine oath of me.

Julio.

I ſwear to thee, my liege lord, to diſcharge
Whatever thou enjoineſt Julio.

Tancred.

Firſt then, I charge thee that my daughter have
Her laſt requeſt: thou ſhalt within one tomb

[46] *Julio, come near, and lay thine own right* hand
Upon my thigh:—*now take thine* oath *to me.*] Alluding to a cuſtom of which mention is made in *Geneſis*, chap. xxiv. 9. "And the ſervant put his *hand* under the *thigh* of Abraham his maſter, and *ſware* to him concerning that matter." The ſame form was likewiſe obſerved by Jacob and Joſeph when they were dying. Some myſtery is ſuppoſed to be couched under this practice. The moſt probable, at leaſt the moſt decent, ſuppoſition is, that it was a token of ſubjection or homage from a ſervant to his lord, when the former ſolemnly promiſed to perform whatever ſhould be commanded by the latter. S.

Inter her Earl and her, and thereupon
Engrave ſome royal epitaph of love.
That done, I ſwear then thou ſhalt take my corps,
Which thou ſhalt find by that time done to death,
And lay my body by my daughter's ſide—
Swear this, ſwear this, I ſay.

Julio.

I ſwear.
But will the king do ſo unkingly now?

Tancred.

A kingly deed the king reſolves to do.

Julio.

To kill himſelf?

Tancred.

To ſend his ſoul to eaſe.

Julio.

Doth Jove command it?

Tancred.

Our ſtars compell it.

Julio.

The wiſe man over-rules his ſtars.

Tancred.

So we.

Julio.

Undaunted ſhould the minds of kings endure.

Tancred.

So ſhall it in this reſolution.
Julio, forbear; and as thou lov'ſt the king,
When thou ſhalt ſee him welt'ring in his gore,
Stretching his limbs, and gaſping in his groans,
Then, Julio, ſet to thy helping hand,
Redouble ſtroke on ſtroke, and drive the ſtab
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his ſoul.
Now ſtand aſide, ſtir not a foot, leſt thou
Make up the fourth to fill this tragedy.
Theſe eyes that firſt beheld my daughter's ſhame;
Theſe eyes that longed for the ruthful ſight
Of her Earl's heart; theſe eyes that now have ſeen
His death, her woe, and her avenging teen;
Upon theſe eyes we muſt be firſt aveng'd.

Unworthy lamps of this accurſed lump,
Out of your dwellings—ſo, it fits us thus
In blood and blindneſs to go ſeek the path
That leadeth down to everlaſting night.
Why fright'ſt thou, daſtard? be thou deſperate;
One miſchief brings another on his neck,
As mighty billows tumble in the ſeas.
Now, daughter, ſeeſt thou not how I amerce
My wrath, that thus bereft thee of thy love,
Upon my head?—Now, fathers, learn by me,
Be wiſe, be warn'd to uſe more tenderly
The jewels of your joys.—Daughter, I come.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by JULIO.

LO here the ſweets of griſly pale deſpair!
Theſe are the bloſſoms of this curſed tree,
Such are the fruits of too much love and care,
O'erwhelmed in the ſenſe of miſery.
With violent hands he that his life doth end,
His damned ſoul to endleſs night doth wend.
Now reſteth it that I diſcharge mine oath,
To ſee th' unhappy lovers and the king
Laid in one tomb—I would be very loth
You ſhould wait here to ſee this mournful thing:
For I am ſure, and do ye all to wit,
Through grief wherein the lords of Salerne be,
Theſe funerals are not prepared yet:
Nor do they think on that ſolemnity.
As for the fury, ye muſt underſtand,
Now ſhe hath ſeen th' effect of her deſire,
She is departed, and hath left our land,
Granting this end unto her helliſh ire.
Now humbly pray we, that our Engliſh dames
May never lead their loves into miſtruſt;
But that their honours may avoid the ſhames
That follow ſuch as live in wanton luſt.
We know they bear them on their virtues bold,
With bliſsful chaſtity ſo well content,
That, when their lives and loves abroad are told,
All men admire their virtuous government;
Worthy to live where fury never came,
Worthy to live where love doth always ſee,
Worthy to live in golden trump of fame,
Worthy to live, and honoured ſtill to be.
Thus end our ſorrows with the ſetting ſun:
Now draw the curtains, for our ſcene is done.

R. W.

Introductio in Actum ſecundum.

BEFORE the ſecond act there was heard a ſweet noiſe of ſtill pipes, which ſounding, Lucrece *entered, attended by a maiden of honour with a covered goddard of gold, and, drawing the curtains, ſhe offereth unto* Giſmunda *to taſte thereof; which when ſhe had done, the maid returned, and* Lucrece *raiſeth up* Giſmunda *from her bed, and then it followeth* ut in Act 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this act the hautbois ſounded a lofty almain, and Cupid *uſhereth after him* Guiſzard *and* Giſmunda *hand in hand;* Julio *and* Lucrece, Renuchio *and another maiden of honour. The meaſures trode,* Giſmunda *gives a cane into* Guiſzard's *hand, and they are all led forth again by* Cupid, et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum quartum.

Before this act there was heard a concert of ſweet muſick, which playing, Tancred *cometh forth, and draweth* Giſmunda's *curtains, and lies down upon her bed; then from under the ſtage aſcendeth* Guiſzard, *and he helpeth up* Giſmund, *they amorouſly embrace and depart. The king ariſeth enraged; then was heard and ſeen a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, in which the furies riſe up,* et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this act was a dead march play'd, during which entered on the ſtage Renuchio *captain of the guard, attended upon by the guard. They took up* Guiſzard *from under the ſtage; that, after* Guiſzard *had kindly taken leave of them all, a ſtrangling cord was faſtened about his neck, and he haled forth by them.* Renuchio *bewaileth it; and then, entering in, bringeth forth a ſtanding cup of gold, with a bloody heart reeking hot in it, and then ſaith,* ut ſequitur.

EDITION.

The Tragedie of Tancred and Giſmund.—Compiled by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple, and by them preſented before her Majeſtie. Newly revived and poliſhed according to the decorum of theſe daies. By R. W. London, Printed by Thomas Scarlet, and are to be ſolde by R. Robinſon, 1592, 4to.

COR-

CORNELIA.

THOMAS KYD, the tranſlator of the following Play, is better known as the Author of the *Second Part of Jeronimo*, a performance which was ridiculed by almoſt every contemporary Poet, than by any other of his works. The time and place of his birth and death, the circumſtances of his life and his profeſſion, otherwiſe than as a writer, are all equally unknown. From the Dedication of *Cornelia* to the Counteſs of Suſſex, it may be inferred that, like the generality of the devotees of poetry in his time, he was poor; and from the promiſe of another Tragedy, called *Portia*, as *his next ſummer's better travel*, which never appeared, it may be conjectured that he was prevented by death. Notwithſtanding the ridicule thrown upon him on account of the Spaniſh Tragedy, he appears to have been well-eſteemed by ſome of his contemporaries. [1] Francis Meres enumerates him among the beſt tragic writers of his times; and [2] Ben Jonſon ranks him with Lyly and Marlow, calling him Sporting Kyd. Another writer [3] ſays, "Cornelia's Tragedy, "however not reſpected, was excellently well done by Thomas "Kyd." Mr. Hawkins [4] was of opinion, that Kyd was the Author of *Solyman and Perſeda*, a Play which certainly in its manner bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the Spaniſh Tragedy.

Robert Garnier, from whom this Play is tranſlated, was a Poet in conſiderable eſtimation during the reigns of Charles IX. and Henry III. and IV. He was born in the country of Maine, in 1534, ſtudied the Law, and obtained ſome prefer-

[1] Second Part, Wit's *Commonwealth*, 1598, p. 283.
[2] Verſes to the Memory of Shakſpeare.
[3] *Polimantcia*, &c. by W. C. 4to. Cambr. 1595. In the Epiſtle, &c. (Oldys's MS. Notes on Langbaine).
[4] Origin of the Drama, vol. II.

ment,

ment, as well as reputation, in that profeſſion. He was the Author of eight Plays, and died at Paris in the year 1590, at the age of 56 years. See *Recherches ſur les Theatres De France*, par *M. De Beauchamps*, 4to. 1755, p. 39.

To

To the vertuouſly Noble, and rightly honoured Lady, the COUNTESS OF SUSSEX.

HAVING no leiſure (moſt noble Lady) but ſuch as evermore is traveld with th'afflictions of the mind, than which the world affords no greater miſery, it may be wondered at by ſome, how I durſt undertake a matter of this moment: which both requireth cunning, reſt and oportunity; but chiefly, that I would attempt the Dedication of ſo rough unpoliſhed a work, to the ſurvey of your ſo worthy ſelf.

But being well inſtructed in your noble and heroick diſpoſitions, and perfectly aſſured of your honourable favours paſt (though neither making needleſs glozes of the one, nor ſpoiling paper with the other's Phariſaical embroidery,) I have preſumed upon your true conceit and entertainment of theſe ſmall endeavours, that thus I purpoſed to make known, my memory of you and them to be immortal.

A fitter preſent for a Patroneſs ſo well accompliſhed, I could not find, than this fair preſident of honour, magnanimity, and love. Wherein, what grace that excellent GARNIER hath loſt by my default, I ſhall beſeech your Honour to repair, with the regard of thoſe ſo bitter times, and privy broken paſſions that I endured in the writing it.

And ſo vouchſafing but the paſſing of a Winter's week with deſolate *Cornelia*, I will aſſure your Ladyſhip my next Summer's better travell, with the Tragedy of *Portia*. And ever ſpend one hour of the day in ſome kind ſervice to your Honour, and another of the night in wiſhing you all happineſs. Perpetually thus devoting my poor ſelf

Your Honour's in all humbleneſs.

T. K.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

CORNELIA, the daughter of *Metellus Scipio*, a young Roman Lady, as much accompliſh'd with the graces of the body, and the virtues of the mind as ever any was, was firſt married to young *Craſſus*, who died with his father, in the diſconfiture of the Romans againſt the Parthians; afterward ſhe took to ſecond huſband *Pompey* the great, who (three years after) upon the firſt fires of the civil wars betwixt him and *Cæſar*, ſent her from thence to *Mitilen*, there to attend the uncertain ſucceſs of thoſe affairs. And when he ſaw that he was vanquiſh'd at *Pharſalia*, returned to find her out, and carry her with him into Egypt, where his purpoſe was to have re-enforced a new army, and give a ſecond aſſault to *Cæſar*.

In this voyage, he was murdered by *Achillas* and *Septimius* the Roman before her eyes, and in the preſence of his young ſon *Sextus*, and ſome other Senators his friends. After which, ſhe retired herſelf to Rome. But *Scipio* her father (being made general of thoſe that ſurvived after the battle) aſſembled new forces, and occupied the greater part of Afrique, allying himſelf to *Juba* king of *Numidia*. Againſt all whom *Cæſar* (after he had ordered the affairs of Egypt and the ſtate of Rome) in the end of winter marched. And there (after many light encounters) was a fierce and furious battle given amongſt them, near the walls of *Tapſus*. Where *Scipio* ſeeing himſelf ſubdued, and his army ſcattered, he betook himſelf with ſome ſmall troop, to certain ſhips which he cauſed to ſtay for him.

Thence he ſailed toward *Spain*, where *Pompey's* faction commanded, and where a ſudden tempeſt took him on the ſea, that drave him back to Hippon, a town in Afrique, at the devotion of *Cæſar*, where (lying at anchor) he was aſſailed, beaten and aſſaulted by the adverſe fleet; and for he would

not

not fall alive into the hands of his ſo mighty enemy, he ſtab'd himſelf, and ſuddenly leapt over board into the ſea, and there dyed.

Cæſar (having finiſhed theſe wars, and quietly reduced the towns and places thereabout to his obedience) returned to Rome in triumph for his victories; where this moſt fair and miſerable Lady, having over-mourn'd the death of her dear huſband, and underſtanding of theſe croſs events and hapleſs news of Afrique, together with the piteous manner of her father's end, ſhe took (as ſhe had cauſe) occaſion to redouble both her tears and lamentations: wherewith ſhe cloſeth the cataſtrophe of this their Tragedy.

INTER-

INTERLOCUTORES.

M. CICERO.
PHILLIP,
DECI BRUTUS.
M. ANTHOMY.

CORNELIA.
C. CASSIUS.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
The Messenger.

CHORUSES.

COR-

CORNELIA.

ACT I.

CICERO.

VOUCHSAFE, Immortals, and (above the reſt)
Great Jupiter, our city's ſole protector,
That if (provok'd againſt us by our evils)
You needs will plague us with your ceaſeleſs wrath,
At leaſt to chuſe thoſe forth that are in fault,
And ſave the reſt in theſe tempeſtuous broils:
Elſe let the miſchief that ſhould them befall,
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath ſuch ſacrifice appeas'd your ires,
And oft ye have your heavy hands with-held
From this poor people, when (with one man's loſs)
Your pity hath preſerv'd the reſt untouch'd:
But we, diſloyal to our own defence,
Faint-hearted, do thoſe liberties enthrall,
Which to preſerve (unto our after-good)
Our fathers hazarded their deareſt blood.
Yet Brutus Manlius, hardy Scevola,
And ſtout Camillus, are return'd from Styx,
Deſiring arms to aid our Capitol.
Yea, come they are, and fiery as before,
Under a tyrant ſee our baſtard hearts
Lie idly ſighing; while our ſhameful ſoils
Endure a million of baſe controuls.
Poiſon'd ambition (rooted in high minds)
'Tis thou that train'ſt us into all theſe errors:

Thy

[5] Thy mortal covetice perverts our laws,
And tears our freedom from our franchis'd hearts.
Our fathers found thee at their former walls;
And humbled to their offspring left thee dying.
Yet thou reviving, [6] ſoil'dſt our infant town,
With guiltleſs blood by brothers hands out-launch'd;
And hang'ſt (O hell) upon a fort half finiſh'd,
Thy monſtrous murder for a thing to mark.
" But faith continues not where men command.
" Equals are ever bandying for the beſt:
" A ſtate divided cannot firmly ſtand.
" Two kings within one realm could never reſt."
This day, we ſee, the father and the ſon
Have fought like foes Pharſalia's miſery;
And with their blood made marſh the parched plains,
While th'earth, that groan'd to bear their carcaſes,
Bewail'd th' inſatiate humours of them both;
That as much blood in wilful folly ſpent,
As were to tame the world ſufficient.
Now, Parthia, fear no more for Craſſus' death,
That we will come thy borders to beſiege:
Nor fear the darts of our courageous troops;
For thoſe brave ſoldiers, that were ſometime wont
To terrify thee with their names, are dead;
And civil fury, fiercer than thine hoſts,
Hath in a manner this great town o'er-turn'd,
That whilom was the terror of the world,
Of whom ſo many nations ſtood in fear,
To whom ſo many nations proſtrate ſtoopt,
O'er whom (ſave Heaven) nought could ſignorize,

5 *Thy mortal covetice*] So, in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline*, A. 2. S. 3;
" — But you think, Carius,
" 'Tis *covetiſe* hath wrought me: if you love me,
" Change that unkind conceit."
Alchymiſt, A. 2. S. 3:
" Why, this is covetiſe!
Pierce Penileſſe his Supplication to the Divell, p. 29: " — under vellany " I comprehend murder, treaſon, theft, couſnage, cut throat *covetiſe*, and " ſuch like."
6 — *ſoil'dſt*] foyl'dſt, firſt and ſecond edition.

And whom (ſave Heaven) nothing could affright;
Impregnable, immortal, and whoſe power
Could never have been curb'd, but by itſelf.
For neither could the flaxen-hair'd High Dutch,
(A martial people, madding after arms)
Nor yet the fierce and fiery-humour'd French,
The Moor that travels to the Libyan ſands,
The Greek, th'Arabian, Macedons or Medes,
Once dare t'aſſault it, or attempt to lift
Their humbled heads, in preſence of proud Rome.
But by our laws from liberty reſtrain'd,
Like captives liv'd eternally inchain'd.
  But, Rome, (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dſt
The former world to thee in vaſſalage?
What helps thee now t'have tam'd both land and ſea?
What helps it thee, that under thy controul
The morn and mid-day both by eaſt and weſt,
And that the golden ſun, where-e'er he drive
His glitt'ring chariot, finds our enſigns ſpread;
Sith it contents not thy poſterity;
But as a bait for pride (which ſpoils us all,)
Embarks us in ſo perilous a way,
As menaceth our death, and thy decay?
  For, Rome, thou now reſembleſt a ſhip
At random wand'ring in a boiſt'rous ſea,
When foaming billows feel the northern blaſts;
Thou toil'ſt in peril, and the windy ſtorm
Doth topſide-turvey toſs thee as thou float'ſt.
Thy maſt is ſhiver'd, and thy main-ſail torn,
Thy ſides ſore beaten, and thy hatches broke.
Thou want'ſt thy tackling, and a ſhip unrigg'd
Can make no ſhift to combat with the ſea.
See how the rocks do heave their heads at thee!
Which if thou ſhouldſt but touch, thou ſtrait becom'ſt
A ſpoil to Neptune, and a ſportful prey
To th' Glaucs and Tritons, pleas'd with thy decay.
  Thou vaunt'ſt not of thine anceſtors in vain,
But vainly count'ſt thine own victorious deeds.
What helpeth us the things that they did then,
Now we are hated both of gods and men?

" Hatred accompanies proſperity,
" For one man grieveth at another's good,
" And ſo much more we think our miſery,
" The more that Fortune hath with others ſtood:
" So that we [7] ſild are ſeen as wiſdom would,
" To bridle time with reaſon as we ſhould.
" For we are proud when Fortune favours us,
" As if inconſtant Chance were always one,
" Or ſtanding now, ſhe would continue thus.
" O fools, look back, and ſee the rolling ſtone,
" Whereon ſhe blindly lighting ſets her foot,
" And ſlightly ſows that ſeldom taketh root."
Heaven heretofore (inclin'd to do us good)
Did favour us with conquering our foes,
When jealous Italy (exaſperate
With our uprifing) ſought our city's fall.
But we, ſoon tickled with ſuch flatt'ring hope,
Wag'd farther war with an inſatiate heart,
And tir'd our neighbour countries ſo with charge,
As with their loſs we did our bounds enlarge.
Carthage and Sicily we have ſubdued,
And almoſt yoked all the world beſide:
And ſolely through deſire of public rule,
Rome and the earth are waxen all as one:
Yet now we live deſpoil'd and robb'd by one,
Of th'ancient freedom wherein we were born.
And e'en that yoke, that wont to tame all others,
Is heavily return'd upon ourſelves.
" A note of Chance that may the proud controul,
" And ſhew God's wrath againſt a cruel ſoul.
" For heaven delights not in us when we do
" That to another, which ourſelves diſdain.
" Judge others as thou would'ſt be judg'd again;
" And do but as thou would'ſt be done unto.
" For ſooth to ſay (in reaſon) we deſerve
" To have the ſelf-ſame meaſure that we ſerve."

7 —*ſild*] i. e. *ſeldom*. It is a word often uſed by ancient writers. See Mr. Steevens's Note on *Coriolanus*, A. 2. S. 1.
Again, Churchyard's *Worthineſs of Wales*:
" So many ſprings that *ſield* that ſoyle is dry."

What

What right had our ambitious anceſtors
(Ignobly iſſued from the cart and plough,)
To enter Aſia? What, were they the heirs
To Perſia or the Mèdes, firſt Monarchies?
What intereſt had they to Africa?
To Gaul or Spain? Or what did Neptune owe us
Within the bounds of farther Brittany?
Are we not thieves and robbers of thoſe realms,
That ow'd us nothing but revenge for wrongs?
What toucheth us the treaſure or the hopes,
The lives or liberties of all thoſe nations,
Whom we by force have held in ſervitude;
Whoſe mournful cries and ſhrieks to heaven aſcend,
Importuning both vengeance and defence
Againſt this city, rich of violence?
" 'Tis not enough (alas) our power t'extend,
" Or over-run the world from eaſt to weſt,
" Or that our hands the earth can comprehend,
" [8] Or that we proudly do what like us beſt.
" He lives more quietly whoſe reſt is made,
" And can with reaſon chaſten his deſire,
" Than he that blindly toileth for a ſhade,
" And is with others' empire ſet on fire.
" Our bliſs conſiſts not in poſſeſſions,
" But in commanding our affections;
" In virtue's choice, and vice's needful chace
" Far from our hearts, for ſtaining of our face."

[8] *Or that we proudly do what* like *us beſt,*] i. e. what pleaſe us beſt. So, in *King Lear*, A. 2. S. 2:
" His face *likes* me not."
Maids Tragedy, A. 2:
" What look *likes* you beſt?"
The Woman hater, A. 1. S. 3:
" If I can find no company that *likes* me."
Euphues and his England, 1582, p. 16: " Enquire no farther than " beſeemeth you, leaſt you heare that which cannot *like you.*"
Ibid. p. 92: " This *liked* them all exceedingly. And thus Surius " with a good grace and pleaſant ſpeech began to enter into the liſts with " Camilla."

CHORUS.

UPON thy back, (where Miſery doth ſit)
O Rome, the heavens with their wrathful hand
Revenge the crimes thy farthers did commit.
But if (their farther fury to withſtand,
Which o'er thy walls thy wrack ſits menacing)
Thou doſt not ſeek to calm heaven's ireful king,
A farther plague will peſter all the land.

" The wrath of heaven (though urg'd) we ſee, is ſlow,
" In puniſhing the evils we have done:
" For what the father hath deſerv'd, we know,
" Is ſpar'd in him, and puniſh'd in the ſon.
" But to forgive the apter that they be,
" They are the more diſpleaſed when they ſee,
" That we continue our offence begun."

" Then from her loathſome cave doth Plague repair,
" That breathes her heavy poiſons down to hell;
" Which with their noiſome fall corrupt the air,
" Or meagre Famine which the weak foretell,
" Or bloody War (of other woes the worſt)
" Which where it lights doth ſhow the land accurſt,
" And ne'er did good wherever it befell."

War, that hath ſought th'Auſonian fame to rear,
In warlike Emony[9] (now grown ſo great
With ſoldiers bodies' that were buried there,)
Which yet to ſack us toils in bloody ſweat:
T'enlarge the bounds of conquering Theſſaly,
Through murder, diſcord, wrath, and enmity,
Even to the peaceful Indian's pearled ſeat.

Whoſe entrails fir'd with rancour, wrath, and rage,
The former petty combats did diſplace,
And camp to camp did endleſs battles wage,
Which on the mountain tops of warlike Thrace,
Made thund'ring Mars (Diſſenſion's common friend)
Amongſt the forward ſoldiers firſt deſcend,
Arm'd with his blood-beſmeared keen coutelace.

[9] *Emony*] i. e. Æmonia, where Pharſalia was. S. P.

Who

Who firſt attempted to excite to arms,
The troops enraged with the trumpet's ſound,
Head-long to run and reck no after-harms;
Where in the flow'red meads dead men were found
Falling as thick (through warlike cruelty)
As ears of corn for want of huſbandry;
That (waſtful) ſhed their grain upon the ground.

O War, if thou were ſubject but to death,
And by deſert might'ſt fall to Phlegethon,
The torment that Ixion ſuffereth,
Or his whoſe ſoul the vulture ſeizeth on,
Were all too little to reward thy wrath:
Nor all the plagues that fiery Pluto hath
The moſt outrageous ſinners laid upon.

Accurſed caitives! wretches that we are!
Perceive we not that for the fatal doom
The Fates make haſte enough, but we (by War)
Muſt ſeek in hell to have a hapleſs room?
Or faſt enough do fooliſh men not die,
But they (by murder of themſelves) muſt hie,
Hopeleſs to hide them in a hapleſs tomb?

All ſad and deſolate our city lies,
And for fair corn-ground are our fields ſurcloy'd
With worthleſs gorſe, that yearly fruitleſs dies,
And choaks the good, which elſe we had enjoy'd.
Death dwells within us, and if gentle Peace
Deſcend not ſoon, our ſorrows to ſurceaſe,
Latium (already quail'd) will be deſtroy'd.

ACT II.

Cornelia, Cicero.

AND will ye needs bedew my dead-grown joys,
And nouriſh ſorrow with eternal tears?
O eyes, and will ye ('cauſe I cannot dry
Your ceaſeleſs ſprings) not ſuffer me to die?

[10] — *worthleſs gorſe*] i. e. *furze*. So, in Shakſpeare's *Tempeſt*, A. 4. S. 1: "*pricking goſs* and thorns." S.

Then make the blood from forth my branch-like veins,
Like weeping rivers trickle by your vaults;
And ſpunge my body's heat of moiſture ſo,
As my diſpleaſed ſoul may ſhun my heart.
Heavens, let me die, and let the Deſtinies
Admit me paſſage to th'infernal lake;
That my poor ghoſt may reſt where pow'rful fate
In death's ſad kingdom hath my huſband lodg'd.
Fain would I die, but darkſome ugly death
With-holds his dart, and in diſdain doth fly me,
Maliciouſly knowing, that hell's horror
Is milder than mine endleſs diſcontent;
And that, if death upon my life ſhould ſeize,
The pain ſuppoſed would procure mine eaſe.
  But ye ſad Powers, that rule the ſilent deeps
Of dead-ſad night, where ſins do maſk unſeen:
You that amongſt the darkſome manſions
Of pining ghoſts, twixt ſighs, and ſobs, and tears,
[11] Do exerciſe your mirthleſs empory:
Ye gods (at whoſe arbitrament all ſtand,)
Diſlodge my ſoul, and keep it with yourſelves,
For I am more than half your priſoner.
My noble huſbands (more than noble ſouls,)
Already wander under your commands.
O then ſhall wretched I, that am but one,
(Yet once both theirs) ſurvive now they are gone?
  Alas! thou ſhould'ſt, thou ſhould'ſt, Cornelia,
Have broke the ſacred thread that ty'd thee here,
When as thy huſband Craſſus (in his flower)
Did firſt bear arms, and bare away my love.
And not (as thou haſt done) go break the bands,
By calling Hymen once more back again.

[11] *Do exerciſe your mirthleſs* empory:] i. e. *imperium*, or *command*.
" My noble huſbands (more than noble ſouls)
" Already wander under *your commands*." S. P.
The word alſo occurs in *Henry* V. A. 1. S. 2:
" — Or there we'll ſit,
" Ruling, in large and ample *empery*."
" This word, ſays Mr. Steevens, which ſignifies *dominion*, is now obſolete,
" though formerly in general uſe." So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:
" Within the circuit of our *empery*."

Leſs

Leſs hapleſs, and more worthily thou might'ſt
Have made thine anceſtors and thee renown'd:
If (like a royal dame) with faith faſt kept,
Thou with thy former huſband's death had'ſt ſlept.
But partial Fortune, and the powerful Fates,
That at their pleaſures wield our purpoſes,
Bewitch'd my life, and did beguile my love.
Pompey, the fame that ran of thy frail honours
Made me thy wife, thy love, and (like a thief)
From my firſt huſband ſtole my faithleſs grief.
But if (as ſome believe) in heaven or hell
Be heavenly powers, or infernal ſpirits,
That care to be aveng'd of lovers oaths;
Oaths made in marriage, and after broke;
Thoſe powers, thoſe ſpirits, (mov'd with my light faith,)
Are now diſpleas'd with Pompey and my ſelf,
And do with civil diſcord (furthering it)
Untie the bands that ſacred Hymen knit:
Elſe only I am cauſe of both their wraths,
And of the ſin that ſealeth up thine eyes;
Thine eyes (O deplorable Pompey!) I am ſhe,
I am that plague, that ſacks thy houſe and thee.
For 'tis not heaven, nor Craſſus (cauſe he ſees
That I am thine) in jealouſy purſues us.
No, 'tis a ſecret croſs, an unknown thing,
That I receiv'd from heaven at my birth,
That I ſhould heap misfortunes on their head,
Whom once I had receiv'd in marriage-bed.
Then ye, the noble Romuliſts that reſt,
Henceforth forbear to ſeek my murdering love,
And let their double loſs that held me dear,
Bid you beware for fear you be beguil'd.
Ye may be rich and great in Fortune's grace,
And all your hopes with hap may be effected:
But if ye once be wedded to my love,
Clouds of adverſity will cover you.
So peſtilently fraught with change of plagues
Is mine infected boſom from my youth.
Like poiſon that (once lighting in the body)
No ſooner toucheth than it taints the blood;

One while the heart, another while the liver,
(According to th'encountering paſſages)
Nor ſpareth it what purely feeds the heart,
More than the moſt infected filthieſt part.
Pompey, what holpe it thee, (ſay deareſt life)
Tell me, what holpe thy warlike valiant mind
T'encounter with the leaſt of my miſhaps?
What holpe it thee, that under thy command
Thou ſaw'ſt the trembling earth with horror maz'd?
Or where the ſun forſakes th' ocean ſea,
Or watereth his courſers in the weſt,
T' have made thy name be far more fam'd and fear'd,
Than ſummer's thunder to the ſilly herd?
What holpe it, that thou ſaw'ſt, when thou wert young,
Thy helmet deck'd with coronets of bays?
So many enemies, in battle rang'd,
Beat back like flies before a ſtorm of hail?
T' have look'd aſkance, and ſee ſo many kings
To lay their crowns and ſcepters at thy feet?
T' embrace thy knees, and, humbled by their fate,
T' attend thy mercy in this mournful ſtate?
Alas, and here-withal what holpe it thee,
That even in all the corners of the earth,
Thy wand'ring glory was ſo greatly known,
And that Rome ſaw thee while thou triumph'dſt thrice
O'er three parts of the world that thou hadſt yok'd;
That Neptune welt'ring on the windy plains,
Eſcap'd not free from thy victorious hands;
Since thy hard hap, ſince thy fierce deſtiny,
(Envious of all thine honours) gave thee me?
By whom the former courſe of thy fair deeds
Might (with a biting bridle) be reſtrain'd;
By whom the glory of thy conqueſts got,
Might die diſgrac'd with mine unhappineſs;
O hapleſs wife! thus ominous to all,
Worſe than Megæra, worſe than any plague;
What foul infernal, or what ſtranger hell
Henceforth wilt thou inhabit, where thy hap
None other's hopes with miſchief may entrap?

Cicero.

What end, O race of Scipio, will the Fates
Afford your tears? Will that day never come,
That your diſaſt'rous griefs ſhall turn to joy,
And we have time to bury our annoy?

Cornelia.

Ne'er ſhall I ſee that day; for heaven and time
Have fail'd in power to calm my paſſion.
Nor can they (ſhould they pity my complaints)
Once eaſe my life, but with the pangs of death.

Cicero.

" The wide world's accidents are apt to change,
" [11] And tickle Fortune ſtays not in a place;
" But (like the clouds) continually doth range,
" Or like the ſun that hath the night in chace.
" Then as the heavens (by whom our hopes are guided)
" Do coaſt the earth with an eternal courſe,
" We muſt not think a miſery betided
" Will never ceaſe, but ſtill grow worſe and worſe.
" When icy winter's paſt, then comes the ſpring,
" Whom ſummer's pride with ſultry heat purſues;
" To whom mild autumn does earth's treaſure bring,
" The ſweeteſt ſeaſon that the wiſe can chuſe.
" Heaven's influence was ne'er ſo conſtant yet,
" In good or bad as to continue it."
When I was young, I ſaw againſt poor Sylla,
Proud Cynna, Marius, and Carbo fleſh'd
So long, till they 'gan tyrannize the town,
And ſpilt ſuch ſtore of blood in every ſtreet,
As there were none but dead men to be ſeen.

[11] *And* tickle *Fortune*, &c.] *Tickle* here means *uncertain*, or *inconſtant*. We ſtill uſe the word *tickiſh*; and a *tickliſh ſituation* is underſtood for that ſtate in which we can have no ſure dependance. So, in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 28:

" Yet climbing up, the tree of *tickle* truſt
" Wee ſtreache the arme, as farre as reach may goe,
" Diſguis'd with pompe, and pampred up with luſt;
" We gaſe alof, and never looke belowe,
" Till hatchet comes, and gives the fauling bloe."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, A. 1. S. 3.

Within a while, I ſaw how Fortune play'd,
And wound thoſe tyrants underneath her wheel,
Who loſt their lives and power at once by one,
That (to revenge himſelf) did with his blade
Commit more murder than Rome ever made.
Yet Sylla, ſhaking tyranny aſide,
Return'd due honours to our commonwealth,
Which peaceably retain'd her ancient ſtate,
Grown great without the ſtriſe of citizens;
Till this ambitious tyrant's time, that toil'd
To ſtoop the world and Rome to his deſires.
But flatt'ring Chance, that train'd his firſt deſigns,
May change her looks, and give the tyrant over,
Leaving our city, where ſo long ago
Heavens did their favours laviſhly beſtow.

Cornelia.

'Tis true, the heavens (at leaſt-wiſe if they pleaſe)
May give poor Rome her former liberty.
But though they would, I know they cannot give
A ſecond life to Pompey that is ſlain.

Cicero.

Mourn not for Pompey; Pompey could not die
A better death, than for his country's weal.
For oft he ſearch'd amongſt the fierce alarms,
But (wiſhing) could not find ſo fair an end;
Till, fraught with years and honour both at once,
He gave his body (as a barricade)
For Rome's defence, by tyrants overlaid.
Bravely he dy'd, and (haplie) takes it ill,
That (envious) we repine at heaven's will.

Cornelia.

Alas, my ſorrow would be ſo much leſs,
If he had dy'd, his faulchion in his fiſt.
Had he amidſt huge troops of armed men
Been wounded by another any way,
It would have calmed many of my ſighs.
For why, t'have ſeen his noble Roman blood
Mixt with his enemies, had done him good.
But he is dead, (O heavens!) not dead in fight,
With pike in hand upon a fort beſieg'd,

Defending

Defending of a breach: but baſely ſlain;
Slain traiterouſly, without aſſault in war.
Yea, ſlain he is, and bitter Chance decreed
To have me there, to ſee this bloody deed.
I ſaw him, I was there, and in mine arms
He almoſt felt the poignard when he fell.
Whereat my blood ſtopt in my ſtraggling veins;
Mine hair grew briſtled, like a thorny grove;
My voice lay hid, half dead within my throat;
My frightful heart (ſtunn'd in my ſtone-cold breaſt)
Faintly redoubled ev'ry feeble ſtroke;
My ſpirit, chained with impatient rage,
Did raving ſtrive to break the priſon ope,
(Enlarg'd,) to drown the pain it did abide
In ſolitary Lethe's ſleepy tide.
Thrice (to abſent me from this hated light)
I would have plung'd my body in the ſea;
And thrice detain'd, with doleful ſhrieks and cries,
(With arms to heaven uprear'd) I 'gan exclaim
And bellow forth againſt the Gods themſelves
[12] A bed-roll of outrageous blaſphemies;
Till (grief to hear, and hell for me to ſpeak,)
My woes wax'd ſtronger, and my ſelf grew weak.
Thus day and night I toil in diſcontent,
And ſleeping wake, when ſleep itſelf, that rides
Upon the miſts, ſcarce moiſteneth mine eyes.
Sorrow conſumes me, and inſtead of reſt,
With folded arms I ſadly ſit and weep.
And, if I wink, it is for fear to ſee
The fearful dreams effects that trouble me.
O heavens! what ſhall I do? alas, muſt I,
Muſt I myſelf be murderer of myſelf?
Muſt I myſelf be forc'd to ope the way,
Whereat my ſoul in wounds may ſally forth?

Cicero.

Madam, you muſt not thus tranſport yourſelf.
We ſee your ſorrow; but who ſorrows not?

[12] *A bed-roll*] *A bed-roll*, or *bede-roll*, ſays Blount, in his *Gloſſographia*, "is a roll or liſt of ſuch as Prieſts were wont to pray for in churches."

The

The grief is common. And I muſe, beſides
The ſervitude that cauſeth all our cares,
Beſides the baſeneſs wherein we are yok'd,
Beſides the loſs of good men dead and gone,
What one he is that in this broil hath been,
And mourneth not for ſome man of his kin?

Cornelia.

If all the world were in the like diſtreſs,
My ſorrow yet would never ſeem the leſs.

Cicero.

" O, but men bear misfortunes with more eaſe,
" The more indifferently that they fall;
" And nothing more (in uproars) men can pleaſe,
" Than when they ſee their woes not worſt of all."

Cornelia.

" Our friend's misfortune doth increaſe our own."

Cicero.

" But ours of others will not be acknown."

Cornelia.

" Yet one man's ſorrow will another touch."

Cicero.

" Ay, when himſelf will entertain none ſuch."

Cornelia.

" Another's tears draw tears from forth our eyes."

Cicero.

" And choice of ſtreams the greateſt river dries."

Cornelia.

When ſand within a whirlpool lies unwet,
My tears ſhall dry, and I my grief forget.

Cicero.

[13] What boot your tears, or what avails your ſorrow,
Againſt th'inevitable dart of death?
Think you to move with lamentable plaints
Perſiphone, or Pluto's ghaſtly ſpirits,
To make him live that's locked in his tomb,
And wand'reth in the centre of the earth?
" No, no, Cornelia, Charon takes not pain
" To ferry thoſe that muſt be fetch'd again."

[13] *What boot &c.*] *What avail* your tears.

Cicero.

Cornelia.

Proſerpina indeed neglects my plaints,
And hell itſelf is deaf to my laments.
Unprofitably ſhould I waſte my tears,
If over Pompey I ſhould weep to death,
With hope to have him be reviv'd by them.
Weeping avails not, therefore do I weep.
Great loſſes greatly are to be deplor'd,
The loſs is great that cannot be reſtor'd.

Cicero.

" Nought is immortal underneath the ſun,
" All things are ſubject to death's tyranny:
" Both clowns and kings one ſelf-ſame courſe muſt run,
" And whatſoever lives, is ſure to die."
Then wherefore mourn you for your huſband's death,
Sith being a man, he was ordain'd to die?
Since Jove's own ſons, retaining human ſhape,
No more than wretched we, their death could 'ſcape.
Brave Scipio, your famous anceſtor,
That Rome's high worth to Africk did extend;
And thoſe two Scipios (that in perſon fought
Before the fearful Carthaginian walls)
Both brothers, and both war's fierce lightning fires,
Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth)
Hath hid them both embowel'd in the earth.
And thoſe great cities, whoſe foundations reach'd
From deepeſt hell, and with their tops touch'd heaven;
Whoſe lofty towers like thorny-pointed ſpears,
Whoſe temples, palaces, and walls emboſt,
In power and force, and fierceneſs, ſeem'd to threat
The tired world, that trembled with their weight;
In one day's ſpace (to our eternal moans)
Have we not ſeen them turn'd to heaps of ſtones?
Carthage can witneſs; and thou, heaven's hand-work,
Fair Ilium, razed by the conquering Greeks;
Whoſe ancient beauty, worth and weapons, ſeem'd
Sufficient t' have tam'd the Myrmidons.
" But whatſoe'er hath been begun, muſt end.
" Death (haply that our willingneſs doth ſee)
" With brandiſh'd dart doth make the paſſage free;
" And timeleſs doth our ſouls to Pluto ſend."

Cornelia.

Cornelia.

Would death had ſteep'd his dart in Lerna's blood!
That I were drown'd in the Tartarian deeps!
I am an offering fit for Acheron.
A match more equal never could be made,
Than I, and Pompey, in th' Elyſian ſhade.

Cicero.

" Death's always ready, and our time is known
" To be at heaven's diſpoſe, and not our own."

Cornelia.

Can we be over-haſty to good hap?

Cicero.

What good expect we in a fiery gap?

Cornelia.

To 'ſcape the fears that follow Fortune's glances.

Cicero.

" A noble mind doth never fear miſchances."

Cornelia.

" A noble mind diſdaineth ſervitude."

Cicero.

Can bondage true nobility exclude?

Cornelia.

How if I do, or ſuffer that I would not?

Cicero.

" True nobleſs never doth the thing it ſhould not."

Cornelia.

Then muſt I die.

Cicero.

Yet dying think this ſtill;
" No fear of death ſhould force us to do ill."

Cornelia.

If death be ſuch, why is your fear ſo rife?

Cicero.

My works will ſhew I never fear'd my life.

Cornelia.

And yet you will not that (in our diſtreſs,)
We aſk death's aid to end life's wretchedneſs.

Cicero.

" We neither ought to urge, nor aſk a thing,
" Wherein we ſee ſo much aſſurance lies.

" But if perhaps ſome fierce offended king,
" (To fright us) ſet pale death before our eyes,
" To force us do that goes againſt our heart;
" 'Twere more than baſe in us to dread his dart.
" But when, for fear of an enſuing ill,
" We ſeek to ſhorten our appointed race,
" Then 'tis (for fear) that we ourſelves do kill,
" So fond we are to fear the world's diſgrace."

Cornelia.

'Tis not for frailty, or faint cowardice,
That men (to ſhun miſchances) ſeek for death;
But rather he that ſeeks it, ſhows himſelf
Of certain courage 'gainſt uncertain chance.
" He that retires not at the threats of death,
" Is not, as are the vulgar, ſlightly [14] frayed.
" For heaven itſelf, nor hell's infectious breath,
" The reſolute at any time have ſtayed.
" And (ſooth to ſay) why fear we, when we ſee,
" The thing we fear, leſs than the fear to be?"
Then let me die, my liberty to ſave,
For 'tis a death to live a tyrant's ſlave.

Cicero.

Daughter, beware how you provoke the heavens,
Which in our bodies (as a tower of ſtrength)
Have plac'd our ſouls, and fortify'd the ſame;
As diſcreet princes ſet their garriſons,
In ſtrongeſt places of their provinces.
" Now, as it is not lawful for a man,
" At ſuch a king's departure or deceaſe,
" To leave the place, and falſify his faith;
" So in this caſe, we ought not to ſurrender
" That dearer part, till heaven itſelf command it:
" For as they lent us life to do us pleaſure,
" So look they for return of ſuch a treaſure."

[14] — *frayed.*] i. e. affrighted. So, *Wily beguiled*, 1606: " I'll attire " myſelf fit for the ſame purpoſe like to ſome helliſh hag, or damned " fiend, and meet with Sophos wand'ring in the woods: O, I ſhall *fray* " him terribly."
Ibid. " — he'll make himſelf like a devil, and *fray* the ſcholar."
Ibid. " Why, didſt thou *fray* him?"

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

" WHATE'ER the maſſie earth hath fraight,
" Or on her nurſe-like back ſuſtains,
" Upon the will of heaven doth wait,
" And doth no more than it ordains.
" All fortunes, all felicities,
" Upon their motion do depend:
" And from the ſtars doth ſtill ariſe
" Both their beginning and their end.
" The monarchies, that cover all
" This earthly round with majeſty,
" Have both their riſing and their fall
" From heaven and heaven's variety.
" Frail men, or man's more frail defence,
" Had never power to practiſe ſtays
" Of this celeſtial influence,
" That governeth and guides our days.
" No cloud but will be over-caſt;
" And what now flouriſheth, muſt fade;
" And that that fades, revive at laſt,
" To flouriſh as it firſt was made.
" The forms of things do never die,
" Becauſe the matter that remains
" Reforms another thing thereby,
" That ſtill the former ſhape retains.
" The roundneſs of two bowls croſs-caſt
" (So they with equal pace be aim'd),
" Shows their beginning by their laſt,
" Which by old nature is new-fram'd.
" So peopled cities, that of yore
" Were deſert field where none would bide,
" Become forſaken as before,
" Yet after are re-edify'd."
Perceive we not a petty vein,
Cut from a ſpring by chance or art,
Engendereth fountains, whence again
Thoſe fountains do to floods convert?

Thoſe

Thoſe floods to waves, thoſe waves to ſeas,
That oft exceed their wonted bounds:
And yet thoſe ſeas (as heavens pleaſe)
Return to ſprings by under-grounds.
E'en ſo our city (in her prime)
Preſcribing princes every thing,
Is now ſubdu'd by conquering time,
And liveth ſubject to a king.
And yet perhaps the ſun-bright crown,
That now the tyrant's head doth deck,
May turn to Rome with true renown,
If fortune chance but once to check.
The ſtately walls that once were rear'd,
And by a ſhepherd's hands erect,
(With hapleſs brothers blood beſmear'd)
Shall ſhow by whom they were infect.
And once more unjuſt Tarquin's frown
(With arrogance and rage inflam'd)
Shall keep the Roman valour down,
And Rome itſelf a while be tam'd.
And chaſteſt Lucrece once again
(Becauſe her name diſhonour'd ſtood)
Shall by herſelf be careleſs ſlain,
And make a river of her blood;
Scorning her ſoul a ſeat ſhould build
Within a body baſely ſeen,
By ſhameleſs rape to be defil'd,
That erſt was clear as heaven's queen.
But heavens, as tyranny ſhall yoke
Our baſtard hearts with ſervile thrall;
So grant your plagues (which they provoke)
May light upon them once for all.
And let another Brutus riſe,
Bravely to fight in Rome's defence,
To free our town from tyranny,
And tyrannous proud inſolence.

ACT III.

Cornelia, Chorus.

THE chearful cock (the ſad night's comforter)
Waiting upon the riſing of the ſun,
Doth ſing to ſee how Cynthia ſhrinks her horn,
While Clytie takes her progreſs to the eaſt;
Where wringing wet with drops of ſilver dew,
Her wonted tears of love ſhe doth renew.
The wand'ring ſwallow, with her broken ſong,
The country-wench unto her work awakes;
While Cytherea ſighing walks to ſeek
Her murder'd love transform'd into a roſe;
Whom (though ſhe ſee) to crop ſhe kindly fears;
But (kiſſing) ſighs, and dews him with her tears.
Sweet tears of love, remembrancers to time,
Time paſt with me, that am to tears converted;
Whoſe mournful paſſions dull the morning's joys,
Whoſe ſweeter ſleeps are turn'd to fearful dreams;
And whoſe firſt fortunes (fill'd with all diſtreſs)
Afford no hope of future happineſs.
But what diſaſtrous or hard accident
Hath bath'd your blubber'd eyes in bitter tears,
That thus conſort me in my miſery?
Why do you beat your breaſts? why mourn you ſo?
Say, gentle ſiſters, tell me, and believe
It grieves me that I know not why you grieve.

Chorus.

O poor Cornelia, have not we good cauſe,
For former wrongs to furniſh us with tears?

Cornelia.

O, but I fear that Fortune ſeeks new flaws,
And ſtill (unſatisfy'd) more hatred bears.

Chorus.

Wherein can Fortune farther injure us,
Now we have loſt our conquer'd liberty,

Our

Our common-wealth, our empire, and our honours,
Under this cruel Tarquin's tyranny?
Under this outrage now are all our goods,
Where ſcattered they run by land and ſea
(Like exil'd us) from fertile Italy,
To proudeſt Spain, or pooreſt Getuly.

Cornelia.

And will the heavens, that have ſo oft defended
Our Roman walls from fury of fierce kings,
Not once again return our ſenators,
That from the Libyck plains and Spaniſh fields,
With fearleſs hearts do guard our Roman hopes?
Will they not once again encourage them
To fill our fields with blood of enemies,
And bring from Africk to our Capitol,
Upon their helms, the empire that is ſtole?
Then home-born houſhold gods, and ye good ſpirits,
To whom in doubtful things we ſeek acceſs,
By whom our family hath been adorn'd,
And graced with the name of African;
Do ye vouchſafe that this victorious title
Be not expired in Cornelia's blood;
And that my father now (in th' Africk wars)
The ſelf-ſame ſtile by conqueſt may continue!
But, wretched that I am, alas, I fear—

Chorus.

What fear you, Madam?

Cornelia.

That the frowning heavens
Oppoſe themſelves againſt us in their wrath.

Chorus.

Our loſs (I hope) hath ſatisfy'd their ire.

Cornelia.

O no, our loſs lifts Cæſar's fortunes higher.

Chorus.

Fortune is fickle.

Cornelia.

But hath fail'd him never.

Chorus.

The more unlike ſhe ſhould continue ever.

Cornelia.

My fearful dreams do my deſpairs redouble.

Chorus.

Why ſuffer you vain dreams your head to trouble?

Cornelia.

Who is not troubled with ſtrange viſions?

Chorus.

That of our ſpirit are but illuſions.

Cornelia.

God grant theſe dreams to good effect be brought!

Chorus.

We dream by night what we by day have thought.

Cornelia.

The ſilent night, that long had ſojourned,
Now 'gan to caſt her ſable mantle off,
And now the ſleepy wain-man ſoftly drove
His ſlow-pac'd team, that long had travelled;
When (like a ſlumber, if you term it ſo)
A dulneſs, that diſpoſeth us to reſt,
'Gan cloſe the windows of my watchful eyes,
Already tir'd and loaden with my tears;
And lo (methought) came gliding by my bed,
The ghoſt of Pompey, with a ghaſtly look;
All pale and [15] brawn-fall'n, not in triumph borne
Amongſt the conquering Romans, as we us'd,
When he (enthroniz'd) at his feet beheld
Great emperors, faſt bound in chains of braſs.
But all amaz'd, with fearful hollow eyes,
His hair and beard deform'd with blood and ſweat,
Caſting a thin coarſe linſel o'er his ſhoulders,
That torn in pieces trail'd upon the ground,
And, gnaſhing of his teeth, unlock'd his jaws,
Which ſlightly cover'd with a ſcarce-ſeen ſkin,
This ſolemn tale he ſadly did begin:
Sleep'ſt thou, Cornelia? ſleep'ſt thou, gentle wife,
And ſeeſt thy father's miſery and mine?

15 — *brawn-fall'n,*] Similar to this expreſſion is *chap-fallen*, ſtill uſed by the vulgar. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, A. 2, Calis ſays, *his palate's down*, which ſeems to have the ſame ſignification.

Wake,

Wake, deareſt ſweet, and o'er our ſepulchres
In pity ſhow thy lateſt love to us.
Such hap as ours attendeth on my ſons,
The ſelf-ſame foe and fortune following them.
Send Sextus over to ſome foreign nation,
Far from the common hazard of the wars;
That (being yet ſav'd) he may attempt no more
To 'venge the valour that is try'd before.
He ſaid; and ſuddenly a trembling horror,
A chill cold ſhivering (ſettled in my veins)
Brake up my ſlumber; when I ope'd my lips
Three times to cry, but could nor cry, nor ſpeak.
I mov'd mine head, and flung abroad mine arms,
To entertain him, but his airy ſpirit
Beguiled mine embracements, and (unkind)
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.
O valiant ſoul, when ſhall this ſoul of mine
Come viſit thee in the Elyſian ſhades?
O deareſt life, or when ſhall ſweeteſt death
Diſſolve the fatal trouble of my days,
And bleſs me with my Pompey's company?
But may my father, (O extreme miſhap!)
And ſuch a number of brave regiments,
Made of ſo many expert ſoldiers,
That lov'd our liberty, and follow'd him,
Be ſo diſcomfited? O would it were but an illuſion!

Chorus.

Madam, never fear.
Nor let a ſenſeleſs idol of the night
Encreaſe a more than needful fear in you.

Cornelia.

My fear proceeds not of an idle dream,
For 'tis a truth that hath aſtoniſh'd me.
I ſaw great Pompey, and I heard him ſpeak;
And, thinking to embrace him, ope'd mine arms,
When drowſy ſleep, that wak'd me at unwares,
Did with his flight uncloſe my fearful eyes
So ſuddenly, that yet methinks I ſee him.
Howbeit I cannot touch him, for he ſlides
More ſwiftly from me than the ocean glides.

Chorus.

" [16] Theſe are vain thoughts, or melancholy ſhews,
" That wont to haunt and trace by cloiſter'd tombs:
" [17] Which eath's appear in ſad and ſtrange diſguiſes
" To penſive minds, deceived with their ſhadows;
" They counterfeit the dead in voice and figure,
" Divining of our future miſeries.
" For when our ſoul the body hath diſgag'd,
" It ſeeks the common paſſage of the dead,
" Down by the fearful gates of Acheron;
" Where when it is by Æacus adjudg'd,
" It either turneth to the Stygian lake,
" Or ſtays for ever in th' Elyſian fields,
" And ne'er returneth to the corſe interr'd,
" To walk by night, or make the wiſe afraid.
" None but inevitable conquering death
" Deſcends to hell, with hope to riſe again;
" For ghoſts of men are lock'd in fiery gates,
" Faſt guarded by a fell remorſeleſs monſter,

[16] *Theſe are vain thoughts,*] Dryden and Lee, in their Tragedy of *Oedipus*, A. 4. S. 1. have the following beautiful paſſage, which may be compared with the preſent:

" When the ſun ſets, ſhadows, that ſhew'd at noon
" But ſmall, appear moſt long and terrible;
" So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
" Our apprehenſions ſhoot beyond all bounds,
" Owls, ravens, crickets ſeem the watch of death,
" Nature's worſt vermin ſcare her god-like ſons.
" Echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
" Grow babling ghoſts, and call us to our graves:
" Each mole-hill thought ſwells to a huge Olympus,
" While we fantaſtick dreamers heave and puff,
" And ſweat with an imagination's weight;
" As if, like Atlas, with theſe mortal ſhoulders
" We could ſuſtain the burden of the world."

[17] *Which* eath's *appear*, &c,] i. e. *eaſy*, *eaſily*. Eath is an old Saxon word, ſignifying *eaſe*. Hence *uneath* for *uneaſily*. So, in the Second Part of *Henry* VI. A. 2. S. 4:

" *Uneath* may ſhe endure the flinty ſtreets." S.

Again, Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. 4. c. 12. §. 1:

" For much more *eath* to tell the ſtarres on hy,
" Albe they endleſſe ſeeme in eſtimation."

" And

" And therefore think not it was Pompey's ſprite,
" But ſome falſe Dæmon that beguil'd your ſight. [*Exit.*

Enter Cicero.

Cicero.

Then, O world's queen! O town that did extend
Thy conquering arms beyond the ocean,
And throng'dſt thy conqueſts from the Libyan ſhores,
Down to the Scythian ſwift-foot fearleſs porters [18],
[19] Thou art embas'd; and at this inſtant yield'ſt
Thy proud neck to a miſerable yoke.
Rome, thou art tam'd, and th' earth, dew'd with thy blood,
Doth laugh to ſee how thou art ſignioriz'd.
The force of heaven exceeds thy former ſtrength:
For thou that wont'ſt to tame and conquer all,
Art conquer'd now with an eternal fall.
[20] Now ſhalt thou march (thy hands faſt bound behind thee)
Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears beſprent,
Before the victor; while thy rebel ſon,
With crowned front triumphing follows thee.
Thy braveſt captains, whoſe courageous hearts
(Join'd with the right) did reinforce our hopes,
Now murder'd lie for fowl to feed upon.

[18] —*porters,*] Probably *booters.* S. P.

[19] —*embas'd;*] *Diſhonoured.* So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. 3. c. 1. § 12:

" Thus reconcilement was betweene them knitt,
" Through goodly temp'rance and affection chaſte;
" And either vow'd with all their power and witt,
" To let not other's honour be defaſte,
" Of friend or foe, who ever it *embaſte.*"

[20] *Now ſhalt thou march,* &c.] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that this paſſage is very like the following in Shakſpeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra,* A. 4. S. 12:

" Would'ſt thou be windowed in great Rome, and ſee
" Thy maſter thus with pleach'd arms bending down
" His corrigible neck, his face ſubdu'd
" To penetrative ſhame, whilſt the wheel'd ſeat
" Of fortunate Cæſar drawn before him branded
" His baſeneſs that enſued?"

Petreus, Cato, and Scipio, are ſlain,
And Juba, that amongſt the Moors did reign.
Now you, whom both the gods and fortune's grace
Hath ſav'd from danger in theſe furious broils,
Forbear to tempt the enemy again,
For fear you feel a third calamity.
Cæſar is like a brightly-flaming blaze,
That fiercely burns a houſe already fir'd;
And, ceaſeleſs launching out on every ſide,
Conſumes the more, the more you ſeek to quench it,
Still darting ſparkles, till it find a train
To ſeize upon, and then it flames amain.
[21] The men, the ſhips, wherewith poor Rome affronts him,
All powerleſs, give proud Cæſar's wrath free paſſage.
Nought can reſiſt him, all the power we raiſe,
Turns but to our misfortune, and his praiſe.
'Tis thou, O Rome, that nurs'd his inſolence;
'Tis thou, O Rome, that gav'ſt him firſt the ſword,
Which murd'rer-like againſt thyſelf he draws,
And violates both God and Nature's laws.
Like moral Eſop's miſled country ſwain,
That found a ſerpent pining in the ſnow,
And full of fooliſh pity took it up,
And kindly laid it by his houſhold fire,
Till (waxen warm) it nimbly 'gan to ſtir,
And ſtung to death the fool that foſter'd her.
O gods! that once had care of theſe our walls,
And fearleſs kept us from th' aſſault of foes;
Great Jupiter, to whom our Capitol
So many oxen yearly ſacrific'd;

[21] *The men, the ſhips, wherewith poor Rome* affronts *him,*] *To affront,* is to *meet directly.* As in *Fuimus Troes,* A. 2. S. 1. vol. VII.

" Lets then diſmiſs the legate with a frown;
" And draw our forces toward the ſea, to join
" With the four kings of *Kent,* and ſo *affront*
" His firſt arrival."

Hamlet, A. 3. S. 1:

" That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
" *Affront* Ophelia."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on the laſt paſſage.

Minerva,

Minerva, Stator, and ſtout Thracian Mars,
Father to good Quirinus our firſt founder;
To what intent have ye preſerv'd our town,
This ſtately town, ſo often hazarded
Againſt the Samnites, Sabins, and fierce Latins?
Why, from once footing in our fortreſſes,
Have ye repell'd the luſty warlike Gauls?
Why from Moloſſus and falſe Hanibal,
Have ye reſerv'd the noble Romuliſts?
Or why from Cat'line's lewd conſpiracies
Preſerv'd by Rome by my prevention?
To caſt ſo ſoon a ſtate, ſo long defended,
Into the bondage where (enthral'd) we pine?
To ſerve (no ſtranger, but amongſt us) one
That with blind frenzy buildeth up his throne?
But if in us be any vigour reſting,
If yet our hearts retain one drop of blood,
Cæſar, thou ſhalt not vaunt thy conqueſt long,
Nor longer hold us in this ſervitude.
Nor ſhalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood:
For I divine, that thou muſt vomit it,
Like to a cur that carrion hath devour'd,
And cannot reſt until his maw be ſcour'd.
Think'ſt thou to ſigniorize, or be the king
Of ſuch a number, nobler than thyſelf?
Or think'ſt thou Romans bear ſuch baſtard hearts,
To let thy tyranny be unreveng'd?
No; for methinks I ſee the ſhame, the grief,
The rage, the hatred, that they have conceiv'd,
And many a Roman ſword already drawn,
T'enlarge the liberty that thou uſurp'ſt.
And thy diſmember'd body (ſtabb'd and torn),
Dragg'd through the ſtreets, diſdained to be borne. [*Ex.*

Enter Philip *and* Cornelia.

Philip.

Amongſt the reſt of mine extreme miſhaps,
I find my fortune not the leaſt in this,

That I have kept my maſter company,
Both in his life, and at his lateſt hour,
Pompey the great, whom I have honoured
With true devotion, both alive and dead.
One ſelf-ſame ſhip contain'd us, when I ſaw
The murd'ring Egyptians bereave his life;
And when the man that had afright the earth,
Did homage to it with his deareſt blood;
O'er whom I ſhed full many a bitter tear,
And did perform his exequies with ſighs:
And on the ſtrand upon the river ſide
(Where to my ſighs the waters ſeem'd to turn)
I wove a coffin for his corſe, of ſeggs [22],
That with the wind did wave like bannerets,
And laid his body to be burn'd thereon;
Which, when it was conſum'd, I kindly took,
And ſadly clos'd within an earthen urn
The aſhy reliques of his hapleſs bones;
Which having 'ſcap'd the rage of wind and ſea,
I bring to fair Cornelia, to interr
Within his elders tomb that honour'd her.

Cornelia.

Ah me! what ſee I?

Philip.

Pompey's tender bones,
Which (in extremes) an earthen urn containeth.

Cornelia.

O ſweet, dear, deplorable cinders?
O miſerable woman, living, dying!
O poor Cornelia! born to be diſtreſs'd,
Why liv'ſt thou toil'd, that (dead) might'ſt lie at reſt?
O faithleſs hands, that under cloak of love
Did entertain him, to torment him ſo!
O barbarous, inhuman, hateful traitors!
This your diſloyal dealing hath defam'd
Your king, and his inhoſpitable ſeat,
Of the extreameſt and moſt odious crime,
That 'gainſt the heavens might be imagined.
For ye have baſely broke the law of arms,
And out-rag'd over an afflicted ſoul;

[22] *ſeggs*] i. e. ſedges. S.

Murder'd

Murder'd a man that did ſubmit himſelf,
And injur'd him that ever us'd you kindly.
For which miſdeed, be Egypt peſtered
With battle, famine, and perpetual plagues!
Let aſpics, ſerpents, ſnakes, and Libyan bears,
Tigers, and lions, breed with you for ever!
And let fair Nilus (wont to nurſe your corn)
Cover your land with toads and crocodiles,
That may infect, devour, and murder you!
Elſe earth make way, and hell receive them quick,
A hateful race, 'mongſt whom there doth abide
All treaſon, luxury, and homicide.

Philip.

Ceaſe theſe laments.

Cornelia.

I do but what I ought
To mourn his death.

Philip.

Alas! that profits nought.

Cornelia.

Will heaven let treaſon be unpuniſhed?

Philip.

Heavens will perform what they have promiſed.

Cornelia.

I fear the heavens will not hear our prayer.

Philip.

The plaints of men oppreſs'd do pierce the air.

Cornelia.

Yet Cæſar liveth ſtill.

Philip.

" Due puniſhment
" Succeeds not always after an offence:
" For oftentimes 'tis for our chaſtiſement
" That heaven doth with wicked men diſpenſe,
" That, when they liſt, they may with uſury,
" For all miſdeeds pay home the penalty."

Cornelia.

This is the hope that feeds my hapleſs days,
Elſe had my life been long ago expired.

I truſt

I truſt the gods, that ſee our hourly wrongs,
Will fire his ſhameful body with their flames;
Except ſome man (reſolved) ſhall conclude,
With Cæſar's death to end our ſervitude.
Elſe (god to fore) my ſelf may live to ſee
His tired corſe lie toiling in his blood:
Gor'd with a thouſand ſtabs, and round about
The wronged people leap for inward joy.
And then come Murder; then come ugly Death;
Then, Lethe, open thine infernal lake,
I'll down with joy: becauſe before I dy'd,
Mine eyes have ſeen what I in heart deſir'd.
Pompey may not revive, and (Pompey dead)
Let me but ſee the murd'rer murdered.

Philip.

Cæſar bewail'd his death.

Cornelia.

His death he mourn'd,
Whom while he liv'd, to live like him he ſcorn'd.

Philip.

He puniſhed his murd'rers.

Cornelia.

Who murder'd him,
But he that followed Pompey with the ſword?
He murder'd Pompey that purſu'd his death,
And caſt the plot to catch him in the trap.
He that of his departure took the ſpoil,
Whoſe fell ambition (founded firſt in blood)
By nought but Pompey's life could be withſtood.

Philip.

Photin and falſe Achillas he beheaded.

Cornelia.

That was, becauſe that Pompey being their friend,
They had determin'd once of Cæſar's end.

Philip.

What got he by his death?

Cornelia.

Supremacy.

Philip.

Yet Cæſar ſpeaks of Pompey honourably.

Cornelia.

Cornelia.

Words are but wind, nor meant he what he ſpoke.

Philip.

He will not let his [23] ſtatues to be broke.

Cornelia.

By which diſguiſe (whate'er he doth pretend)
His own from being broke he doth defend:
And by the trains wherewith he us allures,
His own eſtate more firmly he aſſures.

Philip.

He took no pleaſure in his death, you ſee.

Cornelia.

Becauſe himſelf of life did not bereave him.

Philip.

Nay, he was mov'd with former amity.

Cornelia.

He never truſted him but to deceive him.
But, had he lov'd him with a love unfeign'd,
Yet had it been a vain and truſtleſs league:
" For there is nothing in the ſoul of man
" So firmly grounded, as can qualify
" Th' inextinguiſhable thirſt of ſigniory.
" Not heaven's fear, nor country's ſacred love,
" Not ancient laws, nor nuptial chaſte deſire,
" Reſpect of blood, or (that which moſt ſhould move,)
" The inward zeal that nature doth require:
" All theſe, nor any thing we can deviſe,
" Can ſtop the heart reſolv'd to tyrannize.

Philip.

I fear your griefs increaſe with this diſcourſe.

Cornelia.

My griefs are ſuch, as hardly can be worſe.

Philip.

" Time calmeth all things.

Cornelia.

No time qualifies
My doleful ſpirit's endleſs miſeries.
My grief is like a rock, whence ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Freſh ſprings of water at my weeping eyes,

[23] —*ſtatues*] See Suetonius Jul. c. 75. S. P.

Still

Still fed by thoughts, like floods with winter's rain:
For when, to eaſe th' oppreſſion of my heart,
I breathe an autumn forth of fiery ſighs,
Yet herewithall my paſſion neither dies,
Nor drys the heat the moiſture of mine eyes.

Philip.

Can nothing then recure theſe endleſs tears?

Cornelia.

Yes, news of Cæſar's death that med'cine bears.

Philip.

Madam, beware; for, ſhould he hear of this,
His wrath againſt you 'twill exaſperate.

Cornelia.

I neither ſtand in fear of him nor his.

Philip.

'Tis policy to fear a powerful hate.

Cornelia.

What can he do?

Philip.

Madam, what cannot men
That have the power to do what pleaſeth them?

Cornelia.

He can do me no miſchief that I dread.

Philip.

Yes, cauſe your death.

Cornelia.

Thrice happy were I dead.

Philip.

With rigorous torments—

Cornelia.

Let him torture me,
Pull me in pieces, famiſh, fire me up,
Fling me alive into a lion's den;
There is no death ſo hard torments me ſo,
As his extreme triumphing in our woe.
But if he will torment me, let him then
Deprive me wholly of the hope of death;
For I had died before the fall of Rome,
And ſlept with Pompey in the peaceful deeps,

Save

Save that I live in hope to ſee ere long
That Cæſar's death ſhall ſatisfy his wrong.

CHORUS.

FORTUNE in power imperious,
Us'd o'er the world and worldlings thus
to tyrannize,
When ſhe hath heap'd her gifts on us,
away ſhe flies.
Her feet more ſwift than is the wind,
Are more inconſtant in their kind
than autumn's blaſts;
A woman's ſhape, a woman's mind,
that ſeldom laſts.
One while ſhe bends her angry brow,
And of no labour will allow:
Another while
She fleers again, I know not how,
ſtill to beguile.
Fickle in our adverſities,
And fickle when our fortunes riſe,
ſhe ſcoffs at us;
That (blind herſelf) can blear our eyes,
to truſt her thus.
The ſun that lends the earth his light,
Beheld her never over-night
lie calmly down,
But in the morning following, might
perceive her frown.
She hath not only power and will,
T'abuſe the vulgar wanting ſkill;
but when ſhe liſt,
To kings and clowns doth equal ill,
without reſiſt.
Miſchance, that every man abhors,
And cares for crowned emperors
ſhe doth reſerve,
As for the pooreſt labourers,
that work or ſtarve.

The merchant, that for private gain
Doth ſend his ſhips to paſs the main,
upon the ſhore,
In hope he ſhall his wiſh obtain,
doth thee adore.
Upon the ſea, or on the land,
Where health or wealth, or vines do ſtand,
thou canſt do much,
And often help'ſt the helpleſs band;
thy power is ſuch.
And many times (diſpos'd to jeſt)
'Gainſt one whoſe power and cauſe is beſt,
(thy power to try,)
To him that ne'er put ſpear in reſt,
giv'ſt victory.
For ſo the Libyan monarchy,
That with Auſonian blood did dye
our warlike field,
To one that ne'er got victory,
was urg'd to yield.
So noble Marius, Arpin's friend,
That did the Latin ſtate defend
from Cymbrian rage,
Did prove thy fury in the end,
which nought could ſwage.
And Pompey, whoſe days haply led,
So long thou ſeem'dſt t' have favoured
in vain, 'tis ſaid,
When the Pharſalian field he led,
implor'd thine aid.
Now Cæſar, ſwoln with honour's heat,
Sits ſignioriziug in her ſeat,
and will not ſee
That Fortune can her hopes defeat,
whate'er they be.
From chance is nothing franchiſed;
And till the time that they are dead,
is no man bleſt;
He only, that no death doth dread,
doth live at reſt.

ACT

ACT IV.

Caſſius, Decim Brutus.

Caſſius.

ACCURSED Rome, that arm'ſt againſt thy ſelf
A tyrant's rage, and mak'ſt a wretch thy king:
For one man's pleaſure (O injurious Rome)
Thy children 'gainſt thy children thou haſt arm'd;
And think'ſt not of the rivers of their blood,
That erſt were ſhed to ſave thy liberty,
Becauſe thou ever hatedſt monarchy.
Now o'er our bodies (tumbled up on heaps,
Like cocks of hay when July ſhears the field)
Thou build'ſt thy kingdom, and thou ſeat'ſt thy king.
And to be ſervile (which torments me moſt)
Employeſt our lives, and laviſheſt our blood.
O Rome, accurſed Rome, thou murd'reſt us,
And maſſacreſt thyſelf in yielding thus.
Yet are there gods, yet is there heaven and earth,
That ſeem to fear a certain Thunderer?
No no, there are no gods; or if there be,
They leave to ſee into the world's affairs;
They care not for us, nor account of men,
For what we ſee is done, is done by Chance.
'Tis Fortune rules, for equity and right
Have neither help nor grace in heaven's ſight.
Scipio hath wrench'd a ſword into his breaſt,
And launc'd his bleeding wound into the ſea.
Undaunted Cato tore his intrails out.
Affranius and Fauſtus murder'd dy'd.
Juba and Petreus, fiercely combating,
Have each done other equal violence.
Our army's broken, and the Libyan bears
Devour the bodies of our citizens.
The conquering tyrant, high in Fortune's grace,
Doth ride triumphing o'er our common-wealth;
And mournful we behold him bravely mounted
(With ſtern looks) in his chariot, where he leads

The conquer'd honour of the people yok'd.
So Rome to Cæſar yields both power and pelf,
And o'er Rome Cæſar reigns in Rome itſelf.
But, Brutus, ſhall we diſſolutely ſit,
And ſee the tyrant live to tyrannize?
Or ſhall their ghoſts that dy'd to do us good,
'Plain in their tombs of our baſe cowardice?
Shall lamed ſoldiers, and grave grey-hair'd men,
Point at us in their bitter tears, and ſay,
See where they go that have their race forgot!
And rather chuſe (unarm'd) to ſerve with ſhame,
Than (arm'd) to ſave their freedom and their fame?

Brutus.

I ſwear by heaven, the Immortals higheſt throne,
Their temples, altars, and their images,
To ſee (for one) that Brutus ſuffer not
His ancient liberty to be repreſs'd.
I freely march'd with Cæſar in his wars,
Not to be ſubject, but to aid his right.
But if (envenom'd with ambitious thoughts)
He lift his hand imperiouſly o'er us;
If he determine but to reign in Rome,
Or follow'd Pompey but to this effect;
Or if (theſe civil diſcords now diſſolv'd)
He render not the empire back to Rome;
Then ſhall he ſee, that Brutus this day bears
The ſelf-ſame arms to be aveng'd on him;
And that this hand (though Cæſar blood abhor)
Shall toil in his, which I am ſorry for.
I love, I love him dearly. "But the love
"That men their country and their birth-right bear,
"Exceeds all loves; and dearer is by far
"Our country's love, than friends or children are."

Caſſius.

If this brave care be nouriſh'd in your blood,
Or if ſo frank a will your ſoul poſſeſs,
Why haſte we not, even while theſe words are utter'd,
To ſheathe our new-ground ſwords in Cæſar's throat?
Why ſpend we day-light, and why dies he not,
That, by his death, we wretches may revive?

We

We ſtay too long, I burn till I be there
To ſee this maſſacre, and ſend his ghoſt
To theirs, whom (ſubtilly) he for monarchy
Made fight to death with ſhow of liberty.

Brutus.

Yet haply he (as Sylla whilom did)
When he hath rooted civil war from Rome,
Will therewithall diſcharge the power he hath.

Caſſius.

Cæſar and Sylla, Brutus, be not like.
Sylla (aſſaulted by the enemy)
Did arm himſelf (but in his own defence)
Againſt both Cinna's hoſt and Marius;
Whom when he had diſcomfited and chas'd,
And of his ſafety throughly was aſſur'd,
He laid apart the power that he had got,
And gave up rule, for he deſir'd it not.
Where Cæſar, that in ſilence might have ſlept,
Nor urg'd by aught but his ambition,
Did break into the heart of Italy;
And like rude Brennus brought his men to field,
Travers'd the ſeas, and ſhortly after (back'd
With winter'd ſoldiers us'd to conquering,)
He aim'd at us, bent to exterminate
Who ever ſought to intercept his ſtate:
Now, having got what he hath gaped for,
(Dear Brutus) think you Cæſar ſuch a child,
Slightly to part with ſo great ſigniory?
Believe it not, he bought it dear, you know,
And travelled too far to leave it ſo.

Brutus.

But, Caſſius, Cæſar is not yet a king.

Caſſius.

No, but dictator, in effect as much.
He doth what pleaſeth him, a princely thing.
And wherein differ they whoſe power is ſuch?

Brutus.

He is not bloody.

Caſſius.

But by bloody jars
He hath unpeopled moſt part of the earth.

Both Gaul and Africk periſh'd by his wars;
Egypt, Emathia, Italy and Spain,
Are full of dead mens bones by Cæſar ſlain.
Th'infectious plague, and famine's bitterneſs,
Or th' ocean (whom no pity can aſſwage)
Though they contain dead bodies numberleſs,
Are yet inferior to Cæſar's rage;
Who (monſter-like) with his ambition,
Hath left more tombs than ground to lay them on.

Brutus.

Soldiers with ſuch reproach ſhould not be blam'd.

Caſſius.

He with his ſoldiers hath himſelf defam'd.

Brutus.

Why then you think there is no praiſe in war.

Caſſius.

Yes, where the cauſes reaſonable are.

Brutus.

He hath enrich'd the empire with new ſtates.

Caſſius.

Which with ambition now he ruinates.

Brutus.

He hath reveng'd the Gauls old injury,
And made them ſubject to our Roman laws.

Caſſius.

The reſtfull Almains, with his cruelty,
He raſhly ſtirr'd againſt us without cauſe;
And hazarded our city and ourſelves
Againſt a harmleſs nation, kindly given;
To whom we ſhould do well (for ſome amends)
To render him, and reconcile old friends.
Theſe nations did he purpoſely provoke,
To make an army for his after-aid
Againſt the Romans, whom in policy
He train'd in war to ſteal their ſigniory.
" Like them that (ſtriving at th' Olympian ſports,
" To grace themſelves with honour of the game)
" Anoint their ſinews fit for wreſtling,
" And (ere they enter) uſe ſome exerciſe."

The Gauls were but a fore-game fetch'd about
For civil diſcord, wrought by Cæſar's ſleights;
Whom (to be king himſelf) he ſoon remov'd;
Teaching a people hating ſervitude,
To fight for that that did their deaths conclude.

Brutus.

The wars once ended, we ſhall quickly know,
Whether he will reſtore the ſtate or no.

Caſſius.

No, Brutus, never look to ſee that day,
For Cæſar holdeth ſigniory too dear.
But know, while Caſſius hath one drop of blood,
To feed this worthleſs body that you ſee,
What reck I death to do ſo many good?
In ſpite of Cæſar, Caſſius will be free.

Brutus.

A generous, or true ennobled ſpirit
Deteſts to learn what taſtes of ſervitude.

Caſſius.

Brutus, I cannot ſerve, nor ſee Rome yok'd;
No, let me rather die a thouſand deaths.
" The ſtiff-neck'd horſes champ not on the bit,
" Nor meekly bear the rider but by force:
" The ſturdy oxen toil not at the plough,
" Nor yield unto the yoke, but by conſtraint."
Shall we then, that are men, and Romans born,
Submit us to unurged ſlavery?
Shall Rome, that hath ſo many over-thrown,
Now make herſelf a ſubject to her own?
O baſe indignity! A beardleſs youth,
Whom king Nicomedes could over-reach,
Commands the world, and bridleth all the earth,
And like a prince controuls the Romuliſts;
Brave Roman ſoldiers, ſtern-born ſons of Mars,
And none, not one, that dares to undertake
The intercepting of his tyranny.
O Brutus ſpeak! O ſay, Servilius!
[23] Why cry you, ayme! and ſee us uſed thus?

But

[23] *Why cry you, ayme!*] In the former edition, Mr. Dodſley had ſubſtituted, inſtead of the words in the text, *cry you ah me!* the alteration

But Brutus lives, and ſees, and knows, and feels,
That there is one that curbs their country's weal.
Yet (as he were the ſemblance, not the ſon
Of noble Brutus, his great grandfather)
As if he wanted hands, ſenſe, ſight, or heart,
He doth, deviſeth, ſees, nor dareth aught,
That may extirp or raze theſe tyrannies.
Nor aught doth Brutus that to Brute belongs,
But ſtill increaſeth by his negligence,
His own diſgrace, and Cæſar's violence.
The wrong is great, and over-long endur'd;
We ſhould have practiſed, conſpired, conjured
A thouſand ways and weapons, to repreſs
Or kill out-right this cauſe of our diſtreſs.

was, however, intirely unneceſſary. *To cry ayme*, ſignified, as Dr. Warburton obſerves, *to conſent to*, or *approve of any thing*. "The phraſe "was taken originally from archery. When any one had challenged "another to ſhoot at the butts (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe "of that time), the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *cry aim*, i. e. "accept the challenge." See Dr. Warburton's Note on *Merry Wives of Windſor*, A. 2. S. 3. where he has produced ſeveral examples of the uſe of the phraſe. Dr. Johnſon ſays, "I once thought that it was borrowed "from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we "now ſay *preſent!* to cry *aim*, had been *to incite notice*, or raiſe attention. "But I rather think, that the old word of applauſe was *J'aime, I love it*, "and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the Engliſh, not eaſily "pronouncing *je*, ſunk into *aime* or *aim*." Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that Dr. Johnſon's firſt thought is beſt. See Notes on *King John*, A. 2. S. 1. To the ſeveral inſtances produced by theſe gentlemen, the following may be added:

Middleton and Rowley's *Fair Quarrel*, A. 1. S. 1:

"How now, Gallants?
"Beleeve me then, I muſt *give aime* no longer."

Beaumont and Fletcher's *Falſe One*, A. 5. S. 4. Edit. 1778:

"By Venus, not a kiſs
"'Till our work be done! The traitors once diſpatch'd,
"To it, and we'll *cry aim*."

It is remarkable, that Mr. Seward had made the ſame alteration in the laſt paſſage, and conſequently fallen into the ſame miſtake as Mr. Dodſley had in the text.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

WHO prodigally ſpends his blood
Bravely to do his country good,
And liveth to no other end,
But reſolutely to attempt
What may the innocent defend,
And bloody tyrants rage prevent:

And he that, in his ſoul aſſur'd,
Hath water's force and fire endur'd,
And paſt the pikes of thouſand hoſts,
To free the earth from tyranny,
And fearleſs ſcours on dang'rous coaſts,
T'enlarge his country's liberty:

Were all the world his foes before,
Now ſhall they love him evermore.
His glory ſpread abroad by Fame,
On wings of his poſterity,
From obſcure death ſhall free his name,
To live in endleſs memory.

All after-ages ſhall adore,
And honour him with hymns therefore.
Yearly the youth for joy ſhall bring
The faireſt flowers that grow in Rome;
And yearly in the ſummer ſing,
O'er his heroic kingly tomb.

For ſo the two Athenians,
That from their fellow-citizens
Did freely chaſe vile ſervitude,
Shall live for valiant proweſs bleſt;
No ſepulchre ſhall e'er exclude
Their glory, equal with the beſt.

But when the vulgar, mad and rude,
Repay good with ingratitude,

Hardly then they them reward,
That to free them from the hands
Of a tyrant, ne'er regard
In what plight their perſon ſtands.

For high Jove, that guideth all,
When he lets his juſt wrath fall,
To revenge proud diadems,
With huge cares doth croſs kings lives,
Raiſing treaſons in their realms,
By their children, friends, or wives.

Therefore he whom all men fear,
Feareth all men every where.
Fear, that doth engender hate,
(Hate enforcing them thereto)
Maketh many undertake,
Many things they would not do.

O how many mighty kings
Live in fear of petty things!
For when kings have ſought by wars
Stranger towns to have o'erthrown,
They have caught deſerved ſcars,
Seeking that was not their own.

For no tyrant commonly,
Living ill, can kindly die;
But either traiterouſly ſurpriz'd
Doth coward poiſon [24] quail their breath,
Or their people have devis'd,
Or their guard to ſeek their death.

He only lives moſt happily,
That, free and far from majeſty,
Can live content, although unknown;
He fearing none, none fearing him,
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

24 — *quail*] See Note on *Tancred and Giſmund*, p. 185. The word here has a different ſenſe from the former. It ſignifies *to quell* or *overcome*.

Enter

Enter Cæſar *and* Mark Antony.

Cæſar.

O Rome, that with thy pride doſt over-peer
The worthieſt cities of the conquer'd world;
Whoſe honour got by famous victories,
Hath fill'd heaven's fiery vaults with frightful horror!
O lofty towers! O ſtately battlements!
O glorious temples! O proud palaces!
And you brave walls, bright heaven's maſonry,
Grac'd with a thouſand kingly diadems!
Are ye not ſtirred with a ſtrange delight,
To ſee your Cæſar's matchleſs victories?
And how your empire and your praiſe begins
Through fame, which he of ſtranger nations wins?
O beauteous Tiber, with thine eaſy ſtreams,
That glide as ſmoothly as a Parthian ſhaft!
[25] Turn not thy criſpy tides like ſilver curl,
Back to thy graſs-green banks to welcome us;
And with a gentle murmur haſte to tell
The foaming ſeas the honour of our fight?
Trudge not thy ſtreams to Triton's mariners,
To bruit the praiſes of our conqueſts paſt?
And make their vaunts to old Oceanus,
That henceforth Tiber ſhall ſalute the ſeas,
More fam'd than Tiger or fair Euphrates?
Now all the world (well-nigh) doth ſtoop to Rome.
The ſea, the earth, and all is almoſt ours.
Be't where the bright ſun with his neighbour beams
Doth early light the pearled Indians,

[25] *Turn not thy* criſpy *tides*] *Criſpy* is *curling*. So, in Shakſpeare's *Henry* IV. A. 1. S. 3:

" Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
" Upon agreement, of ſwift Severn's flood;
" Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
" Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
" And hid his *criſp* head in the hollow bank,
" Blood ſtained with theſe valiant combatants."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on this paſſage.

Or

Or where his chariot ſtays to ſtop the day,
Till heaven unlock the darkneſs of the night.
Be't where the ſea is wrapt in cryſtal ice,
Or where the ſummer doth but warm the earth.
Or here, or there, where is not Rome renown'd?
There lives no king (how great ſoe'er he be)
But trembleth if he once but hear of me.
Cæſar is now earth's fame, and Fortune's terror,
And Cæſar's worth hath ſtain'd old ſoldiers praiſes.
Rome, ſpeak no more of either Scipio,
Nor of the Fabii, or Fabritians;
Here let the Decii and their glory die.
Cæſar hath tam'd more nations, ta'en more towns,
And fought more battles than the beſt of them.
Cæſar doth triumph over all the world,
And all they ſcarcely conquered a nook.
The Gauls, that came to Tiber to carouſe,
Did live to ſee my ſoldiers drink at Loire;
And thoſe brave Germans, true-born martialiſts,
Beheld the ſwift Rhine under-run mine enſigns.
The Britains (lock'd within a wat'ry realm,
And wall'd by Neptune) ſtoopt to me at laſt.
The faithleſs Moor, the fierce Numidian,
Th' earth that the Euxine ſea makes ſometimes marſh,
The ſtony-hearted people that inhabit
Where ſevenfold Nilus doth diſgorge itſelf,
Have all been urg'd to yield to my command;
Yea, even this city, that hath almoſt made
An univerſal conqueſt of the world;
And that brave warrior, my brother-in-law,
That, ill-advis'd, repined at my glory;
Pompey, that ſecond Mars, whoſe [26] haught' renown,
And noble deeds, were greater than his fortunes,
Prov'd to his loſs but even in one aſſault,
My hand, my hap, my heart exceeded his,

26 — *haught*] This word is common to many writers. As Shakſpeare's Third Part of *Henry* VI. A. 2. S. 1:

"— The proud inſulting queen,
"With Clifford, and the *haught* Northumberland."

See ſeveral examples in Mr. Steevens's Note on the laſt paſſage.

When

When the Theſſalian fields were purpled o'er
With either army's murder'd ſoldiers gore;
When he (to conquering accuſtomed)
Did (conquered) fly, his troops diſcomfited.
Now Scipio, that long'd to ſhew himſelf
Deſcent of African (ſo fam'd for arms),
He durſt affront me and my warlike bands
Upon the coaſts of Libya, till he loſt
His ſcatter'd army: and to ſhun the ſcorn
Of being taken captive, kill'd himſelf.
Now, therefore, let us triumph, Antony;
And rend'ring thanks to heaven as we go,
For bridling thoſe that did malign our glory,
Let's to the Capitol.

Antony.

Come on, brave Cæſar,
And crown thy head, and mount thy chariot.
Th' impatient people run along the ſtreets,
And in a rout againſt thy gates they ruſh,
To ſee their Cæſar, after dangers paſt,
Made conqueror and emperor at laſt.

Cæſar.

I call to witneſs heaven's great Thunderer,
That 'gainſt my will I have maintain'd this war,
Nor thirſted I for conqueſts bought with blood.
I joy not in the death of citizens;
But through my ſelf-will'd enemies deſpite,
And Romans wrong, was I conſtrain'd to fight.

Antony.

They ſought t' eclipſe thy fame, but deſtiny
Revers'd th' effect of their ambition;
And Cæſar's praiſe, increas'd by their diſgrace,
That reck'd not of his virtuous deeds. But thus
We ſee it fareth with the envious.

Cæſar.

I never had the thought to injure them.
Howbeit I never meant my greatneſs ſhould
By any other's greatneſs be o'er-rul'd.
For as I am inferior to none,
So can I ſuffer no ſuperiors.

Antony.

Antony.

Well, Cæſar, now they are diſcomfited.
And crows are feaſted with their carcaſes;
And yet I fear you have too kindly ſav'd
Thoſe, that your kindneſs hardly will requite.

Cæſar.

Why Antony, what would you wiſh me do?
Now ſhall you ſee that they will pack to Spain,
And (joined with the exiles there encamp)
Until th'ill ſpirit that doth them defend,
Do bring their treaſons to a bloody end.

Antony.

I fear not thoſe that to their weapons fly,
And keep their ſtate in Spain, in Spain to die.

Cæſar.

Whom fear'ſt thou then, Mark Antony?

Antony.

The hateful crew,
That, wanting power in field to conquer you,
Have in their coward ſouls deviſed ſnares
To murder thee, and take thee at unwares.

Cæſar.

Will thoſe conſpire my death that live by me?

Antony.

In conquer'd foes what credit can there be?

Cæſar.

Beſides their lives, I did their goods reſtore.

Antony.

O, but their country's good concerns them more.

Cæſar.

What, think they me to be their country's foe?

Antony.

[27] No, but that thou uſurp'ſt the right they owe.

Cæſar.

[27] *No, but that thou uſurp'ſt the right they owe.*] That is, *the right they own or poſſeſs.* So, in the *Virgin Martyr*, by Maſſinger and Dekker, A. 2. S. 2:

"Sir; he is more indebted
"To you for praiſe, than you to him that *owes it.*"

Othello,

Cæſar.

To Rome have I ſubmitted mighty things.

Antony.

Yet Rome endures not the command of kings.

Cæſar.

Who dares to contradict our [28] empory?

Antony.

Thoſe whom thy rule hath robb'd of liberty.

Cæſar.

I fear them not whoſe death is but deferr'd.

Antony.

I fear my foe until he be interr'd.

Cæſar.

A man may make his foe his friend, you know.

Antony.

A man may eaſier make his friend his foe.

Cæſar.

Good deeds the cruel'ſt heart to kindneſs bring.

Antony.

But reſolution is a deadly thing.

Cæſar.

If citizens my kindneſs have forgot,
Whom ſhall I then not fear?

Antony.

Thoſe that are not.

Cæſar.

What, ſhall I ſlay then all that I ſuſpect?

Antony.

Elſe cannot Cæſar's [28] empory endure.

Cæſar.

Rather I will my life and all neglect.
Nor labour I my vain life to aſſure;
But ſo to die, as dying I may live,
And leaving off this earthly tomb of mine,

Othello, A. 3. S. 3:

"— Not poppy nor mandragora,
"Nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the world,
"Shall ever med'cine thee to that ſweet ſleep
"Which thou *ow'dſt* yeſterday."

[28] —*empory*] See Note 11. A. 2. p. 246.

Aſcend

Aſcend to heaven upon my winged deeds.
And ſhall I not have lived long enough,
That in ſo ſhort a time am ſo much fam'd?
Can I too ſoon go taſte Cocytus' flood?
No, Antony, death cannot injure us,
" For he lives long, that dies victorious."

Antony.

Thy praiſes ſhow thy life is long enough,
But for thy friends and country all too ſhort.
Should Cæſar live as long as Neſtor did,
Yet Rome may wiſh his life eternized.

Cæſar.

Heaven ſets our time, with heaven may nought diſpenſe.

Antony.

But we may ſhorten time with negligence.

Cæſar.

But Fortune and the heavens have care of us.

Antony.

Fortune is fickle, heaven imperious.

Cæſar.

What ſhall I then do?

Antony.

As befits your ſtate,
Maintain a watchful guard about your gate.

Cæſar.

What more aſſurance may our ſtate defend,
Than love of thoſe that do on us attend?

Antony.

There is no hatred more, if it be mov'd,
Than theirs whom we offend, and once belov'd.

Cæſar.

Better it is to die than be ſuſpicious.

Antony.

'Tis wiſdom yet not to be credulous.

Cæſar.

The quiet life that careleſly is led,
Is not alonely happy in this world,
But death itſelf doth ſometime pleaſure us.
That death that comes unſent for or unſeen,
And ſuddenly doth take us at unware,

Methinks

Methinks is ſweeteſt; and, if heaven were pleas'd,
I could deſire that I might die ſo well.
The fear of evil doth afflict us more,
Than th' evil itſelf, though it be ne'er ſo ſore.

A Chorus of Cæſar's *Friends.*

O FAIR ſun, that gently ſmiles
From the orient-pearled iſles,
Gilding theſe our gladſome days
With the beauty of thy rays:

Free fro' rage of civil ſtrife,
Long preſerve our Cæſar's life,
That from ſable Africk brings
Conqueſts, whereof Europe rings.

And fair Venus, thou of whom
The Æneades are come,
Henceforth vary not thy grace,
From Iulus' happy race.

Rather cauſe thy deareſt ſon,
By his triumphs new begun,
To expel fro' forth the land
Fierce war's quenchleſs fire-brand.

That of care acquitting us,
(Who at laſt adore him thus)
He a peaceful ſtar appear,
From our walls all woes to clear.

And ſo let his warlike brows
Still be deck'd with laurel boughs,
And his ſtatues newly ſet
With many a freſh-flower'd coronet.

So in every place let be
Feaſts, and maſks, and mirthful glee,
Strewing roſes in the ſtreet,
When their emperor they meet.

He his foes hath conquered,
Never leaving till they fled,

And (abhorring blood) at laſt
Pardon'd all offences paſt.

" For high Jove the heavens among,
" (Their ſupport that ſuffer wrong)
" Doth oppoſe himſelf again
" Bloody-minded cruel men.

" For he ſhorteneth their days,
" Or prolongs them with diſpraiſe:
" Or (his greater wrath to ſhow)
" Gives them over to their foe."

Cæſar, a citizen ſo wrong'd
Of the honour him belong'd,
To defend himſelf from harms,
Was enforc'd to take up arms.

For he ſaw that envy's dart,
(Pricking ſtill their poiſoned heart,
For his ſudden glory got)
Made his envious foe ſo hot.

Wicked envy feeding ſtill,
Fooliſh thoſe that do thy will;
For thy poiſons in them pour
Sundry paſſions every hour.

And to choler doth convert,
Pureſt blood about the heart,
Which (o'er-flowing of their breaſt)
Suff'reth nothing to digeſt.

" Other mens proſperity,
" Is their infelicity;
" And their choler then is rais'd
" When they hear another prais'd.

" Neither Phœbus' faireſt eye,
" Feaſts, nor friendly company,
" Mirth, or whatſoe'er it be,
" With their humour can agree.

" Day or night they never reſt
" Spiteful hate ſo pecks their breaſt.

" Pinching

" Pinching their perplexed lungs,
" With her fiery poiſoned tongues.

" Fire-brands in their breaſts they bear,
" As if Tiſiphon were there.
" And their ſouls are piere'd as ſore
" As Prometheus' ghoſt, and more.

" Wretches, they are woe-begone [29],
" For their wound is always one.
" Nor hath Charon power or ſkill
" To recure them of their ill."

ACT V.

Meſſenger, Cornelia, Chorus.

Meſſenger.

UNHAPPY man! amongſt ſo many wracks
As I have ſuffer'd both by land and ſea,
That ſcornful deſtiny denies my death.
Oft have I ſeen the ends of mightier men,
Whoſe coats of ſteel baſe death hath ſtoln into;
And in this direful war before mine eyes,
Beheld their corſes ſcatter'd on the plains,
And endleſs numbers falling by my ſide;
Nor thoſe ignoble, but the nobleſt lords.
'Mongſt whom above the reſt that moves me moſt,
Scipio (my deareſt maſter) is deceas'd;
And death, that ſees the nobles blood ſo rife,
Full gorged triumphs, and diſdains my life.

—*woe-begone*] *Far gone in woe.* Dr. Warburton obſerves, " This " word was common enough amongſt the old Scottiſh and Engliſh poets, " as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurſt, Fairfax." See Notes on Second Part *Henry* IV. A. 1. S. 1. by him and Mr. Steevens.

Again, Eraſmus's *Praiſe of Folie*, Sign E 3: —" as who before re- " preſented a Kinge, being clothed all in purpre, havynge no more but " ſhifted hymſelfe a litle, ſhoulde ſhew hymſelfe agayne lyke *a woe* " *begon* myſer."

Cornelia.

We are undone.

Chorus.

Scipio hath loſt the day;
But hope the beſt, and hearken to his news.

Cornelia.

O cruel fortune!

Meſſenger.

Theſe misfortunes yet
Muſt I report to ſad Cornelia;
Whoſe ceaſeleſs grief (which I am ſorry for)
Will aggravate my former miſery.

Cornelia.

Wretch that I am, why leave I not the world?
Or wherefore am I not already dead?
O world! O wretch!

Chorus.

Is this th' undaunted heart
That is required in extremities?
Be more confirmed. And, madam, let not grief
Abuſe your wiſdom like a vulgar wit.
Haply the news is better than the noiſe;
Let's hear him ſpeak.

Cornelia.

O no, for all is loſt!
Farewell, dear father.

Chorus.

He is ſav'd perhaps.

Meſſenger.

Methinks I hear my maſter's daughter ſpeak.
What ſighs, what ſobs, what plaints, what paſſions
Have we endur'd, Cornelia, for your ſake?

Cornelia.

Where is thine emperor?

Meſſenger.

Where our captains are.
Where are our legions? where our men at arms?
Or where ſo many of our Roman ſouls?
The earth, the ſea, the vultures, and the crows,
Lions and bears are their beſt ſepulchres.

Cornelia.

Cornelia.

O miſerable!

Chorus.

Now I ſee the heavens
Are heap'd with rage and horror 'gainſt this houſe.

Cornelia.

O earth! why ope'ſt thou not?

Chorus.

Why wail you ſo?
Aſſure your ſelf that Scipio bravely dy'd;
And ſuch a death excels a ſervile life.
Say, meſſenger; the manner of his end
Will haply comfort this your diſcontent.

Cornelia.

Diſcourſe the manner of his hard miſhap,
And what diſaſt'rous accident did break
So many people, bent ſo much to fight.

Meſſenger.

Cæſar, that wiſely knew his ſoldiers hearts,
And their deſire to be approv'd in arms,
Sought nothing more than to encounter us.
And therefore (faintly ſkirmiſhing) in craft,
Lamely they fought, to draw us further on.
Oft (to provoke our wary well-taught troops)
He would attempt the entrance on our bars:
Nay, even our trenches, to our great diſgrace,
And call our ſoldiers cowards to their face.
But when he ſaw his wiles nor bitter words
Could draw our captains to endanger us,
Coaſting along and following by the foot,
He thought to tire and weary us fro' thence;
And got his willing hoſts to march by night,
With heavy armour on their hard'ned backs,
Down to the ſea ſide; where, [30] before fair Thapſus,
He made his pioneers, poor weary ſouls,
The ſelf-ſame day to dig and caſt new trenches,

[30] —*before fair* Thapſus,] *Thapſus*, a maritime town in Africa, where Cæſar defeated the remains of Pompey's army. S.

And plant ſtrong barricades; where he encamp'd,
Reſolv'd by force to hold us hard at work.
Scipio, no ſooner heard of his deſigns,
But, being afraid to loſe ſo fit a place,
March'd on the ſudden to the ſelf-ſame city;
Where few men might do much, which made him ſee
Of what importance ſuch a town would be.
The fields are ſpread, and as a houſhold camp
Of creeping emmets in a country farm,
That come to forage when the cold begins,
Leaving their crannies to go ſearch about,
Cover the earth ſo thick, as ſcarce we tread,
But we ſhall ſee a thouſand of them dead.
Even ſo our battles ſcatter'd on the ſands,
Did ſcour the plains in purſuit of the foe.
One while at Thapſus we begin t' entrench,
To eaſe our army if it ſhould retire;
Another while we ſoftly ſally forth.
And wakeful Cæſar, that doth watch our being,
(When he perceives us marching o'er the plain)
Doth leap for gladneſs; and (to murder vow'd)
Runs to the tent, for fear we ſhould be gone,
And quickly claps his ruſty armour on.
For true it is, that Cæſar brought at firſt
An hoſt of men to Africk, meanly arm'd;
But ſuch as had brave ſpirits (and combating)
Had power and wit to make a wretch a king.
Well, forth to field they marched all at once,
Except ſome few that ſtaid to guard the trench.
Them Cæſar ſoon and ſubt'ly ſets in rank,
And every regiment warned with a word,
Bravely to fight for honour of the day.
He ſhows, that ancient ſoldiers need not fear
Them that they had ſo oft diſordered;
Them that already dream'd of death or flight;
That, tir'd, would ne'er hold out, if once they ſee
That they o'erlaid them in the firſt aſſault.
Meanwhile our emperor, at all points arm'd,
Whoſe ſilver hairs and honourable front
Were (warlike) lock'd within a plumed caſk,

In one hand held his targe of ſteel emboſt,
And in the other graſp'd his coutelas [31],
And with a chearful look ſurvey'd the camp;
Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men,
And to endure what e'er betided them.
For now, quoth he, is come that happy day
Wherein our country ſhall approve our love.
Brave Romans know, this is the day and hour,
That we muſt all live free, or friendly die:
For my part (being an ancient ſenator)
An emperor and conſul, I diſdain
The world ſhould ſee me to become a ſlave.
I'll either conquer, or this ſword you ſee
(Which brightly ſhone) ſhall make an end of me.
We fight not, we, like thieves, for others wealth;
We fight not, we t' enlarge our ſcant confines;
To purchaſe fame to our poſterities,
By ſtuffing of our trophies in their houſes:
But 'tis for publick freedom that we fight,
For Rome we fight, and thoſe that fled for fear.
Nay more, we fight for ſafety of our lives,
Our goods, our honours, and our ancient laws.
As for the empire, and the Roman ſtate,
(Due to the victor) thereon ruminate.
Think how this day the honourable dames,
With blubber'd eyes, and hands to heaven uprear'd,
Sit invocating for us to the gods,
That they will bleſs our holy purpoſes.
Methinks I ſee poor Rome in horror clad,
And aged ſenators in ſad diſcourſe,
Mourn for our ſorrows and their ſervitude.
Methinks I ſee them (while lamenting thus),
Their hearts and eyes lie hovering over us.
On then, brave men, my fellows and Rome's friends,
To ſhew us worthy of our anceſtors:
And let us fight with courage, and conceit
That we may reſt the maſters of the field;
That this brave tyrant, valiantly beſet,

[31] —*coutelas*,] A cuttelas, courtelas, or ſhort ſword for a man at armes. Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, voce *coutelas*.

May periſh in the preſs before our faces;
And that his troops (as touch'd with lightning flames)
May by our horſe in heaps be overthrown,
And he (blood-thirſting) wallow in his own.
This ſaid: His army crying all at once,
With joyful tokens did applaud his ſpeech;
Whoſe ſwift ſhrill noiſe did pierce into the clouds,
Like northern winds that beat the horned Alps.
The clatt'ring armour, buſkling as they pac'd,
Rung through the foreſts with a frightful noiſe,
And every echo took the trumpet's clang.
When (like a tempeſt rais'd with whirl-wind's rage)
They ran at ever-each other hand and foot;
Wherewith the duſt, as with a darkſome cloud,
Aroſe, and over-ſhadow'd horſe and man.
The darts and arrows on their armour glanc'd,
And with their fall the trembling earth was ſhaken.
The air (that thick'ned with their thund'ring cries)
With pale wan clouds diſcoloured the ſun.
The fire in ſparks fro' forth their armour flew,
And, with a duſkiſh yellow, choak'd the heavens.
The battles lock'd (with briſtle-pointed ſpears)
Do at the half pike freely charge each other,
And daſh together like two luſty bulls,
That (jealous of ſome heifer in the herd)
Run head to head, and (ſullen) will not yield,
Till, dead or fled, the one forſake the field.
The ſhivered launces (rattling in the air)
Fly forth as thick as motes about the ſun:
When with their ſwords (fleſh'd with the former fight)
They hew their armour, and they cleave their [32] caſks,

[32] —*caſks*,] *Head-pieces* or *helmets*.
Marſton's *Sophoniſba*, A. 1. S. 2:
" —— and while our ore-toyl'd foe
" Snores on his unlac'd *caſk*, all faint, though proud
" Through his ſucceſsful fight."
Ibid. S. 2: " Enter Maſſiniſſa in his gorget and ſhirt, ſhield, ſword, " his arme transfixt with a dart; Jugurth followes with his cures and " *caſke*."
The word is generally ſpelt *caſques*.

Till

Till ſtreams of blood like rivers fill the downs;
That being infected with the ſtench thereof,
Surcloys the ground, and of a champant land
Makes it a quagmire, where (knee-deep) they ſtand.
Blood-thirſty Diſcord, with her ſnaky hair,
A fearful hag, with her fire-darting eyes,
Runs croſs the ſquadrons with a ſmoaky brand,
And with her murd'ring whip encourageth
The over-forward hands to blood and death.
Bellona, fired with a quenchleſs rage,
Runs up and down, and in the thickeſt throng
Cuts, caſts the ground, and madding makes a pool,
Which in her rage free paſſage doth afford,
That with our blood ſhe may anoint her ſword.
Now we of our ſide urge them to retreat,
And now before them we retire as faſt,
As on the Alps the ſharp nor northeaſt wind,
Shaking a pine-tree with her greateſt power,
One while the top doth almoſt touch the earth,
And then it riſeth with a counterbuff.
So did the armies preſs and charge each other,
With ſelf-ſame courage, worth, and weapons too;
And, prodigal of life for liberty,
With burning hate let each at other fly.
Thrice did the cornets of the ſoldiers clear'd,
Turn to the ſtandard to be new ſupply'd;
And thrice the beſt of both was fain to breathe;
And thrice recomforted they bravely ran,
And fought as freſhly as they firſt began.
[33] Like two fierce lions fighting in a deſert,
To win the love of ſome fair lioneſs,
When they have vomited their long-grown rage,
And prov'd each other's force ſufficient,
Paſſant regardant ſoftly they retire;
Their jaw-bones dy'd with foaming froth and blood;
Their lungs like ſpunges ramm'd within their ſides;
Their tongues diſcover'd, and their tails long-trailing;
Till jealous rage (engendered with reſt)

[33] —*two fierce lions*—paſſant—regardant.] Terms of heraldry. S.

Returns them ſharper ſet than at the firſt;
And makes them couple when they ſee their prize,
With briſtled backs, and fire-ſparkling eyes,
Till tir'd or conquer'd, one ſubmits or flies.
34 Cæſar, whoſe king-like looks, like day-bright ſtars,
Both comfort and encourage his to fight,
March'd through the battle (laying ſtill about him)
And ſubt'ly mark'd whoſe hand was happieſt;
Who nicely did but dip his ſpear in blood,
And who more roughly ſmear'd it to his fiſt;
Who ſtaggering fell with every feeble wound,
And who (more ſtrongly) pac'd it through the thickeſt;
Him he enflam'd, and ſpur'd, and fill'd with horror.
As when Alecto in the loweſt hell,
Doth breathe new heat within Oreſtes' breaſt,
Till outward rage with inward grief begins
A freſh remembrance of our former ſins.
For then (as if provok'd with pricking goads)
Their warlike armies (faſt lock'd foot to foot)
Stooping their heads low bent to toſs their ſtaves,
They fiercely open both battalions,
Cleave, break, and raging tempeſt-like o'er turn
What e'er makes head to meet them in this humour.
Our men at arms (in brief) begin to fly,
And neither prayers, intreaty, nor example
Of any of their leaders left alive,
Had power to ſtay them in this ſtrange career;
Straggling, as in the fair Calabrian fields,
When, wolves for hunger ranging fro' the wood,

34 *Cæſar, whoſe king-like looks,* &c.
March'd thro' the battle—
And ſubt'ly mark'd whoſe hand was happieſt;
Who nicely did but dip his ſpear in blood,
And who more roughly ſmear'd it to his fiſt, &c.]

This ſpeech is in great meaſure tranſlated from the 7th Book of Lucan. l. 560, &c.

Hic Cæſar, rabies populi, ſtimulaſque furoris,
Ne qua parte ſui pereat ſcelus, agmina circum
It vagus, atque ignes animis flagrantibus addit.
Inſpicit et gladios, qui toti ſanguine manent,
Qui niteant primo tantum mucrone cruenti,
Quæ preſſo tremat enſe manus, &c.

Make forth amongſt the flock, that ſcattered flies
Before the ſhepherd, that reſiſtleſs lies.

Cornelia.

O cruel fortune!

Meſſenger.

None reſiſting now,
The field was fill'd with all confuſion,
Of murder, death, and direful maſſacres.
The feeble bands that yet were left entire
Had more deſire to ſleep than ſeek for ſpoil.
No place was free from ſorrow, every where
Lay armed men, o'ertroden with their horſes;
Diſmember'd bodies drowning in their blood,
And wretched heaps lie mourning of their maims,
Whoſe blood, as from a ſpunge, or bunch of grapes,
Cruſh'd in a wine-preſs, guſheth out ſo faſt,
As with the ſight doth make the ſound aghaſt.
Some ſhould you ſee that had their heads half cloven,
And on the earth their brains lie trembling.
Here one new wounded helps another dying.
Here lay an arm, and there a leg lay ſhiver'd.
Here horſe and man (o'erturn'd) for mercy cry'd,
With hands extended to the mercileſs,
That ſtopp'd their ears, and would not hear a word,
But put them all (remorſeleſs) to the ſword.
He that had hap to 'ſcape, doth help afreſh
To reinforce the ſide whereon he ſerv'd.
But ſeeing that there the murd'ring enemy,
[35] Peſle-meſle purſued them like a ſtorm of hail,
They 'gan retire where Juba was encamp'd;
But there had Cæſar eftſoons tyranniz'd:
So that deſpairing to defend themſelves,
They laid aſide their armour, and at laſt
Offer'd to yield unto the enemy;

[35] *Peſle-meſle*] "Pell-mell. Confuſedly, hand over head, all in a heape "one with another." Cotgrave, voce *Peſle-meſle*. So, in Marſton's *Sophoniſba*, A. 1. S. 2:

"We gave the ſigne of battaile: ſhouts are rais'd
"That ſhooke the heavens: *Pell-mell* our armies joyn
"Horſe, targets, pikes, all againſt each oppos'd."

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtony heart, that ne'er did Roman good,
Would melt with nothing but their deareſt blood.
And Scipio, thy father, when he beheld
His people ſo diſcomfited and ſcorn'd;
When he perceiv'd the labour profitleſs,
To ſeek by new encouraging his men
To come upon them with a freſh alarm;
And when he ſaw the enemies purſuit,
To beat them down as fierce as thund'ring flints,
And lay them level with the charged earth,
Like ears of corn with rage of windy ſhow'rs,
Their battles ſcatter'd, and their enſigns taken;
And, to conclude, his men diſmay'd to ſee
The paſſage choak'd with bodies of the dead,
(Inceſſantly lamenting th' extreme loſs,
And ſuſpirable death of ſo brave ſoldiers:)
He ſpurs his horſe, and (breaking through the preſs)
Trots to the haven, where his ſhips he finds,
And hopeleſs truſteth to the truſtleſs winds.
Now had he thought to have arriv'd in Spain,
To raiſe new forces, and return to field;
But as one miſchief draws another on,
A ſudden tempeſt takes him by the way,
And caſts him up near to the coaſts of Hyppon,
Where th' adverſe navy, ſent to ſcour the ſeas,
Did hourly keep their ordinary courſe;
Where ſeeing himſelf at anchor ſlightly ſhipp'd,
Beſieg'd, betray'd by wind, by land, by ſea,
(All raging mad to rig his better veſſels,
The little while this naval conflict laſted)
Behold, his own was fiercely ſet upon;
Which being ſore beaten, till it brake again,
Ended the lives of his beſt fighting men.
There did the remnant of our Roman nobles,
Before the foe, and in their captain's preſence,
Die bravely, with their faulchions in their fiſts.
Then Scipio (that ſaw his ſhips through-gall'd,
And by the foe fulfill'd with fire and blood,
His people put to ſword, ſea, earth, and hell,
And heaven itſelf conjur'd to injure him)

Steps to the poop, and with a princely viſage
Looking upon his weapon dy'd with blood,
Sighing he ſets it to his breaſt, and ſaid:
Since all our hopes are by the gods beguil'd,
What refuge now remains for my diſtreſs,
But thee, my deareſt ne'er-deceiving ſword?
Yea, thee, my lateſt fortune's firmeſt hope:
By whom I am aſſur'd this hap to have,
That, being free-born, I ſhall not die a ſlave.
Scarce had he ſaid, but cruelly reſolv'd,
He drench'd it to the pommel through his ſides,
That fro' the wound the ſmouky blood ran bubbling,
Wherewith he ſtagger'd; and I ſtepp'd to him
To have embrac'd him: But he (being afraid
T'attend the mercy of his murd'ring foe,
That ſtill purſued him, and oppreſt his ſhips)
Crawl'd to the deck, and, life with death to eaſe,
Headlong he threw himſelf into the ſeas.

Cornelia.

O cruel gods! O heaven! O direful Fates!
O radiant ſun, that ſlightly gild'ſt our days!
O night-ſtars, full of infelicities!
O triple-titled Hecate, queen and goddeſs,
Bereave my life, or living ſtrangle me!
Confound me quick, or let me ſink to hell!
Thruſt me fro' forth the world, that 'mongſt the ſpirits
Th'infernal lakes may ring with my laments!
O miſerable, deſolate, diſtreſsful wretch,
Worn with miſhaps, yet in miſhaps abounding!
What ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I fly,
To venge this outrage, or revenge my wrongs?
Come, wrathful furies, with your ebon locks,
And feed yourſelves with mine enflamed blood!
Ixion's torment, Syſiph's rolling ſtone,
And th'eagle [36] tyering on Prometheus,

Be

[36] —*tyering*] So both the antient editions. Mr. Dodſley altered it to *tearing*, unneceſſarily and improperly. *To tire* is a term in falconry, and ſignifies *to prey on*, or *tear in pieces*.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, A. 4. S. 3:

"What, and be *tir'd* on by yond' vulture?"

The

Be my eternal taſks; that th' extream fire
Within my heart may from my heart retire.
I ſuffer more, more ſorrows I endure,
Than all the captives in th' infernal court.
O troubled fate! O fatal miſery!
That unprovoked deal'ſt ſo partially.
Say, fretful heavens, what fault have I committed,
Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
When (being but young) I loſt my firſt love Craſſus?
Or wherein did I merit ſo much wrong,
To ſee my ſecond huſband Pompey ſlain?
But 'mongſt the reſt, what horrible offence,
What hateful thing, unthought of, have I done,
That, in the midſt of this my mournful ſtate,
Nought but my father's death could expiate?
Thy death, dear Scipio, Rome's eternal loſs,
Whoſe hopeful life preſerv'd our happineſs;
Whoſe ſilver hairs encouraged the weak;
Whoſe reſolutions did confirm the reſt:
Whoſe end, ſith it hath ended all my joys,
O heavens, at leaſt permit, of all theſe plagues,
That I may finiſh the cataſtrophe;
Sith in this widowhood of all my hopes,
I cannot look for further happineſs.
For both my huſbands and my father gone,
What have I elſe to wreck your wrath upon?
Now as for happy thee, to whom ſweet death
Hath given bleſſed reſt for life's bereaving;
O envious Julia, in thy jealous heart
Venge not thy wrong upon Cornelia.
But, ſacred ghoſt, appeaſe thine ire, and ſee
My hard miſhap in marrying after thee.

The Honeſt Man's Fortune, by Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. X. p. 426. Edit. 1778:

"Ye dregs of baſeneſs, vultures amongſt men,
"That *tire* upon the hearts of generous ſpirits."

Dekkar's *Match me in London*:

"—— the vulture *tires*
"Upon the Eagle's heart."

O ſee

O ſee mine anguiſh! haply ſeeing it,
'Twill move compaſſion in thee of my pains,
And urge thee (if thy heart be not of flint,
Or drunk with rigour) to repent thy ſelf,
That thou enflam'dſt ſo cruel a revenge
In Cæſar's heart, upon ſo ſlight a cauſe;
And mad'ſt him raiſe ſo many mournful tombs,
Becauſe thy huſband did revive the lights
Of thy forſaken bed; (unworthily)
Oppoſing of thy fretful jealouſy
'Gainſt his miſhap, as it my help had been,
Or as if ſecond marriage were a ſin.
Was never city where calamity
Hath ſojourn'd with ſuch ſorrow as in this?
Was never ſtate wherein the people ſtood
So careleſs of their conquered liberty,
And careful of another's tyranny?
O gods, that erſt of Carthage took ſome care,
Which by our fathers pityleſs was ſpoil'd;
When thwarting deſtiny at Africk walls
Did topſide-turvey turn their common-wealth;
When forceful weapons fiercely took away
Their ſoldiers (ſent to nouriſh up thoſe wars;)
When (fir'd) their golden palaces fell down;
When through the ſlaughter th' Africk ſeas were dy'd,
And ſacred temples quenchleſsly enflam'd:
Now is our hapleſs time of hopes expir'd.
Then ſatisfy yourſelves with this revenge:
Content to count the ghoſts of thoſe great captains,
Which (conquer'd) periſh'd by the Roman ſwords.
The Hannons, the Amilcars, Aſdrubals,
Eſpecially that proudeſt Hannibal,
Who made the fair Thraſymene ſo deſert:
For even thoſe fields that mourn'd to bear their bodies,
Now (loaden) groan to feel the Roman corſes.
Their earth we purple o'er, and on their tombs
We heap our bodies, equalling their ruin.
And as a Scipio did reverſe their power,
They have a Scipio to revenge them on.

Weep therefore, Roman dames, and from henceforth
Vailing your cryſtal eyes to your fair boſoms,
Rain ſhowers of grief upon your roſe-like cheeks,
And dew yourſelves with ſpring-tides of your tears.
Weep, ladies, weep, and with your reeking ſighs,
Thicken the paſſage of the pureſt clouds,
And preſs the air with your continual plaints.
Beat at your ivory breaſts, and let your robes
(Defac'd and rent) be witneſs of your ſorrows.
And let your hair, that wont be wreath'd in treſſes,
Now hang neglectly, dangling down your ſhoulders,
Careleſs of art, or rich accoutrements.
That with the gold and pearl we us'd before,
Our mournful habits may be deck'd no more.
Alas! what ſhall I do? O dear companions,
Shall I, O ſhall I live in theſe laments?
Widow'd of all my hopes, my haps, my huſbands,
And laſt, not leaſt, bereft of my beſt father;
And of the joys mine anceſtors enjoy'd,
When they enjoy'd their lives and liberty?
And muſt I live to ſee great Pompey's houſe,
(A houſe of honour and antiquity)
Uſurp'd in wrong by lawleſs Antony?
Shall I behold the ſumptuous ornaments,
(Which both the world and Fortune heap'd on him)
Adorn and grace his graceleſs enemy?
Or ſee the wealth that Pompey gain'd in war,
[37] Sold at a pike, and borne away by ſtrangers?
Die, rather die, Cornelia; and (to ſpare
Thy worthleſs life, that yet muſt one day periſh)
Let not theſe captains vainly lie interr'd,
Or Cæſar triumph in thine infamy,
That wert the wife to th' one, and th' other's daughter.
But if I die before I have entomb'd
My drowned father in ſome ſepulchre,
Who will perform that care in kindneſs for me?

37 *Sold at a pike,*] i. e. venalis ſub haſta. S.
See alſo Note on *The Parſon's Wedding*, vol. XI. A. 2. S. 7.

Shall

Shall his poor wand'ring limbs lie ſtill tormented,
Toſt with the ſalt waves of the waſteful ſeas?
No, lovely father, and my deareſt huſband,
Cornelia muſt live (though life ſhe hateth)
To make your tombs, and mourn upon your hearſes;
Where, languiſhing, my famous faithful tears
May trickling bathe your generous ſweet cinders;
And afterward (both wanting ſtrength and moiſture,
Fulfilling with my lateſt ſighs and gaſps,
The happy veſſels that encloſe your bones)
I will ſurrender my ſurcharged life;
And (when my ſoul earth's priſon ſhall forego)
Encreaſe the number of the ghoſts below.

Non proſunt domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, artes.

THO. KYD.

FINIS.

EDI-

EDITIONS.

1. Cornelia. At London, Printed by James Roberts, for N. L. and John Buſbie, 1594, 4to.

2. Pompey the Great, his faire Cornelia's Tragedie: Effected by her Father and Huſbandes downe-caſt, death, and fortune. Written in French by that excellent Poet Ro. Garnier, and tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Kid. At London, Printed for Nicholas Ling, 1595, 4to.

EDWARD II.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, a writer of conſiderable eminence in his time, was, according to Oldys [1], born in the former part of the reign of Edward the Sixth, and received his education at Cambridge. The place of his birth is unknown, as are the circumſtances of his parents, and the reaſon which induced him to quit the deſtination for which by the nature of his educaton he ſeemed to be intended. After leaving the univerſity, he appeared upon the ſtage with applauſe as an actor, and then commenced dramatick writer with no inconſiderable degree of reputation. His character as a man does not appear in a favourable light. He is repreſented by an author [2] quoted in Wood's Athenæ, p. 338, as "giving "too large a ſwing to his own wit, and ſuffering his luſt to "have the full reins, by which means he fell to that out-"rage and extremity as Jodelle, a French tragical poet, did "(being an Epicure and Atheiſt), that he denied God and his "Son Chriſt, and not only in word blaſphemed the Trinity, "but alſo, as was credibly reported, wrote divers diſcourſes "againſt it, affirming our Saviour to be a deceiver, and Moſes "to be a conjuror; the holy Bible alſo to contain only vain "and idle ſtories, and all religion but a device of policy [3]." A late writer [4] is willing to believe, that the whole of Marlow's offence was daring to reaſon on matters of religion; than which nothing could be a greater crime, in the opinion of thoſe who did not dare to think for themſelves. But the

[1] MS. Additions to Langbaine.

[2] Beard's Theatre of God's Judgments.

[3] Among the papers of Lord Keeper Puckering, in the Britiſh Muſeum, are ſome which give an account of Marlow's principles and tenets.

[4] Berkenhout's Hiſtoria Literaria, vol. I. p. 358.

opinion of this Gentleman will have leſs weight, when the violence of his prejudices againſt every kind of religious eſtabliſhment are conſidered. Marlow was moſt probably a diſſipated, abandoned man; and the circumſtances of his death, as related by Wood, ſufficiently prove it: "being deeply in "love with a certain woman, he had for his rival a bawdy "ſerving-man, one rather fit to be a pimp than an ingenious "amoretto, as Marlow conceived himſelf to be. Whereupon "Marlow, taking it to be a high affront, ruſhed in upon, to "ſtab him with his dagger: but the ſerving-man, being very "quick, ſo avoided the ſtroke, that withal catching hold of "Marlow's wriſt, he ſtabbed his own dagger into his own "head, in ſuch ſort that, notwithſtanding all the means of "ſurgery that could be wrought, he ſhortly after died of his "wound before the year 1593."

As a writer, Marlow's character ſtands in a much fairer light. Langbaine [5] obſerves, that he was accounted an excellent poet by Jonſon [6]; and Heywood, his fellow-actor, ſtiles him the beſt of poets. Meres [7] names him with Sydney, Spenſer, Shakſpeare, Daniel, &c. for having mightily enriched and gorgeouſly inveſted in rare ornaments, and reſplendent habiliments the Engliſh tongue. Carew [8], the Corniſh Antiquary, places him along with Shakſpeare, where he ſays, "Would you read Catullus, take Shakſpeare and Marlow's "fragments." Naſh [9], ſpeaking of Hero and Leander, ſays, "Of whom divine Muſæus ſung, and a diviner Muſe than he "Kit Marlow." The author of *The Return from* [10] *Parnaſſus* characterizes him thus:

"Marlowe was happy in his buſkin'd Muſe,
"Alas! unhappy in his life and end:
"Pity it is that wit ſo ill ſhould dwell,
"Wit lent from heav'n, but vices ſent from hell."

[5] P. 342.
[6] Verſes to the Memory of Shakſpeare.
[7] Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth, p. 280.
[8] Excellencies of the Engliſh Tongue, p. 13.
[9] Lenten Stuff, 4to. 1599, p. 42.
[10] 1606, A. 1. S. 2:

Drayton

Drayton [11] in theſe terms:

" Next Marlow, bathed in the Theſpian ſprings,
" Had in him thoſe brave ſublunary things,
" That your firſt poets had; his raptures were
" All air and fire, which made his verſes clear:
" For that fine madneſs ſtill he did retain,
" Which rightly ſhould poſſeſs a poet's brain."

And George Peele, in *The Honour of the Garter*, 4to. 1593, or 99, mentions him in this manner:

" —— unhappy in thy end
" Marlow, the Muſes darling for thy verſe,
" Fit to write paſſions for the ſouls below
" If any wretched ſouls in paſſions ſpeak."

His Dramatick Works are as follow:

1. " The Tragedie of Dido Queene of Carthage. Played " by the Children of her Majeſties Chappel. Written by " Chriſtopher Marlowe and Thomas Naſh, Gent. 1594, 4to."

2. The troubleſome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, &c. See the end of this Volume.

3. " Tamberlaine the Greate. Who, from the ſtate of a " Shepherd in Scythia, by his rare and wonderful Conqueſts, " became a moſt puiſſant and mighty Monarque, 1605, 4to. " 1ſt Part, B. L."

4. " Tamberlaine the Greate. With his impaſſionate furie, " for the death of his Lady and Love faire Zenocrate: his " forme of exhortation and diſcipline to his three ſonnes, " and the manner of his owne death. The ſecond Part, 4to. " 1606, 4to. B. L."

5. The Maſſacre of Paris, with the Death of the Duke of Guiſe. A Tragedy play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Admiral's Servants. 8vo. N. D.

6. The Famous Tragedy of the rich Jew of Malta. See vol. VIII.

7. " The Tragicall Hiſtorie of the Life and Death of Doctor " Fauſtus, with new Additions, 1631, 4to. B. L. 1663, " 4to. B. L."

[11] Cenſure of Poets, p. 1236.

8. " Luſt's

8. "Luſt's Dominion; or, The Laſcivious Queen. A "Tragedy, 12mo. 1661."

Beſides theſe, he was the Author of

1. Hero and Leander, tranſlated from Muſæus, with the firſt Book of Lucan, 4to. 1600.

This tranſlation, or at leaſt Marlow's part of it, muſt have been publiſhed before 1599, being mentioned by ſeveral writers earlier than that year. It was entered at Stationers Hall in 1593 and 1597; and [12] Henry Petowe's Second Part of it appeared in 1598. Marlow's part was left unfiniſhed, and was compleated by Chapman. Although the firſt Book of Lucan is mentioned in the Title-page, not a line of that author is to be found with Marlow's Work.

2. Certaine of Ovid's Elegies. By C. Marlow, 12mo. at Middleburgh, no date. Afterwards publiſhed, with Additions, under the title of All Ovid's Elegies three Bookes. By C. M. at Middleburgh, do date.

[12] This Author exceeds all the Panegyriſts of Marlow in the extravagance of his Eulogium. The following lines are taken from his Poem:

"Marlo admir'd, whoſe honney flowing vaine,
"No Engliſh writer can as yet attaine.
"Whoſe name in Fame's immortall treaſurie,
"Truth ſhall record to endles memorie,
"Marlo late mortall, now fram'd all divine,
"What ſoule more happy, than that ſoule of thine?
"Live ſtill in heaven thy ſoule, thy fame on earth
"(Thou dead) of Marlo's Hero findes a dearth."

Again,

"What mortall ſoule with Marlo might contend,
"That could againſt reaſon force him ſtoope or bend?
"Whoſe ſilver charming toung mov'd ſuch delight,
"That men would ſhun their ſleepe in ſtill darke night,
"To meditate upon his goulden lynes,
"His rare conceyts and ſweete according rimes.
"But Marlo ſtill admired Marlo's gon,
"To live with beautie in Elyzium,
"Immortal beautie who deſires to heare,
"His ſacred Poeſies ſweete in every eare:
"Marlo muſt frame to Orpheus melodie,
"Himnes all divine to make heaven harmonie,
"There ever live the Prince of Poetrie,
"Live with the living in eternitie."

Mr.

Mr. Steevens ſays (firſt volume of Shakſpeare, p. 94.) that, in the forty-firſt of Queen Elizabeth, theſe tranſlations from Ovid were commanded by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury and the Biſhop of London to be burnt at Stationers Hall.

He was alſo the Author of that beautiful Sonnet quoted in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, A. 3. S. 1. called *The Paſſionate Shepherd to his Love*; to which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a Reply. Both theſe pieces are printed in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. I. p. 218.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EDWARD II.
EDWARD III.
GAVESTON.
SPENCER, ſen.
SPENCER, jun.
Earl MORTIMER, ſen.
MORTIMER, jun.
LANCASTER.
LEICESTER.
KENT.
ARUNDEL.
WARWICK.
PEMBROKE.
Archbiſhop of CANTERBURY.
Biſhop of WINCHESTER.
Biſhop of COVENTRY.
Lord MATREVIS.
Sir JOHN HAINAULT.
LEWNE.
BALDOCK.
MATREVIS, GURNIE, RICE AP HOWEL, LIGHTBORNE, ABBOT, MESSENGERS, &c.
Queen ISABELLA.

EDWARD II.

Enter Gaveſton, *reading in a letter that was brought him from the king.*

Gaveſton.

My father is deceas'd! come, Gaveſton,
And ſhare the kingdom with thy deareſt friend.
Ah! words that make me ſurfeit with delight!
What greater bliſs can hap to Gaveſton,
Than live and be the favourite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; theſe, theſe thy amorous lines
Might have enforc'd me to have ſwum from France,
And, like Leander, gaſp'd upon the ſand,
So thou wouldſt ſmile, and take me in thine arms.
The ſight of London to my exil'd eyes
Is as Elyſium to a new-come ſoul;
Not that I love the city, or the men,
But that it harbours him I hold ſo dear,
The king, upon whoſe boſom let me die,
And with the world be ſtill at enmity.
What need the artick people love ſtar-light,
To whom the ſun ſhines both by day and night?
Farewell baſe ſtooping to the lordly peers;
My knee ſhall bow to none but to the king.
As for the multitude, they are but ſparks,
Rak'd up in embers of their poverty,
Tanti: I'll fan firſt on the wind,
That glanceth at my lips, and flieth away.
But how now, what are theſe?

Enter

Enter three poor men.

Poor men.

Such as deſire your worſhip's ſervice.

Gaveſton.

What canſt thou do?

1 Poor.

I can ride.

Gaveſton.

But I have no horſe. What art thou?

2 Poor.

A traveller.

Gaveſton.

Let me ſee—thou would'ſt do well
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at dinner-time;
And as I like your diſcourſing, I'll have you.
And what art thou?

3 Poor.

A ſoldier, that hath ſerv'd againſt the Scot.

Gaveſton.

Why there are hoſpitals for ſuch as you;
I have no war, and therefore, ſir, be gone.

Soldier.

Farewell, and periſh by a ſoldier's hand,
That would'ſt reward them with an hoſpital.

Gaveſton.

Ay, ay, theſe words of his move me as much
As if a gooſe ſhould play the porcupine,
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breaſt.
But yet it is no pain to ſpeak men fair;
I'll flatter theſe, and make them live in hope. [*Aſide.*
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not view'd my lord the king;
If I ſpeed well, I'll entertain you all.

Omnes.

We thank your worſhip.

Graveſton.

I have ſome buſineſs. Leave me to myſelf.

Omnes.

We will wait here about the court. [*Exeunt.*

Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

Do:—theſe are not men for me;
I muſt have wanton poets, pleaſant wits,
Muſicians, that with touching of a ſtring
May draw the pliant king which way I pleaſe:
[13] Muſick and poetry are his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian maſks by night,
Sweet ſpeeches, comedies, and pleaſing ſhows;
And in the day, when he ſhall walk abroad,
Like Sylvan nymphs my pages ſhall be clad;
My men, like ſatyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.
Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's ſhape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his ſportful hands an olive-tree,
To hide thoſe parts which men delight to ſee,
Shall bathe him in a ſpring; and there hard-by,
[14] One like Acteon peeping thro' the grove
Shall by the angry goddeſs be transform'd,
And running in the likeneſs of an hart,
By yelping hounds pull'd down, ſhall ſeem to die;
Such things as theſe beſt pleaſe his majeſty.
My Lord here comes; the king and the nobles,
From the parliament. I'll ſtand aſide.

Enter the King, Lancaſter, Mortimer *ſenior*, Mortimer *junior*, Edmund *earl of* Kent, Guy *earl of* Warwick, *&c.*

Edward.

Lancaſter.

[13] *Muſick and Poetry*, &c.] How exactly the Author, as the learned Dr. Hurd obſerves, has painted the humour of the times which eſteemed maſks and ſhews as the higheſt indulgence that could be provided for a luxurious and happy monarch, we may ſee from the entertainment provided, not many years after, for the reception of King James at Althrop, in Northamptonſhire; where this very deſign of *Silvan Nymphs, Satyrs*, and *Acteon*, was executed in a Maſque by *Ben Jonſon*.

Moral and Political Dialogues, vol. I. p. 194.

[14] *One like Acteon*, &c.] See *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, vol. XI. p. 232.

Lancaſter.

Lancaſter.

My lord.

Gaveſton.

That earl of Lancaſter do I abhor. [*Aſide.*

Edward.

Will you not grant me this? In ſpite of them
I'll have my will; and theſe two Mortimers,
That croſs me thus, ſhall know I am diſpleas'd.

Mortimer ſenior.

If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

That villain Mortimer, I'll be his death. [*Aſide.*

Mortimer junior.

Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myſelf,
Were ſworn unto your father at his death,
That he ſhould ne'er return into the realm:
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This ſword of mine, that ſhould offend your foes,
Shall ſleep within the ſcabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

Gaveſton.

Mort dieu. [*Aſide.*

Edward.

Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue theſe words.
Beſeems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'ſt thou thereat, aſpiring Lancaſter?
The ſword ſhall plain the furrows of thy brows,
And hew theſe knees that now are grown ſo ſtiff.
I will have Gaveſton; and you ſhall know
What danger 'tis to ſtand againſt your king.

Gaveſton.

Well done, Ned. [*Aſide.*

Lancaſter.

My lord, why do you thus incenſe your peers,
That naturally would love and honour you?
But for that baſe and obſcure Gaveſton,
Four earldoms have I, beſides Lancaſter,
Derby, Saliſbury, Lincoln, Leiceſter;
Theſe will I ſell, to give my ſoldiers pay,

Ere

Ere Gaveſton ſhall ſtay within the realm.
Therefore, if he be come, expel him ſtraight.

Edward.

Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll ſpeak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Piercy of the North, being highly mov'd,
Brav'd Moubery in preſence of the king;
For which, had not his highneſs lov'd him well,
He ſhould have loſt his head; but with his look
Th' undaunted ſpirit of Piercy was appeas'd,
And Moubery and he were reconcil'd.
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face:
Brother, revenge it, and let theſe their heads,
Preach upon poles, for treſpaſs of their tongues.

Warwick.

O, our heads!

Edward.

Ay, yours; and therefore I would wiſh you grant—

Warwick.

Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.

Mortimer junior.

I cannot, nor I will not; I muſt ſpeak.
Couſin, our hands I hope ſhall fence our heads,
And ſtrike off his that makes you threaten us.
Come, uncle, let us leave the brainſick king,
And henceforth parly with our naked ſwords.

Mortimer ſenior.

Wiltſhire hath men enough to ſave our heads,

Warwick.

All Warwickſhire will love him for my ſake.

Lancaſter.

And northward Gaveſton hath many friends.
Adieu, my lord, and either change your mind,
Or look to ſee the throne, where you ſhould ſit,
To float in blood; and at thy wanton head,
The [15] glozing head of thy baſe minion thrown.

[*Exeunt nobles.*

[15] *glozing*] Flattering. See Note 22 to *Alexander and Campaſpe*, p. 111.

Edward.

Edward.

I cannot brook theſe haughty menaces:
And I a king, and muſt be over-rul'd?
Brother, diſplay my enſigns in the field;
I'll [16] bandy with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

I can no longer keep me from my lord.

Edward.

What, Gaveſton! welcome—Kiſs not my hand.
Embrace me, Gaveſton, as I do thee.
Why ſhould'ſt thou kneel?
Know'ſt thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyſelf, another Gaveſton!
Not Hilas was more mourn'd for Hercules,
Than thou haſt been of me ſince thy exile.

Gaveſton.

And ſince I went from hence, no ſoul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveſton.

Edward.

I know it—Brother, welcome home my friend.
Now let the treach'rous Mortimers conſpire,
And that high-minded earl of Lancaſter:
I have my wiſh, in that I joy thy ſight;
And ſooner ſhall the ſea o'erwhelm my land,
Than bear the ſhip that ſhall tranſport thee hence.
I here create thee lord high chamberlain,
Chief ſecretary to the ſtate and me,
Earl of Cornwall, king and lord of Man.

Gaveſton.

My lord, theſe titles far exceed my worth.

Kent.

Brother, the leaſt of theſe may well ſuffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveſton.

Edward.

Ceaſe, brother; for I cannot brook theſe words.
Thy worth, ſweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart;

[16] *bandy*] Oppoſe with all my force, *totis viribus ſe opponere*, ſays Skinner, voce *bandy*.

"If for theſe dignities thou be envy'd,
I'll give thee more; for but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleas'd with kingly regiment [18].
Fear'ſt thou thy perſon? thou ſhalt have a guard.
Want'ſt thou gold? go to my treaſury.
Would'ſt thou be lov'd and fear'd? receive my ſeal,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
What ſo thy mind affects, or fancy likes.

Gaveſton.

It ſhall ſuffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myſelf as great
As Cæſar riding in the Roman ſtreet,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the biſhop of Coventry.

Edward,

Whither goes my lord of Coventry ſo faſt?

Biſhop.

To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveſton return'd?

Edward.

Ay, prieſt, and lives to be reveng'd on thee,
That wert the only cauſe of his exile.

[17] *If for theſe dignities thou be* envy'd,] That is, *hated*; in this ſenſe the word is frequently uſed.

Green's *Thieves falling out:* "The mayd replyed, that ſhe ſpake not "of *envy* to him, but of meere love ſhe bare unto him."

Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 47: "— although I have bene bolde to invay "againſt many, yet am I not ſo brutiſh *to envie* them all."

Ben Jonſon's *Devil is an Aſs*, A. 2. S. 5:

"——— And, I am juſtly pay'd,
"That might have made my profit of his ſervice,
"But by miſtaking have drawn on *his envy*,
"And done the worſt defeat upon myſelf."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on the *Merchant of Venice*, A. 4. S. 1.

[18] — *kingly regiment.*] *Kingly government.*

Euphues and his England, p. 111: *The regiment* that they have de- "pendeth upon ſtatute law, and that is by parliament, &c."

Again, *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 6:

"And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull."

See Mr. Steevens's Note on the laſt paſſage.

Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

'Tis true; and but for reverence of theſe robes,
Thou ſhould'ſt not plod one foot beyond this place.

Biſhop.

I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveſton, unleſs thou be reclaim'd,
As then I did incenſe the parliament,
So will I now, and thou ſhalt back to France.

Gaveſton.

Saving your reverence, you muſt pardon me.

Edward.

Throw off his golden mitre, rend his ſtole,
And in the channel chriſten him anew.

Kent.

Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him,
For he'll complain unto the ſee of Rome.

Gaveſton.

Let him complain unto the ſee of hell,
I'll be reveng'd on him for my exile.

Edward.

No, ſpare his life, but ſeize upon his goods;
Be thou lord biſhop, and receive his rents,
And make him ſerve thee as thy chaplain:
I give him thee—here, uſe him as thou wilt.

Gaveſton.

He ſhall to priſon, and there die in bolts.

Edward.

Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt.

Biſhop.

For this offence, be thou accurſt of God.

Edward.

Who's there? Convey this prieſt to th' tower.

Biſhop.

Do, do.

Edward.

But in the mean time, Gaveſton, away,
And take poſſeſſion of his houſe and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou ſhalt have my guard
To ſee it done, and bring thee ſafe again.

Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

What ſhould a prieſt do with ſo fair a houſe?
A priſon may beſt beſeem his holineſs. [*Exeunt.*

Enter both the Mortimers, Warwick, *and* Lancaſter.

Warwick.

'Tis true! the biſhop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveſton.

Lancaſter.

What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accurſed Gaveſton!
This ground, which is corrupted with their ſteps,
Shall be their timeleſs ſepulchre, or mine.

Mortimer junior.

Well, let that peeviſh Frenchman guard him ſure;
Unleſs his breaſt be ſword-proof, he ſhall die.

Mortimer ſenior.

How now! why droops the earl of Lancaſter?

Mortimer junior.

Wherefore is Guy of Warwick diſcontent?

Lancaſter.

That villain Gaveſton is made an earl.

Mortimer ſenior.

An earl!

Warwick.

Ay, and beſides lord chamberlain of the realm,
And ſecretary too, and lord of Man.

Mortimer ſenior.

We may not, nor we will not ſuffer this.

Mortimer junior.

Why poſt we not from hence to levy men?

Lancaſter.

My lord of Cornwall now, at every word!
And happy is the man, whom he vouchſafes,
[19] For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:

[19] *For vailing of his bonnet,*] See Note to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

Nay more, the guard upon his lordſhip waits;
And all the court begins to flatter him.

Warwick.

Thus leaning on the ſhoulder of the king,
He nods, and ſcorns, and ſmiles at thoſe that paſs.

Mortimer ſenior.

Doth no man take exceptions at the ſlave?

Lancaſter.

All ſtomach him, but none dare ſpeak a word.

Mortimer junior.

Ah, that bewrays their baſeneſs, Lancaſter.
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'll hale him from the boſom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peaſant up;
Who, ſwoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us.

Enter the archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Warwick.

Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.

Lancaſter.

His countenance bewrays he is diſpleas'd.

Archbiſhop.

Firſt were his ſacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next
Himſelf impriſon'd, and his goods aſſeiz'd:
This certify the pope;—away, take horſe.

Lancaſter.

My lord, will you take arms againſt the king?

Archbiſhop.

What need I? God himſelf is up in arms,
When violence is offer'd to the church.

Mortimer junior.

Then, will you join with us, that be his peers,
To baniſh or behead that Gaveſton?

Archbiſhop.

What elſe, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The biſhoprick of Coventry is his.

Enter

Enter the Queen.

Mortimer junior.

Madam, whither walks your majeſty ſo faſt?

Queen.

Unto the foreſt, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful diſcontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But doats upon the love of Gaveſton.
He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whiſpers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who ſhould ſay,
Go whither thou wilt, ſeeing I have Gaveſton.

Mortimer ſenior.

Is it not ſtrange, that he is thus bewitch'd?

Mortimer junior.

Madam, return unto the court again:
That ſly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or loſe our lives: and yet ere that day come
The king ſhall loſe his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be reveng'd at full.

Archbiſhop.

But yet lift not your ſwords againſt the king.

Lancaſter.

No; but we'll lift Gaveſton from hence.

Warwick.

And war muſt be the means, or he'll ſtay ſtill.

Queen.

Then let him ſtay; for, rather than my lord
Shall be oppreſs'd with civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolick with his minion.

Archbiſhop.

My lords, to eaſe all this, but hear me ſpeak.
We and the reſt, that are his counſellors,
Will meet, and with a general conſent
Confirm his baniſhment with our hands and ſeals.

Lancaſter.

What we confirm, the king will fruſtrate.

Mortimer junior.

Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

Warwick.

But ſay, my lord, where ſhall this meeting be?

Archbiſhop.

At the new Temple.

Mortimer junior.

Content.

Archbiſhop.

And, in the meantime, I'll intreat you all
To croſs to Lambeth, and there ſtay with me.

Lancaſter.

Come then, let's away.

Mortimer junior.

Madam, farewell!

Queen.

Farewell, ſweet Mortimer; and, for my ſake,
Forbear to levy arms againſt the king.

Mortimer junior.

Ah, if words will ſerve; if not, I muſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gaveſton *and the earl of* Kent.

Gaveſton.

Edmund, the mighty prince of Lancaſter,
That hath more earldoms than an aſs can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nobles.

Lancaſter.

Here is the form of Gaveſton's exile:
May it pleaſe your lordſhip to ſubſcribe your name.

Archbiſhop.

Give me the paper.

Lancaſter.

Quick, quick, my lord;
I long to write my name.

Warwick.

But I long more to ſee him baniſh'd hence.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

The name of Mortimer ſhall fright the king,
Unleſs he be declin'd from that baſe peaſant.

Enter the King and Gaveſton.

Edward.

What! are you mov'd that Gaveſton ſits here?
It is our pleaſure, we will have it ſo.

Lancaſter.

Your grace doth well to place him by your ſide,
For no where elſe the new earl is ſo ſafe.

Mortimer ſenior.

What man of noble birth can brook this ſight!
Quam male conveniunt!
See what a ſcornful look the peaſant caſts!

Pembroke.

Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?

Warwick.

Ignoble vaſſal! that, like Phaeton,
Aſpir'ſt unto the guidance of the ſun.

Mortimer junior.

Their downfall is at hand, their forces down:
We will not thus be fac'd and over-peer'd.

Edward.

Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!

Mortimer ſenior.

Lay hands on that traitor Gaveſton!

Kent.

Is this the duty that you owe your king?

Warwick.

We know our duties,—let him know his peers.

Edward.

Whither will you bear him? Stay, or ye ſhall die.

Mortimer ſenior.

We are no traitors, therefore threaten not.

Gaveſton.

No! threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king—

Mortimer junior.

Thou villain! wherefore talk'ſt thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?

Edward.

Were he a peaſant, being my minion,
I'll make the proudeſt of you ſtoop to him.

Lancaſter.

My lord, you may not thus diſparage us.—
Away! I ſay, with hateful Gaveſton.

Mortimer ſenior.

And with the earl of Kent, that favours him.

Edward.

Nay, then lay violent hands upon your king.
Here, Mortimer, ſit thou in Edward's throne;
Warwick and Lancaſter, wear you my crown:
Was ever king thus over-rul'd as I?

Lancaſter.

Learn then to rule us better, and the realm.

Mortimer junior.

What we have done,
Our heart-blood ſhall maintain.

Warwick.

Think you that we can brook this upſtart pride?

Edward.

Anger and wrathful fury ſtops my ſpeech.

Archbiſhop.

Why are you mov'd? be patient, my lord,
And ſee what we your counſellors have done.

Mortimer junior.

My lords, now let us all be reſolute,
And either have our wills, or loſe our lives.

Edward.

Meet you for this? proud over-daring peers!
Ere my ſweet Gaveſton ſhall part from me,
This iſle ſhall [20] fleet upon the ocean,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde!

[20] —*fleet*] *Fleet* is the old word for *float*. See Notes by Mr. Steevens, Mr. Tollet, and Mr. Tyrwhitt, on *Antony and Cleopatra*, A. 3. S. 11.

Archbiſhop.

Archbiſhop.

You know that I am legate to the pope;
On your allegiance to the ſee of Rome,
Subſcribe, as we have done, to his exile.

Mortimer junior.

Curſe him, if he refuſe; and then may we
Depoſe him, and elect another king.

Edward.

Ay, there it goes—but yet I will not yield:
Curſe me, depoſe me, do the worſt you can!

Lancaſter.

Then linger not, my lord, but do it ſtraight.

Archbiſhop.

Remember how the biſhop was abus'd!
Either baniſh him that was the cauſe thereof,
Or I will preſently diſcharge theſe lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.

Edward.

It boots me not to threat—I muſt ſpeak fair:
The legate of the pope will be obey'd. [*Aſide.*
My lord, you ſhall be chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaſter, high admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle ſhall be earls;
And you, lord Warwick, preſident of the North;
And thou of Wales. If this content you not,
Make ſeveral kingdoms of this monarchy,
And ſhare it equally amongſt you all;
So I may have ſome nook or corner left,
To frolick with my deareſt Gaveſton.

Archbiſhop.

Nothing ſhall alter us—we are reſolv'd.

Lancaſter.

Come, come, ſubſcribe.

Mortimer junior.

Why ſhould you love him,
Whom the world hates ſo?

Edward.

Becauſe he loves me more than all the world.
Ah! none but rude and ſavage-minded men,
Would ſeek the ruin of my Gaveſton;

You that be noble born ſhould pity him.

Warwick.

You that are princely born ſhould ſhake him off;
For ſhame, ſubſcribe! and let the loon depart.

Mortimer ſenior.

Urge him, my lord.

Archbiſhop.

Are you content to baniſh him the realm?

Edward.

I ſee I muſt, and therefore am content:
Inſtead of ink, I'll write it with my tears.

Mortimer junior.

The king is love-ſick for his minion.

Edward.

'Tis done—and now, accurſed hand! fall off!

Lancaſter.

Give it me—I'll have it publiſh'd in the ſtreets.

Mortimer junior.

I'll ſee him preſently diſpatch'd away.

Archbiſhop.

Now is my heart at eaſe.

Warwick.

And ſo is mine.

Pembroke.

This will be good news to the common ſort.

Mortimer ſenior.

Be it or no, he ſhall not linger here. [*Exeunt Nobles.*

Edward.

How faſt they run to baniſh him I love!
They would not ſtir, were it to do me good.
Why ſhould a king be ſubject to a prieſt?
Proud Rome! that hatcheſt ſuch imperial grooms,
For theſe thy ſuperſtitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy Antichriſtian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy craſed buildings, and enforce
Thy papal towers to kiſs the lowly ground!
With ſlaughter'd prieſts may Tyber's channel ſwell,
And banks raiſe higher with their ſepulchres!
As for the peers, that back the clergy thus,
If I be king, not one of them ſhall live.

Enter

Enter Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

My lord, I hear it whiſper'd every-where,
That I am baniſh'd, and muſt fly the land.

Edward.

'Tis true, ſweet Gaveſton—Oh! were it, were it falſe!
The legate of the pope will have it ſo,
And thou muſt hence, or I ſhall be depos'd,
But I will reign to be reveng'd of them;
And therefore, ſweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll ſend thee gold enough;
And long thou ſhalt not ſtay, or, if thou do'ſt,
I'll come to thee; my love ſhall ne'er decline.

Gaveſton.

Is all my hope turn'd to this hell of grief?

Edward.

Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myſelf am baniſh'd.

Gaveſton.

To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveſton;
But to forſake you, in whoſe gracious looks
The bleſſedneſs of Gaveſton remains;
For no where elſe ſeeks he felicity.

Edward.

And only this torments my wretched ſoul,
That, whether I will or no, thou muſt depart.
Be governor of Ireland in my ſtead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine.
O, might I keep thee here, as I do this,
Happy were I! but now moſt miſerable!

Gaveſton.

'Tis ſomething to be pitied of a king.

Edward,

Thou ſhalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveſton.

Gaveſton.

I ſhall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.

Edward.

Kind words, and mutual talk, makes our grief greater:
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part—

Stay, Gaveſton, I cannot leave thee thus.

Gaveſton.

For every look, my love drops down a tear:
Seeing I muſt go, do not renew my ſorrow.

Edward.

The time is little that thou haſt to ſtay,
And therefore give me leave to look my fill:
But come, ſweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.

Gaveſton.

The peers will frown.

Edward.

I paſs not for their anger—Come, let's go;
O that we might as well return as go!

Enter Edmund *and Queen* Iſabel.

Queen.

Whither goes my lord?

Edward.

Fawn not on me, French ſtrumpet! get thee gone.

Queen.

On whom but on my huſband ſhould I fawn?

Gaveſton.

On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I ſay no more—judge you the reſt, my lord.

Queen.

In ſaying this, thou wrong'ſt me, Gaveſton:
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'ſt my lord,
And art a bawd to his affections,
But thou muſt call mine honour thus in queſtion?

Gaveſton.

I mean not ſo; your grace muſt pardon me.

Edward.

Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveſton exil'd;
But I would wiſh thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou ſhalt ne'er be reconcil'd to me.

Queen.

Your highneſs knows it lies not in my power.

Edward.

Away then! touch me not—Come, Gaveſton.

Queen.

Queen.

Villain! 'tis thou that robb'ſt me of my lord.

Gaveſton.

Madam! 'tis you that rob me of my lord.

Edward.

Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.

Queen.

Wherein, my lord, have I deſerv'd theſe words?
Witneſs the tears that Iſabella ſheds,
Witneſs this heart, that, ſighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Iſabel.

Edward.

And witneſs heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for till my Gaveſton be repeal'd,
Aſſure thyſelf thou com'ſt not in my ſight.

[*Exeunt* Edward *and* Gaveſton.

Queen.

O miſerable and diſtreſſed queen!
Would, when I left ſweet France, and was embark'd,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my ſhape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poiſon,
Or with thoſe arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been ſtifled, and not liv'd to ſee
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantick Juno will I fill the earth
With ghaſtly murmur of my ſighs and cries;
For never doated Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on curſed Gaveſton.
But that will more exaſperate his wrath:
I muſt intreat him, I muſt ſpeak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveſton:
And yet he'll ever doat on Gaveſton;
And ſo am I for ever miſerable.

Enter the Nobles.

Lancaſter.

Look where the ſiſter of the king of France
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breaſt!

Warwick.

Warwick.

The king, I fear, hath ill-treated her.

Pembroke.

Hard is the heart that injures ſuch a ſaint.

Mortimer junior.

I know 'tis 'long of Gaveſton ſhe weeps.

Mortimer ſenior.

Why, he is gone.

Mortimer junior.

Madam, how fares your grace?

Queen.

Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confeſſeth that he loves me not.

Mortimer junior.

Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.

Queen.

No, rather will I die a thouſand deaths:
And yet I love in vain—he'll ne'er love me.

Lancaſter.

Fear ye not, madam: now his minion's gone,
His wanton humour will be quickly left.

Queen.

Oh never! Lancaſter: I am enjoin'd
To ſue unto you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this muſt I perform,
Or elſe be baniſh'd from his highneſs' preſence.

Lancaſter.

For his repeal, madam! he comes not back,
Unleſs the ſea caſt up his ſhipwreck'd body.

Warwick,

And to behold ſo ſweet a ſight as that,
There's none here, but would run his horſe to death.

Mortimer junior.

But, madam, would you have us call him home?

Queen.

Ay, Mortimer; for till he be reſtor'd
The angry king hath baniſh'd me the court;
And therefore, as thou lov'ſt and tender'ſt me,
Be thou my advocate unto theſe peers.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

What! would you have me plead for Gaveſton?

Mortimer ſenior.

Plead for him he that will, I am reſolv'd.

Lancaſter.

And ſo am I, my lord; diſſuade the queen.

Queen.

O Lancaſter! let him diſſuade the king,
For 'tis againſt my will he ſhould return.

Warwick.

Then ſpeak not for him, let the peaſant go.

Queen.

'Tis for myſelf I ſpeak, and not for him.

Pembroke.

No ſpeaking will prevail, and therefore ceaſe.

Mortimer junior.

Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fiſh,
Which, being caught, ſtrikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile Torpedo, Gaveſton,
That now I hope floats on the Iriſh ſeas.

Queen.

Sweet Mortimer, ſit down by me a while,
And I will tell thee reaſons of ſuch weight,
As thou wilt ſoon ſubſcribe to his repeal.

Mortimer junior.

It is impoſſible; but ſpeak your mind.

Queen.

Then thus; but none ſhall hear it but ourſelves.

Lancaſter.

My lords, albeit the queen win Mortimer,
Will you be reſolute, and hold with me?

Mortimer ſenior.

Not I, againſt my nephew.

Pembroke.

Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.

Warwick.

No, do but mark how earneſtly ſhe pleads.

Lancaſter.

And ſee how coldly his looks make denial.

Warwick.

Warwick.

She ſmiles, now for my life his mind is chang'd.

Lancaſter.

I'll rather loſe his friendſhip I, than grant.

Mortimer junior.

Well, of neceſſity it muſt be ſo.
My lords, that I abhor baſe Gaveſton,
I hope your honours make no queſtion,
And therefore, tho' I plead for his repeal,
'Tis not for his ſake, but for our avail:
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.

Lancaſter.

Fie, Mortimer, diſhonour not thyſelf;
Can this be true, 'twas good to baniſh him?
And is this true, to call him home again?
Such reaſons make white black, and dark night day.

Mortimer junior.

My lord of Lancaſter, mark the reſpect.

Lancaſter.

In no reſpect can contraries be true.

Queen.

Yet, good my lord, hear what he can alledge.

Warwick.

All that he ſpeaks is nothing, we are reſolv'd.

Mortimer junior.

Do you not wiſh that Gaveſton were dead?

Pembroke.

I would he were.

Mortimer junior.

Why then, my lord, give me but leave to ſpeak.

Mortimer ſenior.

But, nephew, do not play the ſophiſter.

Mortimer junior.

This which I urge is of a burning zeal,
To mend the king, and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveſton hath ſtore of gold,
Which may in Ireland purchaſe him ſuch friends,
As he will front the mightieſt of us all?
And whereas he ſhall live and be belov'd,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.

Warwick.

Warwick.

Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaſter.

Mortimer junior.

But were he here, deteſted as he is,
How eaſily might ſome baſe ſlave be ſuborn'd,
To greet his lordſhip with a ponyard,
And none ſo much as blame the murderer,
But rather praiſe him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name,
For purging of the realm of ſuch a plague?

Pembroke.

He ſaith true.

Lancaſter.

Ay, but how chance this was not done before?

Mortimer junior.

Becauſe, my lords, it was not thought upon:
Nay, more, when he ſhall know it lies in us
To baniſh him, and then to call him home;
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride,
And fear to offend the meaneſt nobleman.

Mortimer ſenior.

But how if he do not, nephew?

Mortimer junior.

Then may we with ſome colour riſe in arms:
For, howſoever we have born it out,
'Tis treaſon to be up againſt the king;
So ſhall we have the people on our ſide,
Which for his father's ſake lean to the king,
But cannot brook a night-grown muſhrump,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwal is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveſton,
We'll pull him from the ſtrongeſt hold he hath.
My lords, if to perform this I be ſlack,
Think me as baſe a groom as Gaveſton.

Lancaſter.

On that condition, Lancaſter will grant.

Warwick.

And ſo will Pembroke and I.

Mortimer

Mortimer ſenior.

And I.

Mortimer junior.

In this I count me highly gratify'd,
And Mortimer will reſt at your command.

Queen.

And when this favour Iſabel forgets,
Then let her live abandon'd and forlorn.
But ſee in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the earl of Cornwal on his way,
Is new return'd; this news will glad him much;
Yet not ſo much as me; I love him more
Than he can Gaveſton; would he lov'd me
But half ſo much, then were I treble bleſs'd!

Enter king Edward, *mourning.*

Edward.

He's gone, and for his abſence thus I mourn.
Did never ſorrow go ſo near my heart,
As doth the want of my ſweet Gaveſton!
And could my crown's revenue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gain'd, having bought ſo dear a friend.

Queen.

Hark! how he harps upon his minion.

Edward.

My heart is as an anvil unto ſorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops hammers,
And with the noiſe turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantick for my Gaveſton.
Ah! had ſome bloodleſs fury roſe from hell,
And with my kingly ſcepter ſtruck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveſton.

Lancaſter.

Diablo, what paſſions call you theſe?

Queen.

My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.

Edward.

That you have parly'd with your Mortimer?

Queen.

Queen.

That Gaveſton, my lord, ſhall be repeal'd.

Edward.

Repeal'd! the news is too ſweet to be true!

Queen.

But will you love me, if you find it ſo?

Edward.

If it be ſo, what will not Edward do?

Queen.

For Gaveſton, but not for Iſabel.

Edward.

For thee, fair queen; if thou lov'ſt Gaveſton,
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou haſt pleaded with ſo good ſucceſs.

Queen.

No other jewels hang about my neck
Than theſe, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treaſure—
O how a kiſs revives poor Iſabel!

Edward.

Once more receive my hand; and let this be
A ſecond marriage 'twixt thyſelf and me.

Queen.

And may it prove more happy than the firſt!
My gentle lord, beſpeak theſe nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look,
And on their knees ſalute your majeſty.

Edward.

Courageous Lancaſter, embrace thy king,
And as groſs vapours periſh by the ſun,
Even ſo let hatred with thy ſovereign's ſmile!
Live thou with me as my companion.

Lancaſter.

This ſalutation overjoys my heart.

Edward.

Warwick ſhall be my chieſeſt counſellor:
Theſe ſilver hairs will more adorn my court,
Than gaudy ſilks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, ſweet Warwick, if I go aſtray.

Warwick.

Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

Edward.

In ſolemn triumphs, and in publick ſhows,
Pembroke ſhall bear the ſword before the king.

Pembroke.

And with this ſword Pembroke will fight for you.

Edward.

But wherefore walks young Mortimer aſide?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office [21] like thee not,
I make thee here lord marſhal of the realm.

Mortimer junior.

My lord, I'll marſhal ſo your enemies,
As England ſhall be quiet, and you ſafe.

Edward.

And as for you, lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whoſe great atchievements in our foreign war
Deſerve no common place, nor mean reward;
Be you the general of the levied troops,
That now are ready to aſſail the Scots.

Mortimer ſenior.

In this your grace hath highly honour'd me,
For with my nature war doth beſt agree.

Queen.

Now is the king of England rich and ſtrong,
Having the love of his renowned peers.

Edward.

Ay, Iſabel, ne'er was my heart ſo light.
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth,
For Gaveſton to Ireland: Beamont, fly,
As faſt as Iris, or Jove's Mercury!

Beamont.

It ſhall be done, my gracious lord.

Edward.

Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.
Now let us in, and feaſt it royally,
Againſt our friend the earl of Cornwal comes:
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;

[21] — *like thee not,*] See the Note to *Cornelia*, p. 243.

And

And then his marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
For wot you not that I have made him ſure
Unto our couſin, the earl of Glou'ſter's heir?

Lancaſter.

Such news we hear, my lord.

Edward.

That day, if not for him, yet for my ſake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no coſt, we will requite your love.

Warwick.

In this, or aught your highneſs ſhall command us.

Edward.

Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Mortimers.

Mortimer ſenior.

Nephew, I muſt to Scotland; thou ſtay'ſt here.
Leave now to oppoſe thyſelf againſt the king,
Thou ſeeſt by nature he is mild and calm;
And, ſeeing his mind ſo doats on Gaveſton,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightieſt kings have had their minions:
Great Alexander lov'd Hepheſtion;
The conquering [22] Herc'les for his Hilas wept;
And for Patroclus ſtern Achilles droop'd.
And not kings only, but the wiſeſt men;
The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whoſe youth is flexible,
And promiſeth as much as we can wiſh,
Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from ſuch toys.

Mortimer junior.

Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not me;
But this I ſcorn, that one ſo baſely born
Should by his ſovereign's favour grow ſo pert,
And riot with the treaſure of the realm.
While ſoldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revenue on his back,

[22] *Herc'les*] All the editions read *Hector*. S. P.

And, Midas like, [23] he jets it in the court,
With baſe outlandiſh [24] cullions at his heels,
Whoſe proud fantaſtick liveries make ſuch ſhow,
As if that Proteus, god of ſhapes, appear'd.
I have not ſeen a dapper jack ſo briſk;
He wears a ſhort Italian hooded cloak,
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuſcan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
Whiles others walk below, the king and he,
From out a window, laugh at ſuch as we,
And flout our train, and jeſt at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.

Mortimer ſenior.

But, nephew, now you ſee the king is chang'd.

Mortimer junior.

Then ſo am I, and live to do him ſervice;
But whilſt I have a ſword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any ſuch upſtart.
You know my mind: come, uncle, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Spencer *and* Baldock.

Baldock.

Spencer, ſeeing that our lord the earl of Glou'ſter's dead,
Which of the nobles doſt thou mean to ſerve?

Spencer.

Not Mortimer, nor any of his ſide;
Becauſe the king and he are enemies.

23 — *he jets it in the court,*] *To jet* is *to ſtrut about*, or *walk in a ſupercilious, affected*, or *haughty manner*.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, &c. 1592: "— to ſee in "that place ſuch a ſtrange headleſſe Courtier *jettinge up* and downe like "the uſher of a fenſe-ſchoole about to play his priſe."

Ibid. "Was he not caled to be dictator from the plough, and after "many victories, what, did he *jet* up and down the court, in coſtly gar-"ments and velvet breeches?"

Churchyard's *Challenge*, 1593, p. 228:

"Some in their ruffe, would *jet* about the hall."

Dekkar's *Bel-man of London*, B 2: "how villainy *jettes* in ſilks, and "like a god adorde!"

Dekkar's *Bel-man's night-walkes*, H 4: "they *jetted* up and downe "like proud Tragedians."

24 *cullions*] See Note 87 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 63.

Baldock,

Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favour of a king
May with one word advance us while we live:
The liberal earl of Cornwal is the man,
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

Baldock.

What! mean you then to be his follower?

Spencer.

No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferr'd me to the king.

Baldock.

But he is banish'd, there's small hope of him.

Spencer.

Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secresy,
That he's repeal'd, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And as she read she smil'd, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.

Baldock.

'Tis like enough; for since he was exil'd
She neither walks abroad, nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had chang'd her mind.

Spencer.

Our lady's first love is not wavering:
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.

Baldock.

Then hope I by her means to be preferr'd,
Having read unto her since she was a child.

Spencer.

Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-cap'd cloak, fac'd before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,

[25] Or making low legs to a nobleman,
Or looking downward, with your eye-lids cloſe,
And ſaying, truly an't may pleaſe your honour,
Can get you any favour with great men:
You muſt be proud, bold, pleaſant, reſolute,
And now and then ſtab, as occaſion ſerves.

Baldock.

Spencer, thou know'ſt I hate ſuch formal toys,
And uſe them but of meer hypocriſy.
Mine old lord while he liv'd was ſo preciſe,
That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pins' heads, blame me for the bigneſs;
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentious enough,
And apt for any kind of villainy.
[26] I am none of theſe common pedants, I,
That cannot ſpeak without *propterea quod.*

Spencer.

But one of thoſe that ſaith, *quandoquidem,*
And hath a ſpecial gift to form a verb.

Baldock.

Leave off this jeſting, here my lady comes.

Enter the Lady.

Lady.

The grief for his exile was not ſo much,
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my ſweet Gaveſton:
What need'ſt thou, love, thus to excuſe thyſelf?
I know thou could'ſt not come and viſit me: [*reads.*
I will not long be from thee, tho' I die.
This argues the entire love of my lord: [*reads.*
When I forſake thee, death ſeize on my heart.
But ſtay thee here where Gaveſton ſhall ſleep.

[25] *Or making low legs*] See Note 20 to *The Parſon's Wedding*, vol. XI. p. 439.

[26] I *am none of theſe common pedants*, I,] Dr. Farmer obſerves, that this duplication of the pronoun was formerly very common. See ſeveral inſtances of it by him, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Malone, in Note to Second Part of *King Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4.

Now

Now to the letter of my lord the king.
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveſton: why do I ſtay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?
Who's there, Baldock?
See that my coach be ready, I muſt hence.

Baldock.

It ſhall be done, madam. [*Exit.*

Lady.

And meet me at the park-pail preſently.
Spencer, ſtay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of;
My lord of Cornwal is a coming over,
And will be at the court as ſoon as we.

Spencer.

I knew the king would have him home again.

Lady.

If all things [27] ſort out, as I hope they will,
Thy ſervice, Spencer, ſhall be thought upon.

Spencer.

I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Lady.

Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [*Exit.*

Enter Edward, the Queen, Lancaſter, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, Kent, *attendants.*

Edward.

The wind is good, I wonder why he ſtays;
I fear me he is wreck'd upon the ſea.

Queen.

Look, Lancaſter, how paſſionate he is,
And ſtill his mind runs on his minion!

Lancaſter.

My lord.

Edward.

How now! what news? is Gaveſton arriv'd?

[27] —*ſort out,*] Succeed, or take effect. *Sortir effect.* Cotgrave.

Mortimer junior.

Nothing but Gaveſton! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The king of France ſets foot in Normandy.

Edward.

A trifle! we'll expel him when we pleaſe.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device,
Againſt the ſtately triumph we decreed?

Mortimer.

A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

Edward.

Pray thee, let me know it.

Mortimer junior.

But ſeeing you are ſo deſirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree fair flouriſhing,
On whoſe top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets unto the higheſt bough of all:
The motto, *Æque tandem.*

Edward.

And what is yours, my lord of Lancaſter?

Lancaſter.

My lord, mine's more obſcure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports, there is a [28] flying fiſh,
Which all the other fiſhes deadly hate,
And therefore being purſued, it takes the air:
No ſooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That ſeizeth it: this fiſh, my lord, I bear,
The motto this: *Undique mors eſt.*

Edward.

Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaſter!
Is this the love you bear your ſovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make ſhow of amity,
And in your ſhields diſplay your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling,
Againſt the earl of Cornwal and my brother?

[28] —*a flying fiſh,*] *The Exocœtus.* See Plinii *Nat. Hiſt.* lib. ix. 19.

Queen.

Queen.

Sweet husband! be content, they all love you.

Edward.

They love me not that hate my Gaveston.
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the gresses [29] that will pull you down,
And *Æque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threat'nest death whether he rise or fall;
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
Nor foulest harpy, that shall swallow him.

Mortimer junior.

If in his absence thus he favours him,
What will he do when as he shall be present?

Lancaster.

That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.

Enter Gaveston.

Edward.

My Gaveston! welcome to Tinmouth! welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop, and pine away;
For as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was lockt up in a brazen tower,
Desir'd her more, and waxt outrageous,
So did it fare with me: and now thy sight
Is sweeter far, than was thy parting hence
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.

Gaveston.

Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth mine.
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolicks not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your majesty.

[29] —*gresses*] Or, as it is more commonly written, *Jesses*, which, *Latham* says, "are those short straps of leather, which are fastened to the hawk's "legges, and so to the lease by varvels, amlets, or such like."

Edward.

Edward.

Will none of you ſalute my Gaveſton?

Lancaſter.

Salute him? yes; welcome, lord chamberlain.

Mortimer junior.

Welcome is the good earl of Cornwal.

Warwick.

Welcome, lord governor of the Iſle of Man.

Pembroke.

Welcome, maſter ſecretary.

Edmund.

Brother, do you hear them?

Edward.

Still will theſe earls and barons uſe me thus?

Gaveſton.

My lord, I cannot brook theſe injuries.

Queen.

Ah me! poor ſoul, when theſe begin to jar.

Edward.

Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.

Gaveſton.

Baſe, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go ſit at home and eat your tenants beef;
And come not here to ſcoff at Gaveſton,
Whoſe mounting thoughts did never creep ſo low,
As to beſtow a look on ſuch as you.

Lancaſter.

Yet I diſdain not to do this for you. [*Draws*

Edward.

Treaſon! treaſon! where's the traitor?

Pembroke.

Here! here! king: convey hence Gaveſton, they'll murder him.

Gaveſton.

The life of thee ſhall ſalve this foul diſgrace.

Mortimer junior.

Villain! thy life, unleſs I miſs mine aim.

Queen.

Ah! furious Mortimer, what haſt thou done?

Mortimer.

Mortimer.

No more than I would anſwer, were he ſla

Edward.

Yes, more than thou canſt anſwer, though he live;
Dear ſhall you both abide this riotous deed.
Out of my preſence! come not near the court!

Mortimer junior.

I'll not be barr'd the court for Gaveſton.

Lancaſter.

We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.

Edward.

Look to your own heads; his is ſure enough.

Warwick.

Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.

Edmund.

Warwick, theſe words do ill beſeem thy years.

Edward.

Nay all of them conſpire to croſs me thus;
But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads,
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men,
'Tis war that muſt abate theſe barons' pride. [*Exit the King.*

Warwick.

Let's to our caſtles, for the king is mov'd.

Mortimer junior.

Mov'd may he be, and periſh in his wrath!

Lancaſter.

Couſin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us ſtoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here proteſt,
To proſecute that Gaveſton to the death.

Mortimer junior.

By heaven! the abject villain ſhall not live.

Warwick.

I'll have his blood, or die in ſeeking it.

Pembroke.

The like oath Pembroke takes.

Lancaſter.

And ſo doth Lancaſter.
Now ſend our heralds to defie the king;
And make the people ſwear to put him down.

Enter

Enter a Poſt.

Mortimer junior.

Letters! from whence?

Meſſenger.

From Scotland, my lord.

Lancaſter.

Why, how now, couſin, how fare all our friends?

Mortimer junior.

My uncle's taken priſoner by the Scots.

Lancaſter.

We'll have him ranſom'd, man; be of good cheer.

Mortimer junior.

They rate his ranſom at five thouſand pound.
Who ſhould defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken priſoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.

Lancaſter.

Do, couſin; and I'll bear thee company.

Warwick.

Mean time, my lord of Pembroke and myſelf
Will to Newcaſtle here, and gather head.

Mortimer junior.

About it then, and we will follow you.

Lancaſter.

Be reſolute and full of ſecreſy.

Warwick.

I warrant you.

Mortimer junior.

Couſin, and if he will not ranſom him,
I'll thunder ſuch a peal into his ears,
As never ſubject did unto his king.

Lancaſter.

Content, I'll bear my part—Holla! who's there?

Mortimer junior.

Ay, marry, ſuch a guard as this doth well.

Lancaſter.

Lead on the way.

Guard.

Whither will your lordſhips?

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

Whither elſe but to the king?

Guard.

His highneſs is diſpos'd to be alone.

Lancaſter.

Why, ſo he may; but we will ſpeak to him.

Guard.

You may not in, my lord.

Mortimer junior.

May we not?

Enter Edward.

Edward.

How now! what noiſe is this!
Who have we there, is't you?

Mortimer junior.

Nay, ſtay, my lord, I come to bring you news;
Mine uncle is taken priſoner by the Scots.

Edward.

Then ranſom him.

Lancaſter.

'Twas in your wars, you ſhould ranſom him.

Mortimer junior.

And you ſhall ranſom him, or elſe—

Edmund.

What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

Edward.

Quiet yourſelf, you ſhall have the broad ſeal,
To gather for him throughout the realm.

Lancaſter.

Your minion Gaveſton hath taught you this.

Mortimer junior.

My lord, the family of the Mortimers
Are not ſo poor, but, would they ſell their land,
Could levy men enough to anger you.
We never beg, but uſe ſuch prayers as theſe.

Edward.

Shall I ſtill be haunted thus?

Mortimer junior.

Nay, now you are here alone, I'll ſpeak my mind.

Lancaſter.

Lancaſter.

And ſo will I; and then, my lord, farewell.

Mortimer junior.

The idle triumphs, maſks, laſcivious ſhows,
And prodigal gifts beſtow'd on Gaveſton,
Have drawn thy treaſure dry, and made thee weak;
The murmuring commons, overſtretched, break [30].

Lancaſter.

Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd;
Thy garriſons are beaten out of France,
And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild Oneyle, with ſwarms of [31] Iriſh kerns,

Live

[30] *break.*] All the editions read *bath.*

[31] *Iriſh kerns,*] "*Kern* in Ireland is a kind of foot ſouldier lightly "armed with a dart or ſkeyn." Blount's *Gloſſary.* "*The kerne,*" ſays Barnaby Ryche, in his *Deſcription of Ireland,* 1610, p. 37. are "the very "droſſe and ſcum of the countrey, a generation of villaines not worthy to "live: theſe be they that live by robbing and ſpoiling the poore countrey-"man, that maketh him many times to buy bread to give unto them, "though he want for himſelfe and his poore children. Theſe are they, "that are ready to run out with everie rebell; and theſe are the verie "hags of hell, fit for nothing but for the gallows." The following deſcription of the Iriſh in general, and of the dreſs of the *Kern* in particular, is extracted from the Second Part of *The Image of Irelande,* by John Derricke, 4to. B. L. 1581:

"This bride it is the ſoile,
"the bridegrome is the *karne,*
"With writhed glibbes like wicked ſprits,
"with viſage rough and ſtearne.
"With ſculles upon their poules,
"inſteade of civill cappes:
"With ſpeares in hand, and ſwordes by ſides,
"to beare of after clappes.
"With jackettes long and large,
"whiche ſhrowde ſimplicitie:
"Though ſpitfull dartes which thei do beare
"importe iniquitie.
"Their ſkirtes be verie ſtrange,
"not reachyng paſte the thie:
"With pleates on pleates thei pleated are,
"as thicke as pleates maie lye.
"Whoſe ſleves hang trailing doune
"almoſt unto the ſhoe:
"And with a mantell commonlie,
"the *Iriſh karne* doe goe.

"Now

Live uncontrol'd within the [32] Engliſh pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unreſiſted draw away rich ſpoils.

Mortimer junior.

The haughty Dane commands the narrow ſeas,
While in the harbor ride thy ſhips unrigg'd.

Lancaſter.

What foreign prince ſends thee embaſſadors?

Mortimer.

Who loves thee? but a [33] ſort of flatterers.

Lancaſter.

Thy gentle queen, ſole ſiſter to Valoys,
Complains, that thou haſt left her all forlorn.

" Now ſome emongſt the reſte,
" doe uſe an other weede:
" A coate I meane of ſtrange device,
" which fancie firſt did breede.
" His ſkirtes be verie ſhorte,
" with pleates ſet thicke about,
" And Iriſh trouzes, &c."

The ſame writer hath given a long detail of the manners of the Iriſh kerns. See alſo Dr. Warburton's Note on *Macbeth*, A. 1. S. 2.

[32] *Engliſh pale.*] " *The Engliſh pale*," ſays Boate, in his *Ireland's Natural Hiſtory*, 1657, p. 7. " comprehendeth onlie four counties, one whereof " is in Ulſter, viz. Louth, and the other three in Leinſter, to wit, Meath, " Dublin, and Kildare: the original of which diviſion is this. The " Engliſh at the firſt conqueſt, under the reign of Henry the Second, " having within a little time conquered great part of Ireland, did after- " wards, in the ſpace of not very many yeares, make themſelves maſters " of almoſt all the reſt, having expelled the natives (called the Wild " Iriſh, becauſe that in all manner of wildneſs they may be compared " with the moſt barbarous nations of the earth) into the deſart woods " and mountains. But afterwards being fallen at ods among themſelves, " and making ſeverall great warres the one upon the other, the Iriſh " thereby got the opportunitie to recover now this, and then that part of " the land; whereby, and through the degenerating of a great many " from time to time, who, joining themſelves with the Iriſh, took upon " them their wild faſhions and their language, the Engliſh in length of " time came to be ſo much weakened, that at laſt nothing remained to " them of the whole kingdome, worth the ſpeaking of, but the great " cities and the forenamed four counties; to whom the name of *Pale* was " given, becauſe that the authority and government of the kings of " England, and the Engliſh colonies or plantations, which before had " been ſpread over the whole land, now were reduced to ſo ſmall a com- " paſs, and as it were *impaled* within the ſame."

[33] —*ſort*] See Note 4. to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 7.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

Thy court is naked, being bereft of thoſe
That make a king ſeem glorious to the world;
I mean the peers, whom thou ſhould'ſt dearly love:
Libels are caſt againſt thee in the ſtreet;
Ballads and rhimes made of thy overthrow.

Lancaſter.

The Northern borderers ſeeing their houſes burnt,
Their wives and children ſlain, run up and down,
Curſing the name of thee and Gaveſton.

Mortimer junior.

When wert thou in the field with banner ſpread?
But once: and then thy ſoldiers march'd like players,
With [34] gariſh robes, not armor; and thyſelf,
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the reſt,
Nodding and ſhaking of thy ſpangled creſt,
Where women's favors hung like labels down.

Lancaſter.

And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high diſgrace, [35] have made this jig;
[36] *Maids of England, ſore may you mourn,*
For your lemmons you have loſt, at Bennocks born,
With a heave and a ho.

What

34 —*gariſh*] *Splendid, gaudy.* A word uſed by Shakſpeare, *Richard* III. A. 4. S. 4:

" —— a gariſh flag."

Romeo and Juliet, A. 3. S. 4:

" —— all the world ſhall be in love with night,
" And pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."

And by Milton, *Il Penſeroſo*, l. 141:

" Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."

35 —*have made this* jig;] A *jig*, in Marlow's time, was not a dance only, if at all, but a Ballad. In the Harleian Collection of Old Ballads, now in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Pearſon, Eſq; are ſeveral under this title, as, " *A Northerne jige, called Daintie come thou to me.*" " *A merry new* " *jigge, or the pleaſant wooing betwixt Kit and Pegge.*" " *The Weſt Country* " *Jigg*, or *A Trenchmore Galliard*;" and ſeveral others.

Again, in *The Fatall Contract*, by Hemmings, A. 4. S. 4:

" Wee'l hear your *jigg*,
" How is your *ballad* titl'd."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 2:

36 *Maids of England*, &c.] In Fabian's Chronicle, p. 155. vol. II. theſe verſes are given with ſome variation. " Than the Scottes en-

" flamed

What weeneth the king of England,
So ſoon to have won Scotland,
With a rombelow?

Mortimer.

Wigmore ſhall fly, to ſet my uncle free.

Lancaſter.

And when 'tis gone, our ſwords ſhall purchaſe more.
If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can;
Look next to ſee us with our enſigns ſpread. [*Exeunt nobles.*

Edward.

My ſwelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by theſe peers,
And dare not be reveng'd, for their pow'r is great!
Yet, ſhall the crowing of theſe cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood ſlake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themſelves, and rue too late.

Kent.

My lord, I ſee your love to Gaveſton
Will be the ruin of the realm and you,
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars;
And therefore, brother, baniſh him for ever.

Edward.

Art thou an enemy to my Gaveſton?

Kent.

Ay, and it grieves me that I favoured him.

Edward.

Traitor, be gone! whine thou with Mortimer.

" flamed with pryde in deryſyon of the Engliſhmen, made thys ryme " as foloweth:

" Maydens of Englande ſore may ye morne,
" For your lemmans ye have loſt at Banockys borne,
" Wyth heve a lowe.
" What weneth the king of England,
" So ſoone to have wone Scotlande,
" Wyth rumbylowe.

" Thys ſonge was after many daies ſong in daunces in the carols of " the maydens and mynſtrelles of Scotland to the reproſe and diſdayne " of Englyſhemen, with dyvers other whych I over paſſe."

Kent.

So will I, rather than with Gaveſton.

Edward.

Out of my ſight, and trouble me no more!

Kent.

No marvel that thou ſcorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus. [*Exit.*

Edward.

Away! Poor Gaveſton, that haſt no friend but me;
Do what they can, we'll live in Tinmouth here.
And, ſo I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round!—
Here cometh ſhe that's cauſe of all theſe jars.

Enter the Queen, *three* Ladies, Baldock, *and* Spencer.

Queen.

My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.

Edward.

Ay, and 'tis likewiſe thought you favour them.

Queen.

Thus do you ſtill ſuſpect me without cauſe?

Ladies.

Sweet uncle! ſpeak more kindly to the queen.

Gaveſton.

My lord, diſſemble with her, ſpeak her fair.

Edward.

Pardon me, ſweet! I forgot myſelf.

Queen.

Your pardon is quickly got of Iſabell.

Edward.

The younger Mortimer is grown ſo brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.

Gaveſton.

Why do you not commit him to the Tower?

Edward.

I dare not, for the people love him well.

Gaveſton.

Why then we'll have him privily made away.

Edward.

Would Lancaſter and he had both carous'd
A bowl of poiſon to each other's health!
But let them go; and tell me what are theſe.

1 *Lady.*

Two of my father's ſervants whilſt he liv'd:
May't pleaſe your grace to entertain them now?

Edward.

Tell me, where waſt thou born?
What is thine arms?

Baldock.

My name is Baldock; and my gentry
I fetch from Oxford, not from heraldry.

Edward.

The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn.
Wait on me, and I'll ſee thou ſhalt not want.

Baldock.

I humbly thank your majeſty.

Edward.

Knoweſt thou him, Gaveſton?

Gaveſton.

Ay, my lord, his name is Spenſer, he is well allied;
For my ſake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce ſhall you find a man of more deſert.

Edward.

Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his ſake
I'll grace thee with a higher ſtile ere long.

Spenſer.

No greater titles happen unto me,
Than to be favoured of your majeſty.

Edward.

Couſin, this day ſhall be your marriage-feaſt.
And, Gaveſton, think that I love thee well,
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the earl of Glo'ſter late deceas'd.

Gaveſton.

I know, my lord, many will ſtomach me;
But I reſpect neither their love nor hate.

Edward.

The head-ſtrong barons ſhall not limit me;
He that I liſt to favour ſhall be great.

Come, let's away; and, when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels, and their' complices! [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Lancaſter, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, *and* Kent.

Kent.

My lords, of love to this our native land,
I come to join with you, and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the firſt that ſhall adventure life.

Lancaſter.

I fear me, you are ſent of policy,
To undermine us with a ſhew of love.

Warwick.

He is your brother, therefore have we cauſe
To caſt the worſt, and doubt of your revolt.

Edmund.

Mine honour ſhall be hoſtage of my truth:
If that will not ſuffice, farewell, my lords.

Mortimer junior.

Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
Falſe of his word, and therefore truſt we thee.

Pembroke.

But what's the reaſon you ſhould leave him now?

Kent.

I have inform'd the earl of Lancaſter.

Lancaſter.

And it ſufficeth. Now, my lords, know this,
That Gaveſton is ſecretly arriv'd,
And here in Tinmouth frolicks with the king.
Let us with theſe our followers ſcale the walls,
And ſuddenly ſurprize them unawares.

Mortimer junior.

I'll give the onſet.

Warwick.

And I'll follow thee.

Mortimer junior.

This tottered enſign of my anceſtors,
Which ſwept the deſert ſhore of that dead ſea,
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,

Will

Will I advance upon this caſtle's walls.
Drums ſtrike alarum, raiſe them from their ſport,
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveſton!

Lancaſter.

None be ſo hardy as to touch the king;
But neither ſpare you Gaveſton, nor his friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Spencer, *to them* Gaveſton, &c.

Edward.

O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveſton?

Spencer.

I fear me he is ſlain, my gracious lord.

Edward.

No, here he comes; now let them ſpoil and kill.
Fly, fly, my lords, the earls have got the hold,
Take ſhipping and away to Scarborough;
Spencer and I will poſt away by land.

Gaveſton.

O ſtay, my lord, they will not injure you.

Edward.

I will not truſt them; Gaveſton, away!

Gaveſton.

Farewell, my lord.

Edward.

Lady, farewell.

Lady.

Farewell, ſweet uncle, till we meet again.

Edward.

Farewell, ſweet Gaveſton; and farewell, niece.

Queen.

No farewell to poor Iſabell thy queen?

Edward.

Yes, yes, for Mortimer, your lover's ſake.

[*Exeunt omnes, præter* Iſabella.

Queen.

Heavens can witneſs, I love none but you.
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could cloſe this iſle about,
That I might pull him to me where I would!

Or that theſe tears, that driſſel from mine eyes,
Had power to mollify his ſtony heart,
That when I had him we might never part!

Enter the Barons. Alarums.

Lancaſter.

I wonder how he 'ſcap'd!

Mortimer junior.

Who's this, the Queen?

Queen.

Ay, Mortimer, the miſerable Queen,
Whoſe pining heart her inward ſighs have blaſted,
And body with continual mourning waſted:
Theſe hands are tir'd with haling of my lord
From Gaveſton, from wicked Gaveſton,
And all in vain; for, when I ſpeak him fair,
He turns away, and ſmiles upon his minion.

Mortimer junior.

Ceaſe to lament, and tell us where's the king.

Queen.

What would you with the king? is't him you ſeek?

Lancaſter.

No, madam, but that curſed Gaveſton.
Far be it from the thought of Lancaſter,
To offer violence to his ſovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveſton:
Tell us where he remains, and he ſhall die.

Queen.

He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Purſue him quickly, and he cannot 'ſcape;
The king hath left him, and his train is ſmall.

Warwick.

[37] Forſlow no time, ſweet Lancaſter, let's march.

Mortimer.

[37] *Forſlow no time, ſweet Lancaſter, let's march.*] i. e. *Loſe no time, do not delay.*

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 5. S. 8: "Now "therefore, if you can think upon any preſent means for his delivery, do "not *foreſlow* it."

Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 52: "Let her *foreſlow* no occaſion that may "bring the childe to quyetneſſe."

The

Mortimer.

How comes it that the king and he are parted?

Queen.

That thus your army, going ſeveral ways,
Might be of leſſer force; and with the power
That he intendeth preſently to raiſe,
Be eaſily ſuppreſs'd; therefore be gone.

Mortimer.

Here in the river rides a Flemiſh hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.

Lancaſter.

The wind that bears him hence will fill our ſails:
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's ſailing.

Mortimer.

Madam, ſtay you within this caſtle here.

Queen.

No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.

Mortimer.

Nay, rather ſail with us to Scarborough.

Queen.

You know the king is ſo ſuſpicious,
As, if he hear I have but talkt with you,
Mine honour will be call'd in queſtion;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.

Mortimer.

Madam, I cannot ſtay to anſwer you,
But think of Mortimer as he deſerves.

Queen.

So well haſt thou deſerv'd, ſweet Mortimer,
As Iſabell could live with thee for ever.
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whoſe eyes are fix'd on none but Gaveſton:
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer;
If he be ſtrange and not regard my words,

The Curtain Drawer of the World, by W. Parkes, 1612, p. 8: "How "comes it then that prevention never comes? that men ſee this, yet "foreſee it not? that men know this, yet *foreſlow it not.*"

See alſo the Third Part of *King Henry* VI. A. 2, S. 3. and Mr. Steevens's Note thereon.

My ſon and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveſton hath robb'd me of his love:
But yet I hope my ſorrows will have end,
And Gaveſton this bleſſed day be ſlain. [*Exeunt,*

Enter Gaveſton *purſued.*

Gaveſton.

Yet, luſty lords, I have eſcap'd your hands,
Your threats, your larums, and your hot purſuits;
And, tho' divorced from king Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveſton unſurpriz'd,
Breathing, in hope ([38] malgrado all your beards [39],
That muſter rebels thus againſt your king)
To ſee his royal ſovereign once again.

Enter the Nobles,

Warwick.

Upon him, ſoldiers, take away his weapons.

Mortimer junior.

Thou proud diſturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cauſe of theſe broils,
Baſe flatterer, yield! and were it not for ſhame,
Shame and diſhonour to a ſoldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here ſhould'ſt thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.

Lancaſter.

Monſter of men! that, like the Greekiſh ſtrumpet,
Train'd to arms and bloody wars
So many valiant knights;
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death;
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.

Warwick.

Lancaſter, why talk'ſt thou to the ſlave?
Go, ſoldiers, take him hence;
For by my ſword his head ſhall off:
Gaveſton, ſhort warning ſhall ſerve thy turn.

[38] —*malgrado*] Ital. *maugre, in deſpite of* Florio's Dictionary, 1598.

[39] —*all your beards,*] To beard a perſon is to oppoſe him to his face. Again, p. 365:

"Theſe barons thus *to beard* me in my land." S. P.

It

It is our country's cauſe,
That here ſeverely we we will execute
Upon thy perſon: hang him upon a bough.

Gaveſton.

My lords!—

Warwick.

Soldiers, have him away;
But for thou wert the favourite of a king,
Thou ſhalt have ſo much honour at our hands.

Gaveſton.

I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter earl of Arundel.

Lancaſter.

How now, my lord of Arundel?

Arundel.

My lords, king Edward greets you all by me.

Warwick.

Arundel, ſay your meſſage.

Arundel.

His majeſty, hearing that you had taken Gaveſton,
Intreateth you by me, but that he may
See him before he dies; for why he ſays,
And ſends you word, he knows that die he ſhall;
And, if you gratify his grace ſo far,
He will be mindful of the courteſy.

Warwick.

How now?

Gaveſton.

Renown'd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveſton!

Warwick.

No, it needeth not:
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters, he muſt pardon us in this.
Soldiers, away with him,

Gaveſton.

Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will theſe delays beget me any hopes?

I know

I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant king Edward this.

Mortimer junior.

Shalt thou appoint what we ſhall grant?
Soldiers, away with him:
Thus we'll gratify the king,
We'll ſend his head by thee, let him beſtow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveſton, or elſe his ſenſeleſs trunk.

Lancaſter.

Not ſo, my lords, leſt he beſtow more coſt
In burying him, than he hath ever earn'd.

Arundel.

My lords, it is his majeſty's requeſt,
And on the honour of a king he ſwears,
He will but talk with him and ſend him back.

Warwick.

When, can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot,
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to theſe exigents
For Gaveſton, will, if he ſeize him once,
Violate any promiſe to poſſeſs him.

Arundel.

Then, if you will not truſt his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.

Mortimer junior.

It is honourable in thee to offer this;
But for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee ſo,
To make away a true man for a thief.

Gaveſton.

How meaneſt thou, Mortimer? that is over-baſe.

Mortimer.

Away, baſe groom, robber of king's renown,
Queſtion with thy companions and thy mates.

Pembroke.

My lord Mortimer, and you my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's requeſt therein,
Touching the ſending of this Gaveſton,
Becauſe his majeſty ſo earneſty

Deſires

Deſires to ſee the man before his death,
I will upon mine honour undertake
To carry him, and bring him back again;
Provided this, that you, my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.

Warwick.

Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cauſe yet more bloodſhed: is it not enough
That we have taken him, but muſt we now
Leave him on had I wiſt, and let him go?

Pembroke.

My lords, I will not over-woo your honours,
But, if you dare truſt Pembroke with the priſoner,
Upon my oath I will return him back.

Arundel.

My Lord of Lancaſter, what ſay you in this?

Lancaſter.

Why I ſay, let him go on Pembroke's word.

Pembroke.

And you, lord Mortimer?

Mortimer junior.

How ſay you, my lord of Warwick?

Warwick.

Nay, do your pleaſures,
I know how 'twill prove.

Pembroke.

Then give him me.

Gaveſton.

Sweet ſovereign, yet I come
To ſee thee ere I die.

Warwick.

Not yet perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.

Mortimer junior.

My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you,
Return him on your honour, ſound away. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Pembroke, Matrevis, Gaveſton, *and* Pembroke's *men, four Soldiers.*

Pembroke.

My lord, you ſhall go with me.

My

My houſe is not far hence, out of the way
A little; but our men ſhall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,
Sir, muſt not come ſo near to baulk their lips.

Matrevis.

'Tis very kindly ſpoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honour hath an adamant of power
To draw a prince.

Pembroke.

So, my lord; come hither, James;
I do commit this Gaveſton to thee,
Be thou this night his keeper, in the morning
We will diſcharge thee of thy charge; be gone.

Gaveſton.

Unhappy Gaveſton, whither goeſt thou now?

[*Exit cum ſerv.* Pem.

Horſe-boy.

My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Gaveſton *mourning, and the earl of* Pembroke's *men.*

Gaveſton.

O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

James.

I ſee it is your life theſe arms purſue.

Gaveſton.

Weaponleſs muſt I fall? and die in bands?
O muſt this day be period of my life!
Center of all my bliſs! and ye be men,
Speed to the king.

Enter Warwick *and his company.*

Warwick.

My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more, I will have that Gaveſton.

James.

Your Lordſhip doth diſhonour to yourſelf,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend,

Warwick.

No, James, it is my country's cauſe I follow.
Go, take the villain; ſoldiers, come away,

We'll

We'll make quick work. Commend me to your maſter,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy ſhadow parley with king Edward.

Gaveſton.

Treacherous earl! ſhall not I ſee the king?

Warwick.

The king of heaven perhaps, no other king.
Away.

[*Exeunt* Warwick *and his men, with* Gaveſton. *Manent* James, *cum cæteris.*

James.

Come, fellows, it booteth not for us to ſtrive,
We will in haſte go certify our lord. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King Edward *and* Spencer, *with drums and fifes.*

Edward.

I long to hear an anſwer from the barons,
Touching my friend, my deareſt Gaveſton.
Ah! Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ranſom him! ah, he is mark'd to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer,
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaſter
Inexorable, and I ſhall never ſee
My lovely Pierce of Gaveſton again.
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Spenſer.

Were I king Edward, England's ſovereign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longſhank's iſſue, would I bear
Theſe braves, this rage, and ſuffer uncontrol'd
Theſe barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? my lord, pardon my ſpeech,
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,
Did you regard the honour of your name,
You would not ſuffer thus your majeſty
Be counterbuft of your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles;
No doubt, ſuch leſſons they will teach the reſt,

As

As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

Edward.

Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them; but now have drawn our sword,
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll their tops.

Baldock.

This haught resolve becomes your majesty;
You ought not to be tied to their affection,
As though your highness were a school-boy still,
And must be aw'd and govern'd like a child.

Enter Hugh Spencer *an old man, father to the young* Spencer, *with his truncheon and soldiers.*

Spencer senior.

Long live my sovereign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

Edward.

Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell the prince, of whence, and what thou art.

Spencer senior.

Lo, with a band of bow-men and of pikes,
[40] Brown bills, and targiteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend king Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favour done in him unto us all.

Edward.

Thy father, Spencer?

Spencer junior.

True, and it like your grace,
That pours in lieu of all your goodness shown,

[40] *Brown bills,*] "The old weapon of the English infantry, which, "says Temple, *gave the most ghastly and deplorable wounds.* It may be "called the *falcata securis.*" Dr. Johnson's Note on *Much ado about Nothing*, A. 3. S. 3.

In the last edition of Shakspeare, the reader will find representations of the several kinds of *bills* which were formerly in use.

His

His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

Edward.

Welcome ten thouſand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindneſs to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and diſpoſition.
Spencer, I here create thee earl of Wiltſhire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favour,
That as the ſun-ſhine ſhall reflect o'er thee.
Beſides, the more to manifeſt our love,
Becauſe we hear lord Bruce doth ſell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand withal,
Thou ſhalt have crowns of us t'outbid the barons:
And, Spencer, ſpare them not, lay it on.
Soldiers, a largeſs and thrice welcome all.

Spencer.

My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter the Queen *and her Son, and* Levune *a Frenchman.*

Edward.

Madam, what news?

Queen.

News of diſhonour, lord, and diſcontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of truſt,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Valois our brother, king of France,
Becauſe your highneſs hath been ſlack in homage,
Hath ſeized Normandy into his hands.
Theſe be the letters, this the meſſenger.

Edward.

Welcome, Levune. Tuſh, Sib, if this be all,
Valois and I will ſoon be friends again.
But to my Gaveſton: ſhall I never ſee,
Never behold thee more? Madam, in this matter
We will employ you and your little ſon;
You ſhall go parley with the king of France.
Boy, ſee you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your meſſage with a majeſty.

Prince.

Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince ſo young as I to bear,

And fear not, lord and father, heaven's great beams
On Atlas' ſhoulder ſhall not lie more ſafe,
Than ſhall your charge committed to my truſt.

Queen.

Ah, boy! this towardneſs makes thy mother fear
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.

Edward.

Madam, we will that you with ſpeed be ſhipp'd,
And this our ſon; Levune ſhall follow you
With all the haſte we can diſpatch him hence.
Chuſe of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace, leave us in wars at home.

Queen.

Unnatural wars, where ſubjects brave their king;
God end them once. My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparation for France.

Enter lord Matrevis.

Edward.

What, lord Matrevis, doſt thou come alone?

Matrevis.

Yea, my good lord, for Gaveſton is dead.

Edward.

Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
Tell me, Matrevis, died he ere thou cam'ſt,
Or did'ſt thou ſee my friend to take his death?

Matrevis.

Neither, my lord; for as he was ſurpriz'd;
Begirt with weapons, and with enemies round,
I did your highneſs' meſſage to them all;
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And ſaid, upon the honour of my name,
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highneſs, and to bring him back.

Edward.

And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Spencer.

Proud recreants!

Edward.

Yea, Spencer, traitors all.

Matrevis.

Matrevis.

I found them at the firſt inexorable;
The earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaſter
Spake leaſt: and when they flatly had deny'd,
Refuſing to receive me pledge for him,
The earl of Pembroke mildly thus beſpake;
My lords, becauſe our ſovereign ſends for him,
And promiſeth he ſhall be ſafe return'd,
I will this undertake, to have him hence,
And ſee him re-deliver'd to your hands.

Edward.

Well, and how fortunes that he came not?

Spencer.

Some treaſon, or ſome villainy, was the cauſe.

Matrevis.

The earl of Warwick ſeiz'd him on his way.
For being deliver'd unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his priſoner ſafe;
But ere he came, Warwick in ambuſh lay,
And bare him to his death, and in a trench
Struck off his head, and march'd unto the camp.

Spencer.

A bloody part, flatly 'gainſt law of arms.

Edward.

O ſhall I ſpeak! or ſhall I ſigh and die!

Spencer.

My lord, refer your vengeance to the ſword
Upon theſe barons: hearten up your men;
Let them not unreveng'd murder your friends!
Advance your ſtandard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their ſtarting holes.

[Edward *kneels, and ſaith:*

Edward.

By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's ſword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, caſtles, towns, and towers.

Treacherous Warwick! traiterous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headleſs trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And ſtain my royal ſtandard with the ſame,
That ſo my bloody colours may ſuggeſt
Remembrance of revenge immortally,
On your accurſed traiterous progeny,
You villains that have ſlain my Gaveſton.
And in this place of honour and of truſt,
Spencer, ſweet Spencer, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Glo'ſter, and lord chamberlain,
Deſpite of times, deſpite of enemies.

Spencer.

My lord, here is a meſſenger from the barons,
Deſires acceſs unto your majeſty.

Edward.

Admit him near.

Enter the herald from the Barons, with his coat of arms.

Meſſenger.

Long live king Edward, England's lawful lord!

Edward.

So wiſh not they I [41] wis that ſent thee hither.
Thou com'ſt from Mortimer and his accomplices,
A ranker root of rebels never was.
Well, ſay thy meſſage.

Meſſenger.

The barons up in arms, by me ſalute
Your highneſs with long life and happineſs;
And bid me ſay, as plainer to your grace,
That if without effuſion of blood,
You will, this grief have eaſe and remedy;
That from your princely perſon you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
That deads the royal vine, whoſe golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem;

[41] *wis*] See Note 89 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 65.

Whoſe

Whoſe brightneſs ſuch pernicious upſtarts dim,
Say they, and lovingly adviſe your grace,
To cheriſh virtue and nobility,
And have old ſervitors in high eſteem,
And ſhake off ſmooth diſſembling flatterers:
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highneſs vow'd and conſecrate.

Spencer.

Ah, traitors! will they ſtill diſplay their pride?

Edward.

Away, tarry no anſwer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their ſovereign
His ſports, his pleaſures, and his company?
Yet ere thou go, ſee how I do divorce [*Embraces* Spencer.
Spencer from me—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chaſtiſe them
For murthering Gaveſton: hie thee! get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and ſword, follows at thy heels.
My lord, perceive you how theſe rebels ſwell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your ſovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them ſtoop.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, excurſions, a great fight, and a retreat.

Enter the King, Spencer *the father*, Spencer *the ſon, and the noblemen of the king's ſide.*

Edward.

Why do we ſound retreat? upon them, lords!
This day I ſhall pour vengeance with my ſword
On thoſe proud rebels that are up in arms,
And do confront and countermand their king.

Spencer junior.

I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.

Spencer ſenior.

'Tis not amiſs, my liege, for either part
To breathe a while; our men with ſweat and duſt
All choak'd well near, begin to faint for heat,
And this retire refreſheth horſe and man.

Spencer junior.

Here come the rebels.

Enter the barons, Mortimer, Lancaſter, Warwick, Pembroke, &c.

Mortimer.

Look, Lancaſter, yonder's Edward 'mong his flatterers.

Lancaſter.

And there let him be, till he pay dearly for their company.

Warwick.

And ſhall, or Warwick's ſword ſhall ſmite in vain.

Edward.

What, rebels, do you ſhrink, and ſound retreat?

Mortimer junior.

No, Edward, no, thy flatterers faint and fly.

Lancaſter.

Th'ad beſt betimes forſake thee, and their trains,
For they'll betray thee, traitors as they are.

Spencer junior.

Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaſter!

Pembroke.

Away, baſe upſtart! brav'ſt thou nobles thus?

Spencer ſenior.

A noble attempt! and honourable deed!
Is it not, trow ye, to aſſemble aid,
And levy arms againſt your lawful king?

Edward.

For which ere long their heads ſhall ſatisfy,
To appeaſe the wrath of their offended king.

Mortimer junior.

Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the laſt,
And rather bathe thy ſword in ſubjects' blood,
Than baniſh that pernicious company?

Edward.

Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be brav'd,
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of ſtones,
And plows to go about our palace-gates.

Warwick.

A deſperate and unnatural reſolution!
Alarum to the fight, [42] St. George for England,
And the baron's right.

Edward.

St. George for England, and king Edward's right. [*Exeunt.*

[42] *St. George for England,*] See Note to *The Pinner of Wakefield*, vol. III.

Re-enter

Re-enter Edward, *with the barons captives.*

Edward.

Now, luſty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But juſtice of the quarrel, and the cauſe,
Vail'd is your pride; methinks you hang the heads,
But we'll advance them, traitors; now 'tis time
To be aveng'd on you for all your braves,
And for the murder of my deareſt friend,
To whom right well you knew our ſoul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveſton, my ſweet favourite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away.

Edmund.

Brother, in regard of thee, and of thy land,
Did they remove that flatterer from thy throne.

Edward.

So, ſir, you have ſpoke; away, avoid our preſence!
Accurs'd wretches, was't in regard of us,
When we had ſent our meſſengers to requeſt
He might be ſpar'd to come to ſpeak with us,
And Pembroke undertook for his return,
That thou, proud Warwick, watch'd the priſoner,
Poor Pierce, and headed him 'gainſt law of arms;
For which thy head ſhall overlook the reſt,
As much as thou in rage outwent'ſt the reſt.

Warwick.

Tyrant! I ſcorn thy threats and menaces,
It is but temporal that thou canſt inflict.

Lancaſter.

The worſt is death, and better die than live,
To live in infamy under ſuch a king.

Edward.

Away with them! my lord of Wincheſter:
Theſe luſty leaders, Warwick and Lancaſter,
I charge you roundly, off with both their heads, away.

Warwick.

Farewell, vain world!

Lancaſter.

Sweet Mortimer, farewell.

Mortimer junior.

England, unkind to thy nobility,
Groan for this grief, behold how thou art maim'd!

Edward.

Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
There ſee him ſafe beſtow'd; and for the reſt,
Do ſpeedy execution on them all. Be gone.

Mortimer junior.

What, Mortimer! can ragged ſtony walls
Immure thy virtue that aſpires to heaven?
No, Edward, England's ſcourge, it may not be,
Mortimer's hope ſurmounts his fortune far.

Edward.

Sound drums and trumpets, march with me my friends;
Edward this day hath crown'd him king anew. [*Exit.*

Manent Spencer *filius*, Lewen, *and* Baldock.

Spencer.

Lewen, the truſt that we repoſe in thee,
Begets the quiet of king Edward's land.
Therefore be gone in haſte, and with advice
Beſtow that treaſure on the lords of France,
That therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That ſuffered Jove to paſs in ſhowers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Iſabel the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to croſs the ſeas with her young ſon,
And ſtep into his father's regiment.

Lewen.

That's it theſe barons and the ſubtle queen
Long levied at.

Baldock.

Yea; but, Lewen, thou ſeeſt,
Theſe barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend, the hangman fruſtrates clean.

Lewen.

Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap ſo cloſe
Among the lords of France with England's gold,
That Iſabel ſhall make her plaints in vain,
And France ſhall be obdurate with her tears.

Spencer.

Spencer.

Then make for France, amain—Lewen, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Edmund.

Edmund.

Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arriv'd for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cauſe in this.
A brother, no, a butcher of thy friends.
Proud Edward, do'ſt thou baniſh me thy preſence?
But I'll to France, and chear the wronged queen,
And certify what Edward's looſneſs is.
Unnatural king! to ſlaughter noble men
And cheriſh flatterers! Mortimer, I ſtay
Thy ſweet eſcape; ſtand, gracious gloomy night,
To his device.

Enter Mortimer *diſguiſed.*

Mortimer junior.

Holla! who walketh there? is't you, my lord?

Edmund.

Mortimer, 'tis I; but hath thy potion wrought ſo happily?

Mortimer junior.

It hath, my lord, the warders all aſleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to paſs in peace.
But hath your grace got ſhipping unto France?

Edmund.

Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen *and her ſon.*

Queen.

Ah, boy, our friends do fail us all in France;
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What ſhall we do?

Prince.

Madam, return to England,
And pleaſe my father well; and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendſhip here in France.

I warrant you, I'll win his highneſs quickly;
He loves me better than a thouſand Spencers.

Queen.

Ah, boy, thou art deceiv'd, at leaſt in this,
To think that we can yet be tun'd together;
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Iſabel! when France rejects,
Whither, o whither doſt thou bend thy ſteps?

Enter Sir John of Henault.

Sir John.

Madam, what cheer?

Queen.

Ah, good ſir John of Henault,
Never ſo cheerleſs, nor ſo far diſtreſt.

Sir John.

I hear, ſweet lady, of the king's unkindneſs;
But droop not, madam, noble minds contemn
Deſpair: will your grace with me to Henault,
And there ſtay time's advantage with your ſon?
How ſay you, my lord, will you go with your friends,
And ſhake off all our fortunes equally?

Prince.

So pleaſeth the queen my mother, me it likes.
The king of England, not the court of France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother's ſide,
Till I be ſtrong enough to break a ſtaff;
And then have at the proudeſt Spencer's head.

Sir John.

Well ſaid, my lord.

Queen.

Oh, my ſweet heart! how do I moan thy wrong,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee my joy!
Ah, ſweet ſir John, even to the utmoſt verge
Of Europe, or the ſhore of Tanaiſe,
Will we with thee to Henault, ſo we will.
The marqueſs is a noble gentleman,
His grace I dare preſume will welcome me.
But who are theſe?

Enter

Enter Edmund *and* Mortimer.

Edmund.

Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!

Queen.

Lord Edmund and lord Mortimer alive!
Welcome to France! the news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.

Mortimer junor.

Lady, the laſt was trueſt of the twain:
But Mortimer, reſerv'd for better hap,
Hath ſhaken off the thraldom of the Tower,
And lives t'advance your ſtandard, good my lord.

Prince.

How mean you, and the king my father lives?
No, my lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.

Queen.

Not ſon, why not? I would it were no worſe.
But, gentle lords, friendleſs we are in France.

Mortimer junior.

Monſieur le Grand, a noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news;
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath ſhew'd himſelf: but, madam, right makes room,
Where weapons won't; and though ſo many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaſter,
And others of our party and faction;
Yet have we friends, aſſure your grace, in England,
Would caſt up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To ſee us there, appointed for our foes.

Edmund.

Would all were well, and Edward well reclaim'd,
For England's honour, peace, and quietneſs!

Mortimer.

But by the ſword, my lord, it muſt be deſerv'd;
The king will ne'er forſake his flatterers.

Sir John.

My lords of England, ſith th' ungentle king
Of France refuſeth to give aid of arms

To

To this diſtreſſed queen his ſiſter here,
Go you with her to Henault; doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends
Ere long, to bid the Engliſh king abaſe.
How ſay, young prince, what think you of the match?

Prince.

I think, king Edward will outrun us all.

Queen.

Nay ſon, not ſo; and you muſt not diſcourage
Your friends, that are ſo forward in your aid.

Edmund.

Sir John of Henault, pardon us, I pray;
Theſe comforts that you give our woeful queen
Bind us in kindneſs all at your command.

Queen.

Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heav'n
Proſper your happy motion, good ſir John!

Mortimer junior.

This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I ſee, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Henault, be it thy renown,
That England's queen, and nobles in diſtreſs,
Have been by thee reſtor'd and comforted.

Sir John.

Madam, along, and you, my lord, with me,
That England's peers may Henault's welcome ſee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Matrevis, *the two* Spencers, *with others.*

Edward.

Thus after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends,
And triumph Edward with his friends uncontrol'd.
My lord of Glo'ſter, do you hear the news?

Spencer junior.

What news, my lord?

Edward.

Why man, they ſay there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?

Matrevis.

Matrevis.

From the lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.

Edward.

I pray let us ſee it. What have we there?
Read it Spencer. [Spencer *reads their names.*
Why ſo; they bark'd apace a month ago.
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.
Now, ſirs, the news from France? Glo'ſter, I trow,
The lords of France love England's gold ſo well,
As Iſabel gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? have you proclaim'd, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?

Spencer junior.

My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
He will be had ere long, I doubt it not.

Edward.

If, do'ſt thou ſay? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground, our portmaſters
Are not ſo careleſs of their king's command.

Enter a Poſt.

How now, what news with thee? from whence come theſe?

Poſt.

Letters, my lords, and tidings forth of France,
To you, my lord of Gloſter, from Lewen.

Edward.

Read.

Spencer *reads the letters.*

My duty to your honour premiſed, &c. I have, according to inſtructions in that behalf, dealt with the king of France his lords, and affected, that the queen, all diſcontented and diſcomforted, is gone. Whither, if you aſk; with ſir John of Henault, brother to the marqueſs, into Flanders: with them are gone lord Edmund, and the lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation, and others; and, as conſtant report goeth, they intend to give king Edward battle in England, ſooner than he can look for them: this is all the news of import. *Your honour's in all ſervice,*

LEWEN.

Edward.

Edward.

Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer eſcap'd?
With him is Edmund gone aſſociate?
And will ſir John of Henault lead the round?
Welcome a God's name, madam, and your ſon;
England ſhall welcome you, and all your rout.
[43] Gallop a-pace bright Phœbus through the ſky,
And duſky night, in ruſty iron car,
Between you both, ſhorten the time, I pray,
That I may ſee that moſt deſired day,
When we may meet theſe traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me, but my little boy
Is thus miſled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Briſtol, there to make us ſtrong;
And winds, as equal be to bring them in,
As you injurious were to bear them forth. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, *her ſon*, Edmund, Mortimer, *and Sir* John.

Queen.

Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with proſperous winds;
Our kindeſt friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope with friends at home: a heavy caſe,
When force to force is knit, and ſword and [44] gleave
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themſelves in others, and their ſides,

[43] *Gallop a-pace*, &c.] Shakſpeare has imitated theſe lines in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 3. S. 2:

"Gallop apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
"Towards Phœbus manſion; ſuch a waggoner
"As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
"And bring in cloudy night immediately."

[44] *gleave*] Or *glave*, a weapon like a halberd. It is mentioned in Churchyard's *Challenge*, p. 44:

"And wanting wealth to pay this heavy ſum,
"With billes and *glayves* from priſon was I led."

Again, *Arden of Feverſham*:

"O miſtris, the major, and all the watch,
"Are coming towards our houſe with *glaves* and bills,"

Edward III. A. 3. S. 5:

"—— with their pond'rous *glaives*."

With

With their own weapons gore! But what's the help?
Miſgovern'd kings are cauſe of all this wreck;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all,
Whoſe looſeneſs hath betray'd thy land to ſpoil,
And made the channel overflow with blood
Of thine own people; patron ſhould'ſt thou be,
But thou—

Mortimer junior.

Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
Ye muſt not grow ſo paſſionate in ſpeeches.
Lords, ſith that we are by ſufferance of heav'n,
Arriv'd and armed in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cauſe ſwear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardneſs;
And for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreck it with the ſword;
That England's queen in peace may repoſſeſs
Her dignities and honours: and withall
We may remove theſe flatterers from the king,
That havock England's wealth and treaſury.

Sir John.

Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.

Edmund.

I would he never had been flatter'd more! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Baldock, *and* Spencer *the ſon, flying about the ſtage.*

Spencer.

Fly, fly, my lord, the queen is overſtrong,
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our courſe to Ireland, there to breathe.

Edward.

What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horſe, let's reinforce our troops:
And in this bed of honour die with fame.

Baldock.

O no, my lord, this princely reſolution
Fits not the time; away, we are purſu'd. [*Exeunt.*

Edmund

Edmund *alone with a ſword and target.*

Edmund.

This way he fled, but I am come too late.
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why doſt thou chaſe
Thy lawful king, thy ſovereign, with thy ſword?
Vile wretch! and why haſt thou, of all unkind,
Born arms againſt thy brother and thy king?
Rain ſhowers of vengeance on my curſed head,
Thou God, to whom in juſtice it belongs
To puniſh this unnatural revolt!
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life:
O fly him then! but Edmund calm this rage,
Diſſemble, or thou dieſt; for Mortimer
And Iſabel do kiſs, while they conſpire:
And yet ſhe bears a face of love forſooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away; Briſtol to Longſhank's blood
Is falſe, be not found ſingle for ſuſpect:
Proud Mortimer prys near into thy walks.

Enter the Queen, Mortimer, *the young* Prince, *and Sir* John of Henault.

Queen.

Succeſsful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right, and fear his wrath.
Since then ſucceſsfully we have prevail'd,
Thanked be heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-beloved ſon,
Of love and care unto his royal perſon,
Lord warden of the realm; and, ſith the fates
Have made his father ſo unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wiſdoms fitteſt ſeems in all.

Edmund.

Madam, without offence, if I may aſk,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?

Prince.

Prince.

Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?

Edmund.

Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.

Mortimer.

My lord of Kent, what needs theſe queſtions?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours,
But as the realm and parliament ſhall pleaſe,
So ſhall your brother be diſpoſed of.
I like not this relenting mood in Edmund. [*Aſide to the* Queen.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.

Queen.

My lord, the mayor of Briſtol knows our mind.

Mortimer.

Yea, madam, and they 'ſcape not eaſily,
That fled the field.

Queen.

Baldock is with the king,
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?

Sir John.

So are the Spencers, the father and the ſon.

Edmund.

This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter Rice ap Howell, *and the mayor of* Briſtol, *with* Spencer *the father.*

Rice.

God ſave queen Iſabel, and her princely ſon.
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Briſtol,
In ſign of love and duty to this preſence,
Preſent by me this traitor to the ſtate,
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawleſs Catiline of Rome,
Revel'd in England's wealth and treaſury.

Queen.

We thank you all.

Mortimer junior.

Your loving care in this
Deſerveth princely favours and rewards.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?

Rice.

Rice.

Spencer the ſon, created earl of Glo'ſter,
Is with that ſmooth-tongu'd ſcholar Baldock gone,
And ſhipp'd but late for Ireland with the king.

Mortimer junior.

Some whirlwind fetch them back, or ſink them all!
They ſhall be ſtarted thence, I doubt it not.

Prince.

Shall I not ſee the king my father yet?

Edmund.

Unhappy Edward! chas'd from England's bounds.

Sir John.

Madam, what reſteth, why ſtand ye in a muſe?

Queen.

I rue my lord's ill fortune; but, alas!
Care of my country call'd me to this war.

Mortimer.

Madam, have done with care and ſad complaint,
Your king hath wrong'd your country and himſelf;
And we muſt ſeek to right it as we may.
Mean while, have hence this rebel to the block.

Spencer.

Rebel is he that fights againſt the prince;
So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.

Mortimer.

Take him away, he prates; you, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good ſervice to her majeſty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow theſe rebellious runnagates.
We in mean while, madam, muſt take advice,
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices,
May in their fall be followed to their end. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Abbot, Monks, Edward, Spencer, *and* Baldock.

Abbot.

Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As ſilent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal perſon ſafe with us,

Free

Free from [45] ſuſpect, and fell invaſion
Of ſuch as have your majeſty in chaſe,
Yourſelf, and thoſe your choſen company,
As danger of this ſtormy time requires.

Edward.

Father, thy face ſhould harbour no deceit.
O! hadſt thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierc'd deeply with a ſenſe of my diſtreſs,
Could not but take compaſſion of my ſtate.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp:
But what is he, whom rule and empiry
Have not in life or death made miſerable?
Come, Spencer, come, Baldock, come ſit down by me;
Make trial now of that philoſophy,
That in our famous nurſeries of arts
Thou ſuck'ſt from Plato and from Ariſtotle.
Father, this life contemplative is heaven.
O that I might this life in quiet lead!
But we, alas! are chas'd; and, you my friends,
Your lives and my diſhonour they purſue.
Yet, gentle monks, for treaſure, gold nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.

Monks.

Your grace may ſit ſecure, if none but we do [46] wot of your abode.

Spencer.

Not one alive, but ſhrewdly I ſuſpect.
A gloomy fellow in a mead below,
He gave a long look after us, my lord,
And all the land I know is up in arms,
Arms that purſue our lives with deadly hate.

Baldock.

We were imbark'd for Ireland, wretched we!
With aukward winds and ſore tempeſts driven

[45] *ſuſpect,*] i. e. *ſuſpicion.* So, in Middleton's *More Diſſemblers beſides Women*, A. 2. S. 1:

" — what a fair way
" Had I made for my love to th' General,
" And cut of all *ſuſpect*, all reprehenſion?"

[46] *wot*] See Note 85 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, p. 61.

To fall on ſhore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.

Edward.

Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer?
That bloody man! Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never ope theſe eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!

Spencer ſenior.

Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowſineſs
Betides no good; here even we are betray'd.

Enter with [47] *Welch hooks,* Rice ap Howel, *a* Mower, *and the earl of* Leiceſter.

Mower.

Upon my life, theſe be the men ye ſeek.

Rice.

Fellow, enough. My lord, I pray be ſhort,
A fair commiſſion warrants what we do.

Leiceſter.

The queen's commiſſion, urg'd by Mortimer,
What cannot Mortimer with the queen!
Alas! ſee where he ſits, and hopes unſeen,
T'eſcape their hands that ſeek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *quem dies vidit veniens ſuperbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem.
But, Leiceſter, leave to grow ſo paſſionate.
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I arreſt you of high treaſon here.
Stand not on titles, but obey th' arreſt;

47 *Welch hooks,*] What kind of weapons theſe were is not preciſely known. Mr. Steevens is of opinion, that the *Welch hook* and the brown bill are no more than varieties of the *ſecuris falcata,* or probably a weapon of the ſame kind with the Lockabar axe, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with ſuch a one at the battle of Preſton Pans. Mr. Tollet imagines a weapon, of which a print is given from the hooked form of it to be the *Welch hook.* See Notes in the Firſt Part of *Henry* IV. A. 2. S. 4.

'Tis

'Tis in the name of Iſabel the queen.
My lord, why droop you thus?

Edward.

O day! the laſt of all my bliſs on earth!
Center of all misfortune! O my ſtars!
Why do you low'r unkindly on a king?
Comes Leiceſter then, in Iſabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here man, rip up this panting breaſt of mine,
And take my heart, in reſcue of my friends.

Rice.

Away with them!

Spencer junior.

It may become thee yet,
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

Abbot.

My heart with pity yearns to ſee this ſight,
A king to bear theſe words and proud commands.

Edward.

Spencer, ah ſweet Spencer, thus then muſt we part?

Spencer junior.

We muſt, my lord, ſo will the angry heav'ns.

Edward.

Nay ſo will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle heav'ns have not to do in this.

Baldock.

My lord, it is in vain to grieve or ſtorm.
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are caſt, I fear me, ſo is thine.

Edward.

In heav'n we may, in earth ne'er ſhall we meet:
And, Leiceſter, ſay, what ſhall become of us?

Leiceſter.

Your majeſty muſt go to Killingworth.

Edward.

Muſt! 'tis ſomewhat hard, when kings muſt go.

Leiceſter.

Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleaſure, and the day grows old.

Rice.

As good be gone, as ſtay and be benighted.

Edward.

A litter haſt thou? lay me in a hearſe,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's ſhore.
For friends hath Edward none, but theſe; and theſe
Muſt die under a tyrant's ſword.

Rice.

My lord, be going, care not for theſe,
For we ſhall ſee them ſhorter by the heads.

Edward.

Well, that ſhall be, ſhall be: part we muſt!
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we muſt!
Hence feigned weeds! unfeigned are my woes;
Father, farewell! Leiceſter, thou ſtay'ſt for me,
And go I muſt. Life, farewell, with my friends.

[*Exeunt* Edward *and* Leiceſter.

Spencer junior.

O is he gone! is noble Edward gone!
Parted from hence! never to ſee us more!
Rend, ſphere of heav'n! and, fire, forſake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! gone is my ſovereign!
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

Baldock.

Spencer, I ſee our ſouls are fleeting hence;
We are depriv'd the ſunſhine of our life;
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes,
And heart and hand, to heav'n's immortal throne,
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our leſſons unto this,
To die, ſweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and riſe to fall.

Rice.

Come, come, keep theſe preachments till you come
To the place appointed. You, and ſuch as you are,
Have made wiſe work in England.
Will your lordſhips away?

Mower.

Mower.

Your lordſhip I truſt will remember me?

Rice.

Remember thee, fellow! what elſe?
Follow me to the town. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Leiceſter, *with the Biſhop of* Wincheſter *for the crown.*

Leiceſter.

Be patient, good my lord, ceaſe to lament,
Imagine Killingworth caſtle were your court,
And that you lay for pleaſure here a ſpace,
Not of compulſion or neceſſity.

Edward.

Leiceſter, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy ſpeeches long ago had eas'd my ſorrows;
For kind and loving haſt thou always been.
The griefs of private men are ſoon allay'd,
But not of kings. The foreſt deer, being ſtruck,
Runs to an herb that cloſeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's fleſh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly ſcorning, that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to th' air.
And ſo it fares with me, whoſe dauntleſs mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would ſeek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, falſe Iſabel,
That thus hath pent and mu'd me in a priſon:
For ſuch outrageous paſſions cloy my ſoul,
As with the wings of rancour and diſdain,
Full oft am I ſoaring up to high heav'n,
To plain me to the gods againſt them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I ſhould revenge me of the wrongs,
That Mortimer and Iſabel have done.
But what are kings, when [48] regiment is gone,
But perfect ſhadows in a ſunſhine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controul'd by them,

[48] *regiment*] See Note 18, p. 319. P.

By Mortimer, and my unconſtant queen,
Who ſpots my nuptial bed with infamy;
Whilſt I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where ſorrow at my elbow ſtill attends,
To company my heart with ſad laments,
That bleeds within me for this ſtrange exchange.
But tell me, muſt I now reſign my crown,
To make uſurping Mortimer a king?

Winchester.

Your grace miſtakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

Edward.

No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompaſſed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'ns turn it to a blaze of quenchleſs fire!
Or, like the ſnaky wreath of Tiſiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;
So ſhall not England's vines be periſhed,
But Edward's name ſurvive, though Edward dies.

Leiceſter.

My lord, why waſte you thus the time away?
They ſtay your anſwer, will you yield your crown?

Edward.

Ah, Leiceſter, weigh how hardly I can brook
To loſe my crown and kingdom without cauſe;
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliſs,
In which extreams my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heav'ns appoint, I muſt obey!
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But ſtay a while, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So ſhall my eyes receive their laſt content,
My head, the lateſt honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wiſhed right.
Continue ever, thou celeſtial ſun;
Let never ſilent night poſſeſs this clime;

Stand

Stand ſtill, you watches of the element;
All times and ſeaſons, reſt you at a ſtay,
That Edward may be ſtill fair England's king;
But day's bright beam doth vaniſh faſt away,
And needs I muſt reſign my wiſhed crown.
Inhuman creatures! nurs'd with tiger's milk!
Why gape you for your ſovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltleſs life.
See, monſters, ſee, I'll wear my crown again.
What, fear you not the fury of your king?
But hapleſs Edward, thou art fondly led,
They paſs not for thy frowns as late they did,
But ſeek to make a new-elected king;
Which fills my mind with ſtrange deſpairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyr'd with endleſs torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none,
But that I feel the crown upon my head,
And therefore let me wear it yet a while.

Truſty.

My lord, the parliament muſt have preſent news,
And therefore ſay, will you reſign or no?

The king rageth.

Edward.

I'll not reſign! but whilſt I live, be king!
Traitors be gone, and join with Mortimer.
Elect, [49] confirm, inſtall, do what you will;
Their blood and yours ſhall ſeal theſe treacheries!

Winchester.

This anſwer we'll return, and ſo farewell.

Leiceſter.

Call them again, my lord, and ſpeak them fair;
For if they go, the prince ſhall loſe his right.

Edward.

Call thou them back, I have no power to ſpeak.

Leiceſter.

My Lord, the king is willing to reſign.

Winchester.

If he be not, let him chooſe.

[49] *confirm*] All the editions read *conſpire*. The alluſion ſeems to be to the ſeveral forms obſerved in the creation of a Biſhop, in which the act of *confirmation* comes between *election* and *inſtallation*. S. P.

Edward.

O would I might! but heav'n and earth conſpire
To make me miſerable! here, receive my crown;
Receive it! no, theſe innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of ſo foul a crime.
He of you all that moſt deſires my blood,
And will be call'd the murtherer of a king,
Take it. What, are you mov'd? pity you me?
Then ſend for unrelenting Mortimer,
And Iſabel, whoſe eyes, being turn'd to ſteel,
Will ſooner ſparkle fire than ſhed a tear.
Yet ſtay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here: now, ſweet God of heav'n!
Make me deſpiſe this tranſitory pomp,
And fit for aye inthroniz'd in heav'n!
Come death, and with thy fingers cloſe my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myſelf.

Enter Berkeley.

Berkeley.

My lord.

Edward.

Call me not lord;
Away, out of my ſight—ah, pardon me,
Grief makes me lunatick!
Let not that Mortimer protect my ſon;
More ſafety there is in a tiger's jaws,
Than his imbracements—Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dry'd again with ſighs;
If with the ſight thereof ſhe be not mov'd,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my ſon, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I tranſgreſt,
Unleſs it be with too much clemency?

Truſty.

And thus, moſt humbly do we take our leave.

Edward.

Farewell; I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome ſhall it be,
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Leiceſter.

Another poſt! what news brings he?

Edward.

Such news as I expect—come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy meſſage to my naked breaſt.

Berkeley.

My lord, think not a thought ſo villainous
Can harbour in a man of noble birth.
To do your highneſs ſervice and devoir,
And ſave you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leiceſter.

My lord, the counſel and the queen commands
That I reſign my charge.

Edward.

And who muſt keep me now? muſt you, my lord?

Berkeley.

Ay, my moſt gracious lord, ſo 'tis decreed.

Edward.

By Mortimer, whoſe name is written here.
Well, may I rend his name that rends my heart!
This poor revenge hath ſomething eas'd my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berkeley.

Your grace muſt hence with me to Berkeley ſtraight.

Edward.

Whither you will, all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leiceſter.

Favour him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berkeley,

Even ſo betide my ſoul as I uſe him.

Edward.

Mine enemy hath pitied my eſtate,
And that's the cauſe that I am now remov'd.

Berkeley.

And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

Edward.

I know not, but of this am I aſſur'd,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leiceſter, farewell.

Leiceſter.

Leiceſter.

Not yet, my lord, I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mortimer, *and queen* Iſabel.

Mortimer junior.

Fair Iſabel, now have we our deſire,
The proud corrupters of the light-brain'd king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himſelf lies in captivity.
Be rul'd by me, and we will rule the realm.
In any caſe take heed of childiſh fear,
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That if he ſlip will ſeize upon us both,
And gripe the ſorer, being gript himſelf.
Think therefore, madam, that imports as much,
To erect your ſon with all the ſpeed we may,
And that I be protector over him;
For our behoof, 'twill bear the greater ſway
When as a king's name ſhall be under writ.

Queen.

Sweet Mortimer, the life of Iſabel,
Be thou perſuaded that I love thee well,
And therefore ſo the prince my ſon be ſafe,
Whom I eſteem as dear as theſe mine eyes,
Conclude againſt his father what thou wilt,
And I myſelf will willingly ſubſcribe.

Mortimer junior.

Firſt would I hear news he were depos'd,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Meſſenger.

Mortimer junior.

Letters! from whence?

Meſſenger.

From Killingworth, my lord.

Queen.

How fares my lord the king?

Meſſenger.

In health, madam, but full of penſiveneſs.

Queen.

Alas! poor ſoul, would I could eaſe his grief!

Thanks,

Thanks, gentle Winchester; firrah, be gone. [*Exit* Messenger.

Winchester.

The king hath willingly resign'd his crown.

Queen.

O happy news! send for the prince, my son.

Winchester.

Further, or this letter was seal'd, lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killingworth,
And we have heard that Edmund laid a plot
To set his brother free; no more but so,
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful,
As Leicester that had charge of him before.

Queen.

Then let some other be his guardian.

Mortimer junior.

Let me alone, here is the privy seal.
Who's there? call hither Gurney and Matrevis,
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund's drift;
Berkeley shall be discharg'd, the king remov'd,
And none but we shall know where he lieth.

Queen.

But, Mortimer, as long as he survives,
What safety rests for us, or for my son?

Mortimer junior.

Speak, shall he presently be dispatch'd and die?

Queen.

I would he were, so 't were not by my means.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Mortimer junior.

Enough; Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourself,
That he resign the king to thee and Gurney;
And when 'tis done we will subscribe our name.

Matrevis.

It shall be done, my lord.

Mortimer junior.

Gurney.

Gurney.

My lord.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

As thou intend'ſt to riſe by Mortimer,
Who now makes fortune's wheel turn as he pleaſe,
Seek all the means thou canſt to make him droop,
And neither give him kind word nor good look.

Gurney.

I warrant you, my lord.

Mortimer junior.

And this above the reſt, becauſe we hear
That Edmund caſts to work his liberty,
Remove him ſtill from place to place by night,
Till at the laſt he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again:
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
[50] Speak curſtly to him; and in any caſe
Let no man comfort him if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.

Matrevis.

Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.

Mortimer junior.

So, now away; poſt thitherwards amain.

Queen.

Whither goes this letter, to my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majeſty,
And tell him, that I labour all in vain
To eaſe his grief, and work his liberty;
And bear him this, as witneſs of my love.

Matrevis.

I will, madam. [*Exeunt* Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Manent Iſabel *and* Mortimer.

Enter the young Prince, and the earl of Kent talking with him.

Mortimer junior.

Finely diſſembled! do ſo ſtill, ſweet queen.

[50] *Speak curſtly*] *Curſtly* is *ſhreiveſtly*, *ill-naturedly*, or *frowardly*. As, in *Philaſter*:

"Hadſt a *curſt* maſter when thou wentſt to ſchool."

Taming of the Shrew:

"—— her only fault
Is that ſhe is intolerably *curſt*."

Here

Here comes the young prince, with the earl of Kent.

Queen.

Something he whiſpers in his childiſh ears.

Mortimer junior.

If he have ſuch acceſs unto the prince,
Our plots and ſtratagems will ſoon be daſh'd.

Queen.

Uſe Edmund friendly, as if all were well.

Mortimer junior.

How fares my honourable lord of Kent?

Edmund.

In health, ſweet Mortimer; how fares your grace?

Queen.

Well, if my lord your brother were enlarg'd.

Edmund.

I hear of late he hath depos'd himſelf.

Queen.

The more my grief.

Mortimer junior.

And mine.

Edmund.

Ah, they do diſſemble! [*Aſide.*

Queen.

Sweet ſon, come hither, I muſt talk with thee.

Mortimer junior.

You being his uncle, and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector o'er the prince.

Edmund.

Not I, my lord; who ſhould protect the ſon,
But ſhe that gave him life, I mean the queen?

Prince.

Mother, perſuade me not to wear the crown;
Let him be king, I am too young to reign.

Queen.

But be content, ſeeing it is his highneſs' pleaſure.

Prince.

Let me but ſee him firſt, and then I will.

Edmund.

Ay do, ſweet nephew.

Queen.

Queen.

Brother, you know it is impoſſible.

Prince.

Why, is he dead?

Queen.

No, God forbid!

Edmund.

I would thoſe words proceeded from your heart.

Mortimer junior.

Inconſtant Edmund, doſt thou favour him,
That waſt a cauſe of his impriſonment?

Edmund.

The more cauſe have I now to make amends.

Mortimer junior.

I tell thee 'tis not meet, that one ſo falſe
Should come about the perſon of a prince.
My lord, he hath betray'd the king his brother,
And therefore truſt him not.

Prince.

But he repents, and ſorrows for it now.

Queen.

Come ſon, and go with this gentle lord and me.

Prince.

With you I will, but not with Mortimer.

Mortimer.

Why, youngling, s'dain'ſt thou ſo of Mortimer?
Then I will carry thee by force away.

Prince.

Help, uncle Kent, Mortimer will wrong me.

Queen.

Brother Edmund, ſtrive not, we are his friends,
Iſable is nearer than the earl of Kent.

Edmund.

Siſter, Edward is my charge, redeem him.

Queen.

Edward is my ſon, and I will keep him.

Edmund.

Mortimer ſhall know that he hath wrong'd me.
Hence will I haſte to Killingworth caſtle,

And reſcue aged Edward from his foes,
To be reveng'd on Mortimer and thee. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney *with the* King.

Matrevis.

My lord, be not penſive, we are your friends;
Men are ordain'd to live in miſery,
Therefore come, dalliance dangereth our lives.

Edward.

Friends, whither muſt unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no reſt?
Muſt I be vexed like the nightly bird,
Whoſe ſight is loathſome to all winged fowls?
When will the fury of his mind aſſuage?
When will his heart be ſatisfied with blood?
If mine will ſerve, unbowel ſtraight this breaſt,
And give my heart to Iſabel and him,
It is the chiefeſt mark they level at.

Gurney.

Not ſo, my liege, the queen hath given this charge,
To keep your grace in ſafety;
Your paſſions make your choler to encreaſe.

Edward.

This uſage makes my miſery encreaſe.
But can my air of life continue long,
When all my ſenſes are annoy'd with ſtench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kept,
Where I am ſtarv'd for want of ſuſtenance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking ſobs,
That almoſt rend the cloſet of my heart;
Thus lives old Edward not reliev'd by any,
And ſo muſt die, tho' pitied by many.
O water, gentle friends, to cool my thirſt,
And clear my body from foul excrements!

Matrevis.

Here's channel-water, as our charge is given;
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to your grace.

Edward.

Traitors, away; what will you murder me,
Or choak your ſovereign with puddle-water?

Gurney.

Gurney.

No; but waſh your face, and ſhave away your beard,
Leſt you be known, and ſo be reſcued.

Matrevis.

Why ſtrive you thus, your labour is in vain?

Edward.

The wren may ſtrive againſt the lion's ſtrength,
But all in vain; ſo vainly do I ſtrive,
To ſeek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.

[*They waſh him with puddle-water, and ſhave his beard away.*

Immortal powers! that know the painful cares,
That wait upon my poor diſtreſſed ſoul!
O level all your looks upon theſe daring men,
That wrong their liege and ſovereign, England's king.
O Gaveſton, it is for thee that I am wrong'd,
For me, both thou and both the Spencers dy'd!
And for your ſakes a thouſand wrongs I'll take.
The Spencers ghoſts, wherever they remain,
Wiſh well to mine; then tuſh, for them I'll die.

Matrevis.

'Twixt theirs and yours, ſhall be no enmity.
Come, come, away, now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkneſs to Killingworth.

Enter Edmund.

Gurney.

How now, who comes there?

Matrevis.

Guard the king ſure; it is the earl of Kent.

Edward.

O, gentle brother, help to reſcue me!

Matrevis.

Keep them aſunder; thruſt in the king.

Edmund.

Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.

Gurney.

Lay hands upon the earl for his aſſault.

Edmund.

Lay down your weapons, traitors, yield the king.

Matrevis.

Matrevis.

Edmund, yield thou thyſelf, or thou ſhalt die.

Edmund.

Baſe villains! wherefore do you gripe me thus?

Gurney.

Bind him, and ſo convey him to the court.

Edmund.

Where is the court but here? here is the king,
And I will viſit him; why ſtay you me?

Matrevis.

The court is where lord Mortimer remains;
Thither ſhall your honour go; and ſo farewell.

[*Exeunt* Matrevis *and* Gurney, *with the King.*

Manent Edmund *and the Soldiers.*

Edmund.

O miſerable is that common-weal, where lords
Keep courts, and kings are lock'd in priſon!

Soldiers.

Wherefore ſtay we? on, ſirs, to the court.

Edmund.

Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be releaſed. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mortimer *alone.*

Mortimer junior.

The king muſt die, or Mortimer goes down.
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cauſe of Edward's death,
Is ſure to pay for it when his ſon's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them ſave his life.
Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum eſt.
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die.
But read it thus, and that's another ſenſe:
Edwardum occidere nolite timere bonum eſt.
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worſt.
Unpointed as it is, thus ſhall it go,

That being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the reſt may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caus'd it to be done.
Within this room is lock'd the meſſenger,
That ſhall convey it, and perform the reſt:
And by a ſecret token that he bears,
Shall he be murder'd when the deed is done.
Lightborn, come forth; art thou ſo reſolute as thou waſt?

Enter Lightborn.

Lightborn.

What elſe, my lord? and far more reſolute.

Mortimer junior.

And haſt thou caſt how to accompliſh it?

Lightborn.

Ay, ay, and none ſhall know which way he died.

Mortimer junior.

But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.

Lightborn.

Relent! ha, ha, I uſe much to relent.

Mortimer.

Well, do it bravely, and be ſecret.

Lightborn.

You ſhall not need to give inſtructions;
'Tis not the firſt time I have kill'd a man.
I learn'd in Naples how to poiſon flowers;
To ſtrangle with a lawn thruſt thro' the throat;
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilſt one is aſleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth, and pour quick-ſilver down.
But yet I have a braver way than theſe.

Mortimer.

What's that?

Lightborn.

Nay, you ſhall pardon me, none ſhall know my tricks.

Mortimer.

I care not how it is, ſo it be not 'ſpy'd.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis.

At every ten mile end thou haſt a horſe.
Take this, away; and never ſee me more.

Lightborn.

No!

Mortimer.

No; unleſs thou bring me news of Edward's death.

Lightborn.

That will I quickly do; farewel, my lord. [*Exit.*

Mortimer.

The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And, with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudeſt lords ſalute me as I paſs:
I ſeal, I cancel, I do what I will;
Fear'd am I more than lov'd—let me be fear'd;
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Ariſtarchus' eyes,
Whoſe looks were as [48] a breeching to a boy.
They thruſt upon me the protectorſhip,
And ſue to me for that which I deſire.
While at the council-table, grave enough,
And not unlike a baſhful puritan,
Firſt I complain of imbecility,
Saying it is, *onus quam graviſſimum*,
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suſcepi that *provinciam*, as they term it,
And, to conclude, I am protector now.
Now is all ſure, the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.

[48] —*a breeching*] *A whipping.* So, in Maſſinger's *Unnatural Combat*, A. 1. S. 1:

"Tales out of ſchool! take heed, you will *be breech'd* elſe."

The Baſhful Lover, A. 1. S. 1:

"You will *be breech'd*, boy,
"For your phyſical maxims."

The Guardian, A. 1. S. 1:

"How he looks! like a ſchool-boy that had play'd the truant,
"And went *to be breech'd*."

Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, A. 3. S. 1:

"I am no *breeching* ſcholar in the ſchools."

See alſo Mr. Steevens's Note on the laſt paſſage.

Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,
And what I liſt command; who dare control?
Major ſum quàm cui poſſit fortuna nocere.
And that this be the coronation-day,
It pleaſeth me, and Iſabel the queen.
The trumpets ſound, I muſt go take my place.

Enter the young King, Biſhop, Champion, Nobles, Queen.

Biſhop.

Long live king Edward, by the grace of God,
King of England, and lord of Ireland!

Champion.

If any Chriſtian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm, that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his ſaying with the ſword,
I am the champion that will combat him.

Mortimer junior.

None comes, ſound trumpets.

King.

Champion, here's to thee.

Queen.

Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers, with the earl of Kent *priſoner.*

Mortimer junior.

What traitor have we there with blades and bills?

Soldiers.

Edmund, the earl of Kent.

King.

What hath he done?

Soldiers.

He would have taken the king away per force,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.

Mortimer junior.

Did you attempt his reſcue, Edmund? Speak.

Edmund.

Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'ſt this prince to wear the crown.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

Strike off his head, he ſhall have martial law.

Edmund.

Strike off my head! baſe traitor, I defy thee.

King.

My lord, he is my uncle, and ſhall live.

Mortimer junior.

My lord, he is your enemy, and ſhall die.

Edmund.

Stay, villains!

King.

Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Intreat my lord protector for his life.

Queen.

Son, be content; I dare not ſpeak a word.

King.

Nor I, and yet methinks I ſhould command;
But, ſeeing I cannot, I'll intreat for him—
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.

Mortimer junior.

'Tis for your highneſs' good, and for the realm's.
How often ſhall I bid you bear him hence?

Edmund.

Art thou king? muſt I die at thy command?

Mortimer junior.

At our command! Once more, away with him.

Edmund.

Let me but ſtay and ſpeak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his ſon is king,
And none of both them thirſt for Edmund's blood.
And therefore, ſoldiers, whither will you hale me?

[*They hale* Edmund *away, and carry him to be beheaded.*

King.

What ſafety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle ſhall be murdered thus?

Queen.

Fear not, ſweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund liv'd, he would have ſought thy death.
Come ſon, we'll ride a hunting in the park.

King.

And ſhall my uncle Edmund ride with us?

Queen.

He is a traitor, think not on him; come. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Matrevis.

Gurney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,
To which the channels of the caſtle run,
From whence a damp continually ariſeth,
That were enough to poiſon any man,
Much more a king, brought up ſo tenderly.

Gurney.

And ſo do I, Matrevis: yeſternight
I open'd but the door to throw him meat,
And I was almoſt ſtifled with the ſavour.

Matrevis.

He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict: and therefore now,
Let us aſſail his mind another while.

Gurney.

Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Matrevis.

But ſtay, who's this?

Enter Lightborn.

Lightborn.

My lord protector greets you.

Gurney.

What's here? I know not how to conſtrue it.

Matrevis.

Gurney, it was left unpointed for the [49] nonce;
Edwardum occidere nolite timere,
That's his meaning.

Lightborn.

Know ye this token? I muſt have the king.

[49] *nonce*;] See Note on *Alexander and Campaſpe*, p. 139.

Matrevis.

Ay, ſtay a while, thou ſhalt have anſwer ſtraight.
This villain's ſent to make away the king.

Gurney.

I thought as much.

Matrevis.

And when the murder's done,
See how he muſt be handled for his labour.
Pereat iſte: let him have the king.
What elſe? here is the keys, this is the lake,
Do as you are commanded by my lord.

Lightborn.

I know what I muſt do, get you away.
Yet be not far off, I ſhall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a ſpit, and let it be red hot.

Matrevis.

Very well.

Gurney.

Need you any thing beſides?

Lightborn.

A table and a featherbed.

Gurney.

That's all.

Lightborn.

Ay, ay; ſo when I call you, bring it in.

Matrevis.

Fear not thou that.

Gurney.

Here's a light to go into the dungeon.

Lightborn.

So now muſt I about this geer, ne'er was there any
So finely handled as this king ſhall be.
Foh, here's a place indeed, with all my heart!

Edward.

Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'ſt thou?

Lightborn.

To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edward.

Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'ſt to murder me.

Lightborn.

To murder you, my moſt gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen ſent me to ſee how you were us'd,
For ſhe relents at this your miſery:
And what eyes can refrain from ſhedding tears,
To ſee a king in this moſt piteous ſtate?

Edward.

Weep'ſt thou already? liſt a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis, hewn from the Caucaſus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me, is the ſink
Wherein the filth of all the caſtle falls.

Lightborn.

O villains!

Edward.

And there, in mire and puddle have I ſtood
This ten days ſpace; and, leſt that I ſhould ſleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of ſleep and ſuſtenance,
My mind's diſtemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O, would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my [50] totter'd robes.
Tell Iſabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her ſake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.

[50] *totter'd robes.*] i. e. *tatter'd*, as we now pronounce it. In every writer of this period the word was ſpelt as above written, and perhaps, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, the preſent broad pronunciation, almoſt particular to the Scots, was, at that time, common to both nations. (See Note 6 on *King John.*) To the ſeveral inſtances there produced may be added the following:

Dekker's *Bel-man of London*, Sign. D 4: — "the turn ſpits (who "were poore *tottered* greaſie fellows) looking like ſo many hee divells."

Bel-man's *Night walkes*, Sign. M 3: — "By none but the Souldiers "of theſe *totter'd* bands, it is familiarly or uſually ſpoken."

Lightborn.

Lightborn.

O ſpeak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and reſt yourſelf a while.

Edward.

Theſe looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I ſee my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet ſtay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me ſee the ſtroke before it comes,
That even then, when I ſhall loſe my life,
My mind may be more ſtedfaſt on my God.

Lightborn.

What means your highneſs to miſtruſt me thus?

Edward.

What mean'ſt thou to diſſemble with me thus?

Lightborn.

Theſe hands were never ſtain'd with innocent blood,
Nor ſhall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edward.

Forgive my thought, for having ſuch a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cauſe,
But every joint ſhakes as I give it thee.
O! if thou harbour'ſt murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and ſave thy ſoul!
Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I remain?

Lightborn.

You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and reſt.

Edward.

But that grief keeps me waking, I ſhould ſleep;
For not theſe ten days have theſe eye-lids clos'd.
Now as I ſpeak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore ſit'ſt thou here?

Lightborn.

If you miſtruſt me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edward.

No, no; for, if thou mean'ſt to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore ſtay.

Lightborn.

Lightborn.

He ſleeps.

Edward.

O let me not die; yet ſtay, O ſtay a while.

Lightborn.

How now, my lord?

Edward.

Something ſtill buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I ſleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Lightborn.

To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.

Edward.

I am too weak and feeble to reſiſt:
Aſſiſt me, ſweet God, and receive my ſoul.

Lightborn.

Run for the table.

Edward.

O ſpare me, or diſpatch me in a trice.

Lightborn.

So, lay the table down, and ſtamp on it,
But not too hard, leſt that you bruiſe his body.

Matrevis.

I fear me that this cry will raiſe the town,
And therefore let us take horſe and away.

Lightborn.

Tell me, ſirs, was it not bravely done?

Gurney.

Excellent well, take this for thy reward.

[Gurney *ſtabs* Lightborn.

Come, let us caſt the body in the mote
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord: away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mortimer *and* Matrevis.

Mortimer junior.

Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?

Matrevis.

Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

Matrevis, if thou now groweſt penitent
I'll be thy ghoſtly father; therefore chuſe,
Whether thou wilt be ſecret in this,
Or elſe die by the hand of Mortimer.

Matrevis.

Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both, therefore let me fly.

Mortimer junior.

Fly to the ſavages.

Mortimer.

I humbly thank your honour.

Mortimer junior.

As for myſelf, I ſtand as Jove's huge tree;
And others are but ſhrubs compar'd to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's ſee who dare impeach me for his death.

Enter the Queen.

Queen.

Ah, Mortimer, the king my ſon hath news,
His father's dead, and we have murdered him.

Mortimer junior.

What if he have? the king is yet a child.

Queen.

Ay, ay, but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be reveng'd upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and ſuccour of his peers.
Ah me! ſee where he comes, and they with him;
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy.

Enter the King, with the Lords.

Lords.

Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.

King.

Villain!

Mortimer

Mortimer junior.

How now, my lord?

King.

Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murder'd through thy treachery,
And thou ſhalt die, and on his mournful hearſe
Thy hateful and accurſed head ſhall lie,
To witneſs to the world, that by thy means
His kingly body was ſo ſoon interr'd.

Queen.

Weep not, ſweet ſon!

King.

Forbid not me to weep, he was my father;
And, had you lov'd him half ſo well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently.
But you, I fear, conſpir'd with Mortimer.

Lords.

Why ſpeak you not unto my lord the king?

Mortimer junior.

Becauſe I think ſcorn to be accus'd.
Who is the man dares ſay I murder'd him?

King.

Traitor! in me my loving father ſpeaks,
And plainly ſaith, 'twas thou that murd'reſt him.

Mortimer junior.

But hath your grace no other proof than this?

King.

Yes, if this be the hand of Mortimer.

Mortimer junior.

Falſe Gurney hath betray'd me and himſelf.

Queen.

I fear'd as much; murder cannot be hid.

Mortimer junior.

'Tis my hand; what gather you by this?

King.

That thither thou did'ſt ſend a murderer.

Mortimer junior.

What murderer? Bring forth the man I ſent.

King.

Ay, Mortimer, thou know'ſt that he is ſlain;
And ſo ſhalt thou be too. Why ſtays he here?

Bring

Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth,
Hang him I ſay, and ſet his quarters up.
But bring his head back preſently to me.

Queen.

For my ſake, ſweet ſon, pity Mortimer.

Mortimer junior.

Madam, intreat not, I will rather die,
Than ſue for life unto a paltry boy.

King.

Hence with the traitor! with the murderer!

Mortimer junior.

Baſe fortune, now I ſee, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aſpire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touch'd,
And ſeeing there was no place to mount up higher,
Why ſhould I grieve at my declining fall?
Farewell, fair Queen, weep not for Mortimer,
That ſcorns the world, and, as a traveller,
Goes to diſcover countries yet unknown.

King.

What! ſuffer you the traitor to delay?

Queen.

As thou received'ſt thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer.

King.

This argues, that you ſpilt my father's blood,
Elſe would you not intreat for Mortimer.

Queen.

I ſpill his blood! no.

King.

Ay, madam, you; for ſo the rumour runs.

Queen.

That rumour is untrue; for loving thee,
Is this report rais'd on poor Iſabel?

King.

I do not think her ſo unnatural.

Lords.

My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.

King.

Mother, you are ſuſpected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the tower,

Till

Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, tho' I be your ſon,
Think not to find me ſlack or pitiful.

Queen.

Nay, to my death, for too long have I liv'd,
When as my ſon thinks to abridge my days.

King.

Away with her! her words inforce theſe tears,
And I ſhall pity her if ſhe ſpeak again.

Queen.

Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord?
And with the reſt accompany him to his grave?

Lords.

Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you ſhall hence.

Queen.

He hath forgotten me; ſtay, I am his mother.

Lords.

That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.

Queen.

Then, come ſweet death, and rid me of this grief.

Lords.

My lord, here is the head of Mortimer.

King.

Go fetch my father's hearſe, where it ſhall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. Accurſed head,
Could I have rul'd thee then, as I do now,
Thou had'ſt not hatch'd this monſtrous treachery.
Here comes the hearſe; help me to mourn, my lords
Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghoſt,
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let theſe tears, diſtilling from mine eyes,
Be witneſs of my grief and innocence.

EDITIONS.

(1.) The troubleſome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And alſo the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveſton, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publiquely acted by the right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his ſervauntes. Written by Chri. Marlow, Gent. Imprinted at London by Richard Bradocke, for William Jones, dwelling neere Holbourne Conduit, at the ſigne of the Gunne, 1598, 4to.

(2.) The troubleſome Raigne and lamentable Death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And alſo the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveſton, the great Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publiquely acted by the right honourable the Earle of Pembrooke his ſervants. Written by Chriſtopher Marlow, Gent. Printed at London for Roger Barnes, and are to be ſould at his ſhop in Chauncerie Lane, over-againſt the Rolles, 1612, 4to.

(3.) The troubleſome raigne and lamentable death of Edward the Second, King of England: with the tragicall fall of proud Mortimer. And alſo the Life and Death of Peirs Gaveſtone, the greate Earle of Cornewall, and mighty favorite of King Edward the Second. As it was publikely acted by the late Queenes Majeſties Servants, at the Red Bull in S. Johns-ſtreete. Written by Chriſtopher Marlow, Gent. London printed for Henry Bell, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Lame Hoſpital Gate neere Smithfield, 1622, 4to.

THE END OF VOL. II.

GR III
DEI GRATIA
BRITANNIARUM REGINA